AVE Vidit cuncta quæ fecerat — et erant valde bona. gen. 1. 31.

יהוה

D. IACOBO MAGNÆ BRITANIÆ FR. ET HIBERNIÆ REGI, SACRVM.

BARTAS

HIS

Deuine WEEKES & Workes

Translated:

&

Dedicated

To the KINGS most excellent

MAIESTIE

by

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

ACCEPTAM RETERO LVCEM: SINE LVCE SILESCO.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Au tres-puiſsant & *tres-Auguſte* Iaques (*par la grace de Dieu*) *Roy de la Grande Britaigne, de* France, & *d'*Irlande : *Defenſeur de la Fo. &c.*

VOY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *Lânguage*)
Qui, cognoiſſant loyal ton Royal Heritage
En ces beaux *Liz dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*,
(Cõme au vray *Souverain* des vrays Subiects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds ſacrez te faict ſon ſainct Hommage
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternel teſmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de touts *Roys*. (bre;
VOY (SIRE) ton SALVSTE, ou (pour le moins) ſon om-
Ou l'ombre (pourlemoins) de ſes Traicts plus diuins,
Qui, ores trop noyrciz par mõ pinceau trop ſombre,
S'eſclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yieux plus benins.
Donques d'vn *œil benin* & d'vn accueil *Auguſte*
Recoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALVSTE.

Anagrammatiſme
de
IOSVA SYLVESTRE.

de voſtre Maieſtè,

Tres-humble Subiect
&
Seruiteur.

A l istessa Maesta se-
renissima.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Musa Inglese,
L'immura si del Braccio cristallino,
Ch'il piu diuin del Canto *suo diuino*
Pocho s'intende fuor del suo Paese:
Pero (Signor) Come gia la Francese
T'ha Celebrato di qua l' Apenino;
Di-la, l' Italica *al Peregrino*
Anche fara l'alte tue Lodi intese.
Siche, la Sena, *el* Pàdo *prestaranno*
Lor Chori *sacri, per Cantar l'immenza*
Alma Virtu, Valor, Pieta, Prudenza
Di GIACOMO *(gran Salomon Britanno)*
Per di tua Gloria (vdita qual'e quanta)
Rapir' il Mondo in marauiglia santa.

31 MA 59

L'istesso

Osseruantissimo

I. S.

To England's, Scotland's, France & Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EVROPES greateſt Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Artes, and euery thing
Beneath BOOTES, manie thouſande myles.
Vpon whoſe Head Honour and Fortune ſmiles:
About whoſe browes cluſters of Crowns do ſpring:
VVhoſe Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH en-ſtiles:
VVhoſe VViſedome's *Fame,*
O're all the World dooth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crowne,
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
VVhole and ſole Soueraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring,
Prince of PARNASSVS, and Pierian State:
And with their Crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld:
Thrice Three Pennes Sun-like in a Cinthian field.
Sign'd by THEM-SELVES, and their High Treaſorer
BARTAS, the great: In-groſs'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SVNNE did Set, and yet no NIGHT enſew'd;
Our WOE full loſſe ſo IOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee ſmile, amid our ſighes wee Sing:
So ſuddainelie our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th'ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged bodie in ſweete FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDERS
A newe Birde hath breath



In whom the BEAVTIES
Of the FIRST returne:
From Spicie Aſhes of the ſacred VRNE
Of our dead Phœnix (deere ELIZABETH)
A new true PHÆNIX *liuely flouriſheth,*
VVhom greater Glories then the Firſt adorne.
So much (O KING) thy ſacred Worth preſum-I-on,
IAMES, thou iuſt Heire of *England*'s ioyfull VNION.

IAMES, Thou iuſt Heire of *England*'s ioyfull VNION,
VNITING nowe too This long ſever'd ILE
(Sever'd for Strangers, from it Selfe the while)
Vnder One Scepter in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loues may neuer bee diſ-vnion,
Through-out all Kingdomes in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In whom was neuer guile)

CLIO.

To RVLE thy Subiectes
In His GOSPELS Union.
So, on thy Seate Thy Seede ſhall euer Flouriſh,
To SION's Comfort, and th'eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Atheiſme & Error:
So ſhall one TRVTH thy People train & nouriſh
In meeke Obedience of Th'Al-Mightie's Pleaſure,
And to giue CÆSAR what belongs to CÆSAR.

And (to giue CÆSAR what belonges to CÆSAR)
To ſacred Thee (dread Soueraigne) deereſt IAMES,
VVhile ſad-glad ENGLAND *yeelds Her Diadems,*
To bee diſpos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleaſure:
While Peres & States expoſe their pomp & treaſure
To entertaine thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
VVith Royall Preſentes,
And rare-pretious Gemmes;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurr in happie meaſure.
Heere (gracious Lord) low proſtrate I preſent you
The richeſt Iewell my poore FATE affoordes,
(*A Sacrifice that long long ſince I meant you*)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in My woords:*
VVith Him, my Selfe, my Seruice, Wit and Arte,
VVith all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

VVith all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Vnto Your Royall Handes I humblie Sacre
Theſe weeks(*the works of the worlds glorius maker*)
Deuinely warbled by LORD BARTAS *art*
(Thogh throgh my rudenes here miſ tun'd inpart)
For to whom meeter ſhould This Muſe betake-her,
Then to Your Highneſſe,
VVhom (*as chiefe Partaker*)

MELPOMENE.

All MVSES *Crowne*
For Principall Deſarte?
To whom ſhould ſacred Arte and learned Pietie
In Higheſt Notes of Heauenlie Muſike Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deitie,
But to a learned and religious KING?
To whom but You ſhould Holy FAITH cõmend her,
Great king of ENGLAND, chriſtian FAITH's defender?

Great King of ENGLAND, Christian Faith's defender,
No Selfe-presuming of my Witt's perfection,
(In what is Mine of this Deuine Confection)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Rest, the Best I haue to render
For loyall VVitnesse of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To Your High Protection,

CALIOPE.

VVhich MORE it needes,
The more it selfe is slender.
But for mine AVTHOR, in his Sacred-furie,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(Though heere His lustre too too-much obscure-I)
For His sake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine indignitie.

Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie,
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Maieſties Seueritie)
Sith from this Errour of my bolde temeritie,
Great good may grow, throgh heau'ns & your benignity:
For farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may prouoke (with more deuine dexteritie)
Some NOBLER VVit,
To SING to our Poſteritie

TERPSICHORE.

This NOBLEST Woorke,
After it Selfes Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweete Rayes of Your Royall Fauour
May ſhine ſo warme on theſe wilde Fruites of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte & ſauour,
And Rypen faire the Reſt that are behinde.
The rather if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blasted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muse of late,
Where (Turtle like) groaning Sad tunes shee sate:
But O, curst ENVIE did untimelie lop
The First; the Next, bruiz'd with his Fall did drop;
The Third remaines, growne A great arme of State:
Most WORTHIE So,
But so pra---occupate

EVTERPE.

With other MVSES,
That OVRS hath no scope.
VVherefore for succour in her wearie flight,
Hardlie pursude by that sharpe Vulture WANT,
She's faine my Liege (with your good leaue) to light
Amid the Top leaues of Your CEDAR-Plant:
Wher, if you daign Her Rest frō FORTVNE's wrong,
Shee shall more sweetely End her solemne Song.

Shee ſhall more ſweetely End Her ſolemne Song
(If Heauen graunt Life, and You giue leaue to doo-it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Partes vnto-it,
VVhich more preciſely to Your Praiſe belong
(wherein expreſſlie, with a Thankefull tongue,
To your great Selfe, APOLLOS ſelf applies-him,
Yeeldes YOV His Laurells,
And dooth all agnize-him

ERATO.

Rapt with the VVonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit,
(His Swanne-tunes ſweeteſt neere his lateſt breath)
Which, of His glorie their Childes-part inherit,
(Though borne (alas) after their Fathers Death)
As Epilogue, ſhall paye our grate-full Vowes
Vnder the ſhaddowe of Your Sacred Boughes.

Vnder the ſhaddowe of YOVR ſacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mounte LIBANON
(*Greater then that great Tree of* BABILON)
No maruaile if our TVRTLE ſeeke to Houſe:
Sith CESARS Eagles that ſo ſtrongly Rouze:
Th'old Hagard FALCON hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th'IBERIAN GRIFFIN:
And not THESE alone,

POLYMNIA.

But euerie Birde and Beaſt,
with HVMBLE vowes,
Seekes rooſt or reſt vnder your mightie Bowers:
So mighty hath th'Almightie made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,
And Build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So, STVARTS aye ſhall ſtand (propt with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower.

To Foes a Terrour, and to Friendes a Tower:
ERRORS Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shielde to Innocence:
Cheering the mild; Checking the wild with power:
The Starre of Other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, and VERTVES Recompence:
Long liue King IAMES
in all MAGNIFICENCE:

VRANIA.

And (full of DAYES)
VVhen (in His Blis-full Bower)
Heau'ns king ſhal crown thee with th'immortal flower,
Fall all Theſe Bleſſinges on that forward Prince
HENRY *(our Hope) to Crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at Home, abroad a* CONQVEROR.

o Happilie, that vvee may ſtill Conclude,
ur Sunne did Sette and yet no Night enſewde.

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A KING *at Home, abroad a* CONQVEROR.
So Happilie, that vvee may ſtill Conclude,
Our Sunne did Sette and yet no Night enſewde.

YOVR MAIESTIES

Most loyall Subiect

&

Humble Seruaunt

31 MA 59

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



31 MA 59

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ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OVRAPOLLO)
VVORLD'S--wonder
SIDNEY,
that rare more- then--man,
This LOVELY VENVS
firſt to LIMNE beganne,
VVith ſuch a PENCILL
as no PENNE dares followe:
How thẽ ſhold I, in Wit & Art ſo ſhalow,
Attẽpt the *Task* which yet none other can?
Far be the thought that mine vnlearned hand
His heauenly Labour ſhold ſo much vnhallow,
Yet leaſt (that Holy-RELIQVE being ſhrin'd
In ſom High-Place, cloſe lockt frõ cõmon light)
My Country-men ſhould bee debar'd the ſight
Of theſe DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE;
This haue I muddled as my MVSE was able.

Hence profane Handes, factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hissing *Atheists*, Hellish Misse-Creants:
Hence Buzard Kites, daz'led with Beauties glance
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales vp-taen:

Hence Greene-sick Wits, that relish nought but baen:
Hence dead-lyue Idiots, drown'd in ignorance:
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance:
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane.

Hence prying *Critikes*, Carping past your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts, that haue no true Discerning:
Hence Enuious *Momes*, conuerting Good to Ill:
Hence al at-once, that lack (or loue not) LEARNING:

Hence Al vn-holy, frō the WORLDS BIRTH-Feast.
VRANIA's Grace brookes no vn-worthy Guest.

But (my beſt Gueſt) welcome great King of FAERIE:
Welcom faire QVEEN (his vertue's vertuous Loue):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcome ſound Eares that ſacred Tunes approue:

Welcome pure Hands whoſe Hearts are fixt aboue:
Welcome deere Soules that of Art's choiſe are charie:
Welcom chaſt Matrones whom true zeale doth moue:
Welcome good Wits that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcome milde Cenſors that meane ſlips can couer:
Welcome quicke Spirits that ſound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS, & each LEARNING-louer:
Welcome All good: Welcome with all my Heart:

Sit--downe (I pray) and taſte of euerie Diſh:
If Ought miſ--like You, better Cooke I wiſh:

Ad Foshuam Syluesterum Gulielmi Sa- luſtij genuinum Interpretem.

(*****)

FAre age, diuini cultiſsima lingua Saluſti,
(SYLVESTER) Clarij *ceu fuit ille* Dei;
Elizij *qua parte Iugi conuenerat, & te*
Edocuit ſenſus & ſua verba Senex?
An mage, corporea Herois *compage ſoluta,*
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipſa ſibi?
Credo equidem; & Samij *rata Dogmata ſunt* Senis; *vnde,*
Non Tranſlata mihi, ſed genuina Canis.
Quin & Poſteritas, ſi pagina prima taceret,
Interpres dubitet, tunc vel ille ſiet.

Car: Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portenſis.

Intimo *Ioſuæ Silueſtri*, Hexaſticon.

VT prodeſſe ſuis poſsit, Saluſtius *offert*
Gallis, quod nobis Ioſua *noſter, opus:*
Ille ergo eximijs hoc vno nomine dignus.
Laudibus, at duplici nititur hic merito:
Quem ſimul Authoris famæ, charæq; videmus
Communi Patriæ conſuluiſſe bono.

Io: Bo. Miles.

Iosua Siluester Anagr:
Verè Os Salustij.

O S tu SILVESTER *nostro cur Ore vocaris?*
An quod in ORE *feras* Mel? *quod in Aure* Mel-os?
An quod BARTASSI *faciem dum pingis et* ORA,
ORA *tui pariter qualibet ora colit?*
Nempe licet duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Siluas et salebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, *dux Salaminius olim*
Dixit, Inest libris O *sq; vigorq; tuis.*
Ergo O S *esto alijs, mihi* Suadæ LINGVA *videris;*
Musis et Phœbo charus OCELLVS *eris.*

Ad Gallum de Bartassio iam toto Anglice donato.

Quod Gallus factus modo sit, mirare, Britannus
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen inuideas:
Siluester *vester, noster* Bartassius; *ambo*
Laude quidem gemina digni vt et ambo pari.

In detractores ad Authorem.

Taceat maleuolum O s *male strepentis Zoili;*
Monstrum bilingue, septuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam *septies faustam canis,*
Te Septimana septies faustum facit
Quævis, nec vlla deleat Iosuam *Dies.*
Nempe ORE *fari Vera si licet meo,*
O s *ipse* VERE *diceris* SALVSTII;
Qui si impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris ORIS, *ἀνθ' ὧ Theon*
O s *non carere dentibus sciat tuum.*

E. L. Oxon.

In duo Poetarum lumina *Bartam* & *Siluestrum carmen Asclepiadeum Gliconicum, dicol. Distroph.*

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos
Vel germana soror nympha polymnia,
Musarumué potens pater,
Pulsans plectra sonantia.
Siluestre, meam tu superas lyram,
Et linguam modulum, dum rudis obstrepit,
Vatem commeruit decus,
Illustrem ingenii tui:
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit scribere bellicum
Digné, vel Veneris rosæ
Vultum purpureæ parem.
Nec vestram valeo tollere versibus
Laudem tergeminam Sicælidum meis
Sacra progenies satis,
Non vos æquiparem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hospites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præstat: noster amat sui
Ponti vincere Naiadas:
Ambo sic proprias viribus ingeni
Diuas ruricolas ponticolas simul
Vicistis, triuii meum
Vicistis miserum melos,
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipsos cælicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis nouos.

G. B. Cantabridg.

EPIGRAM.

To M. *Fosuah Sylvester.*

IF to admire were to commend, my Praise
Might then both thee, thy worke, and merit raise;
But, as it is (the Child of Ignorance,
And vtter stranger to all ayre of *France*)
How can I speake of thy great paynes, but erre:
Since they can only Iudge, that can conferre?
Behold! The reuerend Shade of BARTAS stands
Before my thought, & (in thy right) commaunds
That to the world I publish, for him, This;
BARTAS *doth wish thy* English *now were His.*
So well in that are his Inuentions wrought,
As His will now be the *Translation* thought,
Thine the *Originall*; and *France* shall boast
No more those mayden glories she hath lost.

B. Jonson.

In Commendation of this worthie Worke.

FOole that I was; I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muſes* had their graces ſowne
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and ſweet *Daniels* Rimes;
(So, good ſeemes beſt, where better is vnknowne)
While thus I dream't my buſie phantaſie,
Bod me awake, open mine eyes, and ſee

How SALVST's Engliſh *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moone* and *Starres* to vaile: and how the *Sheaues*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doo *preferre*
His *Fruites* before their Winter-ſhaken *Leaues*:
So much (for *Matter*, and for *Manner* too)
Hath He out-gon thoſe that the reſt out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Enuie's* vip'rous ſeed
Gnaw-forth the breſt which bred and fed the ſame;
Reſt ſafe (ſound Truth from feare is euer freed)
Malice may barke, but ſhall not bite thy Name:
IOSVA thy Name with BARTAS name ſhall liue,
For double life you each to other giue.

But, Mother *Enuie*, if this *Arras* ſpunne
Of *golden* threds be ſeene of *Engliſh* eyes,
Why then (alas) our *Cob-webs* are vndone:
But She, more ſubtile, then religious-wiſe,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, ſwolne as Toade (though cuſtomed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but O, what Peace hath She
With *Vertue*? none: Therefore, defie her frowne.
Gainſt greater force growes greater victorie:
As Camomile, the more you tread it downe,
The more it ſprings: *Vertue* deſpightfully
Vſed, doth yſe the more to fructifie,

And ſo do Thou, vntill thy *Mauſole* rare
Do fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Forme no clumſie-fiſt may dare
To meddle with thy Penſill and thy Plat;
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be runne,
Then Wife her Spouſe, or Father feares his Sonne.

R. R.

Malum patienti lucrum.

Amiciſsimo Ioſuæ Silueſtri, G. Saluſtii D. BARTASSII interpreti, *Encomium.*

QVod conſpecta Pharus vario dat lumine, vaſta
Æquora ſulcanti, cum vaga Luna ſilet:
Et quod luſtratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Errantiin ſiluis dum manifeſtat iter:
Hoc dat præſtanti methodo SALVSTIVS *illis*
Cognitio Sanctæ queis placet Hiſtoriæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis IOSVA *noſter,*
Qui ſolus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Muſa tua eſt BARTAS *dulciſsima: Muſa videtur*
Ipſa tamen NOSTRI, *dulcior eſſe mihi.*

Si. Ca. Gen.

An Acroſtick Sonnet to his friend M.

IOSVA SILVESTER.

IF Profit mixt with Pleaſure, merit Praiſe,
OR Works diuine, be'fore profane preferr'd:
SHal not this heau'nly Work the Workers raiſe
VNto the Clouds on Columnes ſelfly-rear'd?
AND (though His Earth be low in Earth interr'd)
SHall not *du* BARTAS (Poets pride, and glorie)
IN after Ages be with wonder heard
LIuely recording th'VNIVERSAL Storie?
VNdoubtedly He ſhall: and ſo ſhalt Thou
EAre-charming *Eccho* of his ſacred Voice:
SWeet SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choice,
TO Task thee thus, and thus to quight thee now?
END as thou haſt begun; and then by right
RARE *Muſes* NON-SVCH, ſhal thy Work be hight.

R. N. Gen.

Dilectissimo Io: Silvestri.

Gallica visa fuit Princeps modo lingua, nec ulla
Illi, vel similis; vel mihi maior erat:
Credideram magni nullo sermone referri
BARTASI *ingenium posse, vel eloquium:*
Cum subito clarum dedit alma Britania solem,
Ingenij tenebras abstulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI, SILVESTER *carmine vertit,*
Et si successu non meliore, pari.
O, ter felicem vænam! Dulceisq; Camænas,
Queis tanto Vati contigit esse pares.
Incepto felix SILVESTER *tramite perge,*
Tam bene ne cæptum destituatur opus;
Sic pia Sicælides aspirent Numina musæ;
Sic faveat cæptis doctus Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te gaudeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit et ipsa suum.

Io: Mauldæus *Germanus.*

To my good friend,

M. Sylueſter, *in honour of this ſacred Worke.*

THus to aduenture forth, and re-conuay
The beſt of treaſures, from a Forraine Coaſt,
And take that wealth wherin they gloried moſt,
And make it Ours by ſuch a gallant pray,
And that without in-iuſtice; doth bewray
The glory of the Worke, that we may boaſt
Much to haue wonne, and others nothing loſt
By taking ſuch a famous prize away.
As thou induſtrious SYLVESTER haſt wrought,
And heere enritch'd vs with th'immortall ſtore
Of others ſacred lines: which from them brought
Comes by thy taking greater then before:
So haſt thou lighted from a flame deuout,
As great a flame, that neuer ſhall goe out.

Samuel Daniel.

To M. Iosuah Syluester.

A SONNET.

THe glorious *Saluſt*, morall, true, diuine,
Who (all inſpired with a *Holy rage*)
Makes *Heau'n* his ſubiect, & the *Earth* his ſtage,
The *Artes* his Actors, and the *Triple-Trine*:
Who his rich language gildes, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whoſe *World*'s bleſt *Birth*, and bleſſed *Pupillage*,
Gaine him a world of fame for euery line;
Hath heere obtain'd a true *Interpreter*,
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but loue to Heau'n & vs,
Mou'd to *vn-French* his learned labours thus:
Thus loues, thus liues all-loued SYLVESTER:
Forward (ſweet friend) Heau'n, Nature, Artes, and (men,
All to this Taske prefer thine onely Pen.

G. Gay-wood.

In praise of the Translator.

IF diuine BARTAS (from whose blessed *Braines*
Such Works of grace, or graceful works did stream)
Were so admir'd for *Wits* celestiall *Straines*
As made their Vertues Seate, the high'st *Extreame*;

Then, IOSVAH, the *Sunne* of thy bright praise
Shall fixed stand in *Artes* faire *Firmament*
Till *Dissolution* date *Times* Nights, and Daies,
Sith right thy *Lines* are made to BARTAS Bent,

Whose *Compasse* circumscribes (in spacious Words)
The *Vniuersall* in particulars;
And Thine the same, in other Tearmes, affoords;
So, both your Tearmes agree in friendly Warres:
If Thine be onely His, and His be Thine
They are (like God) eternall, sith Diuine.

Iohn Dauies of Hereford.

Flexanimo, *Saluſtij du Bartas* interpreti *Jo. Siluestri*, *carmen Encomiasticon.*

OFt haue I ſeene ſweet fancie-pleaſing faces
Cõſort thẽſelues with ſwart miſhapen features,
To grace the more their ſoule-ſubduing graces
By the defect of ſuch deformed creatures:
As Painters garniſh with their ſhadowes ſable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:

So (Engliſh *Bartas*) though thy beauties, heere
Excel ſo farre the glory of the reſt,
That *France* and *England* both muſt hold thee deere,
Sith both their glories thou haſt heere expreſt,
Shewing the French tongues plenty to be ſuch,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much:

Let not thy faireſt Heau'n-aſpiring Muſe
Diſdaine theſe humble notes of my affection;
My faultie lines let faithfull loue excuſe,
Sith my defects ſhall add to thy perfection:
For theſe rude rimes thus ragged, baſe, and poore
Shall by their want, exalt thy worth the more.

E. G.

To his friend, M.

Fos: Syl.

HAd golden *Homer*, and great *Maro* kept
In enuious ſilence their admired meaſures,
A thouſand *Worthies* worthie deedes had ſlept;
They, reft of praiſe: and we, of learned pleaſures.
But O, what rich incomparable treaſures
Had the world wanted, had this modern glory,
Diuine du BARTAS hid his heauenly ceaſures,
Singing the mightie *VVorlds* immortall ſtory?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To *Chapman*, and to *Phaer*: but yet much more
To thee (deere SYLVESTER) for thus vnfolding
Theſe holy wonders, hid from vs before?
Thoſe workes profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Graue, learned, deepe, delightfull, and diuine.

R: N.

In Commendation

of du Bartas, *and his Translator,* M. *Iosuah Sylvester.*

A Sonnet.

While nights black wings the daies bright beauties hide,
And while faire *Phœbus* diues in western deepe;
Men (gazing on the heau'nly stages steepe)
Commend the Moone, and many Starres beside;
But, when *Aurora's* windowes open wide,
That *Sol's* cleer raies those sable clouds may banish,
Then sodainly those petty lights do vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistring pride:
So, while du Bartas and our Sylvester
(The glorious lights of *England* and of *France*)
Haue hid their beams; each glow-worm durst prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance;
But now these Sunnes begin to gild the day,
Those twinckling sparkes are soone dispersst away.

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R: H.

THE
First VVeeke:

Or
BIRTH OF THE WORLD.

of the
NOBLE, LEARNED,
and diuine W. Saluſtius, *Lord of*
BARTAS.



1605.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The first Day of the first Weeke.

The Argvment.

God's ayde implor'd: the Summe of All propos'd:
World not Eternall, nor by Chaunce compos'd:
But of meere Nothing God it Essence gaue:
It had Beginning: and an End shall haue:
Curst Atheists quipt: the Heathen Clarkes controld:
Doomes glorious Day: Star-Doctors blam'd, for bold:
The Matter form'd: Creation of the Light.
Alternate Changes of the Day and Night:
The Birth of Angels; some for Pride deiected:
The rest persist in Grace, and guard th' Elected.

THou glorious Guide of Heau'ns star-glistring mo- The Poet im-
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*, (tiõ, ploreth the
Thou Earths dread Shaker, at whose only word, gracious assi-
Th'*Eolian* Scoutes are quickly still'd and stirr'd: stance of the
Lift vp my soule, my drossie spirits refine, true God of
With learned Arte enrich this Worke of mine: Heauen, Earth,
O Father, graunt I sweetly warble forth Ayre and Sea,
Vnto our seed the *Worlds* renowned *Birth*: that hee may
happily finish
the Worke he
takes in hand.

Graunt (gracious God) that I record in verſe
The rareſt Beauties of this *Vniuerſe*;
And graunt therein, thy power I may diſcerne,
That teaching others, I my ſelfe may learne.

The Argument of the ſame.

And alſo graunt (great Architect of Wonders,
Whoſe mighty Voice ſpeakes in the midſt of Thunders,
Cauſing the Rockes to rocke, and Hills to teare;
Calling the things that are not, as they Were;
Confounding mighty things by meanes of weake;
Teaching dumbe Infants thy dread Praiſe to ſpeake;
Inſpiring Wiſedome into thoſe that want,
And giuing knowledge to the ignorant)
Graunt me good Lord (as thou haſt giu'n me hart
To vndertake ſo excellent a Part)
Graunt me ſuch Iudgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correſpondent to that Excellence,
That in ſome meaſure, I may ſeeme t'inherit
(Eliſha-*like*) *my deare* Elias *Spirit.*

The Tranſlator, knowing and acknowledging his owne inſufficiencie for ſo excellent a labour, craueth alſo the ayde of the All-ſufficient God.

CLEARE FIRE for euer hath not Ayre imbraſt,
Nor aye the Ayre inuiron'd Waters vaſte,
Nor Waters alwayes wrapt the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once (of nought) begin.
Once All was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerſt importune)
With iarring Concords making Motes to meete,
Inuiſible, immortall, infinite.

The World was not from euerlaſting.

Th'immutable deuine decree, which ſhall
Cauſe the Worlds End, cauſ'd his originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the ſame,
But in the inſtant when Time firſt became.

Neither made by Chance.

But created together with Time, by the al-

I meane a Time confuſed; for the courſe
Of yeares, of monthes, of weekes, of dayes, of howers,
Of Ages, Times, and Seaſons is confin'd
By th'ordred Daunce vnto the Starres aſſign'd.
Before all Time, all Matter, Forme, and Place;
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit, all light,
All Maieſtie, all-ſelfe Omnipotent,
Inuiſible, impaſſiue, excellent,
Pure, wiſe, iuſt, good, God raign'd alone at reſt,
Himſelfe alone ſelfes Pallace, hoaſt and gueſt.
Thou ſcoffing Atheiſt that enquireſt, what
Th'Almightie did before he framed that?
What waightie worke his mind was buſied on
Eternally before this World begun
(Sith ſo deepe Wiſedome and Omnipotence,
Nought worſe beſeemes, then ſloath and negligence):
Know (bold blaſphemer) that before, he built
A Hell to puniſh the preſumptuous guilt
Of thoſe vngodly, whoſe proud ſence dares cite
And cenſure too, his wiſedome infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weauers, and Potters, paſſe
And liue without their ſeuerall workes a-ſpace:
And could not then th'Almightie All-Creator,
Th'all-prudent, Be without this fraile Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio*, thus himſelfe eſteeme,
Neuer leſſe ſole then when he ſole doth ſeeme:
And could not God (O Heau'ns! what frantike folly)
Subſiſt alone, but ſinke in melancholy?

mighty wiſedom of God.

God was before the World was.

He confuteth the Atheiſts, queſtioning what God did before he created the World.

Shall the *Pryenian* Princely *Sage* auerre,
That *all his goods he doth about him beare*:
And ſhould the Lord, whoſe wealth exceeds al meaſure,
Should he be poore, without this Worldly treaſure?
God neuer ſeekes out of himſelfe for ought,
He begs of none, he buies, or borrowes nought;
But aye from th'*Ocean* of his liberall Bountie,
He poureth out a thouſand Seas of Plentie.

What God did before he created the World.

Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moone did Waxe or Waine,
Yer Sea had Fiſh, yer Earth had graſſe or graine,
God was not void of ſacred exerciſe;
He did admire his Glories Miſteries:
His Power, his Iuſtice, and his Prouidence,
His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence
Were th'holy obiect of his heaun'ly thought,
Vpon the which, eternally it wrought:
It may be alſo, that he meditated
The Worlds *Idea*, yer it was Created:

Of 3. Perſons in one only Eſſence of God: of the eternall generation of the Sonne.

Alone he liu'd not, for his Sonne and Spirit
Weare with him aye, equall in might and merit.
For ſans beginning, ſeed, and Mother tender,
This great Worlds Father he did firſt ingender,
(To wit) his Sonne, Wiſedome, and Word eternall,
Equall in Eſſence to th' *All-One* paternall.

Of the holy-Ghoſt proceeding from the Father & the Sonne: The which three Perſons are one onely and the ſame God.

Out of theſe Two, their common Power proceeded,
Their Spirit, their Loue; in Eſſence vndeuided,
Onely diſtinct in Perſons, whoſe Diuinitie,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, ſoft my *Muſe*, launch not into the Deepe,
Sound not this Sea: ſee that a-looſe thou keepe

From

From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rocke
Where many a Ship hath ſuffred wofull wrack,
While they haue fondly ventred forth too farr,
Following fraile Reaſon for their onely Starr.
Who on this Gulfe would ſafely venture faine,
Muſt not too-boldly hale into the Maine,
But longſt the ſhoare with ſailes of *Faith* muſt coaſt,
Their Starre the Bible, Steeres-man th'Holy-Ghoſt.
How many fine wits haue the World abuſed,
Becauſe this Ghoſt they for their guide refuſed:
And ſcorning of the loyall Virgins thred,
Haue them and others in this Maze miſ-lead?
In ſacred ſheetes of either Teſtament
'Tis hard to finde a higher Argument,
More deepe to ſound, more buſie to diſcuſſe,
More vſe-full knowne; vnknowne, more dangerous.
So bright a ſunne dazles my tender ſight,
So deepe diſcourſe my ſence confoundeth quite,
My Reaſons edge is dull'd in this Diſpute,
And in my mouth my fainting Words be mute.
This Trinitie (which rather I adore
In humblenes then buſily explore)
In th'infinite of *Nothing* builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball,
Wherein appeares ingrau'n on euery part
The Builders beauty, greatnes, wealth, and Arte,
Arte, beauty, wealth, and greatnes, that confounds
The helliſh barking of blaſpheming Hounds.
Climbe they that liſt the battlements of Heau'n,
And with the Whirle-wind of ambition driuen,

How to think, and ſpeake of God.

The Heathen Phyloſophers loſt themſelues and others in their curioſities: and weening to be wiſe, became fooles.

God, the Father, Sonne, and Holy-Ghoſt created of Nothing the Worlds goodly frame.

Leauing curious ſpeculations, the Poet teacheth

how to contemplate God in his Workes.

Beyond the Worlds walls let thoſe Eagles flie,
And gaze vpon the Sunne of Maieſtie:
Let other-ſome (whoſe fainter ſpirits doo droope)
Downe to the ground their meditations ſtoope,
And ſo contemplate on theſe Workmanſhips,
That th'Authors praiſe they in themſelues eclipſe.
My heedfull *Muſe*, trayned in true Religion,
Deuinely-humane keepes the middle Region:
Leaſt, if ſhe ſhould too-high a pitch preſume,
Heau'ns glowing flame ſhould melt her waxen plume;
Or, if too-low (neere Earth or Sea) ſhe flagge,
Laden with miſts her moiſted wings ſhould laggе.
It glads me much to view this Frame; wherein,
As in a Glaſſe God's glorious face is ſeene:
I loue to looke on God; but in this Robe
Of his great Works, this vniuerſall Globe.
For, if the Sunnes bright beames doo bleare the ſight
Of ſuch as fixly gaze againſt his light,
Who can behold aboue th'Emperiall Skies
The lightning ſplendor of Gods glorious eies?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which beare his Image round about?

God makes himſelfe (as it were) viſible in his Workes.

God, of himſelfe incapable to ſence,
In's Works reueales him t'our intelligence:
There-in our fingers feele, our noſtrils ſmell,
Our Palats taſte his vertues that excell:
He ſhewes him to our eyes, talkes to our eares,
In th'ord'red motions of the ſpangled Spheares.

Sundry compariſons ſhowing what vſe Chri-

The World's a Schoole, where (in a generall Storie)
God alwayes reades dumbe Lectures of his Glorie:

A paire of Staires, whereon by certaine steps,
Our mounting Soule aboue Heau'ns arches leapes:
A sumptuous Hall, where God on euery side,
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may passe o're at ease
Of sacred Secrets the broad bound-lesse Seas.

Christians should make in considering the works of God in this mighty World.

The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth
Not faire *Latona's* quiu'red Darling deere, (cleere,
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vaile of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Iustice, Knowledge, Loue, and Prouidence,
Doo act their parts; contending in their kindes,
Aboue the Heau'ns to rauish dullest mindes.
The World's a Booke in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Workes in Letters Capitall:
Each Creature, is a Page, and each effect,
A faire Caracter, void of all defect.
But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schooles,
Instead of Learning, learne to play the fooles:
We gaze but on the Babies and the Couer,
The gawdie Flowers, and Edges guilded-ouer;
And neuer farther for our *Lesson* looke
Within the Volume of this various Booke:
Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
That by his wisedome God the World conducts.
To read this Booke, we neede not vnderstand
Each Strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turkes Caracters, nor *Hebrue* Points to seeke,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greeke*.

Although the World discouer sufficiently euen to the most rude the Eternitie & Power of Gods

Yet only the true Christians doo rightly conceaue it.

The wandring *Tartars*, and th' *Antartikes* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scithians* fell, the Childe
Scarce seau'n yeare old, the bleared aged eye,
Though void of Arte, read heere indifferently.
But he that weares the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Spheares aboue their higheſt heigth:
He comprehends th' Arch-moouer of all Motions,
And reades (though running) all theſe needfull Notions.
Therefore, by *Faith*'s pure rayes illumined,
Theſe ſacred *Pandects* I deſire to read;
And, God the better to behold, behold
Th' Orbe from his Birth, in's Ages manifold.

God, needing no Idea, nor premeditation, nor Patterne of his Worke, of Nothing made all the World.

Th' admired Authors Fancie, fixed not
On ſome fantaſtike fore-conceipted plot:
Much-leſſe did he an elder World elect,
By forme whereof, he might this Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some ſtately Pallace; yer he doo commence
His Royall Worke, makes choiſe of ſuch a Court
Where coſt and cunning equally conſort:
And, if he finde not in one Edifice
All anſwerable to his queint Deuice;
From this faire Pallace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; heere he learnes to mount
His curious Staires, there findes he *Friſe* and *Corniſh*,
And other Places other Peeces furniſh;
And ſo, ſelecting euery where the beſt,
Doth thirty models in one Houſe digeſt.
Nothing, but *Nothing* had the Lord Almightie,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby to build this Citie:

Yet

Yet, when he, Heau'ns, Aire, Earth, and Sea did frame,
He ſought not farre, he ſwet not for the ſame:
As *Sol*, without deſcending from the Skie,
Crownes the faire Spring in painted brauerie,
Withouten trauaile cauſeth th'Earth to beare,
And (farre off) makes the World young euery yeare.
The Power and Will, th'affection and effect,
The Worke and Proiect of this Architect
March all at once: all to his Pleaſure ranges,
Who *Alwayes-One*, his purpoſe neuer changes.
Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receaue
Matter and Forme: For as we may perceaue
That Hee who meanes to build a warlike Fleet
Makes firſt prouiſion of all matter meet,
(As Timber, Iron, Canuaſſe, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all's readie; then appointeth, which (waſte,
Which peece for Planks, which planke ſhall line the
The Poupe and Prow, which Firre ſhall make a Maſt;
As Arte and vſe directeth heedfully
His hand, his toole, his iudgement, and his eye:
So God, before this frame he faſhioned,
I wote not what great *Word* he vttered
From's ſacred mouth; which ſummon'd in a Maſſe
Whatſoeuer now the Heau'ns wide armes embrace.
But where the Shipwright, for his gainfull trade,
Findes all his ſtuffe to's hand alreadie made,
Th'Almighty makes his all and euery part
Without the helpe of others wit or Arte.
That firſt World (yet) was a moſt forme-leſſe *Forme*,
A confuſ'd Heape, a *Chaos* moſt diforme,

A fit ſimile to that purpoſe.

Of Nothing God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gaue the forme and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

What that new-created Chaos was, before God gaue it forme, figure place, and situation.

A Gulph of Gulphes, a Body ill compact,
An ugly medly, where all difference lackt:
Where th'Elements lay iumbled all together,
Where hot and colde were iarring each with either;
The blunt with sharpe; the danke against the drie,
The hard with soft, the base against the high;
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawle did laste,
The Earth in Heau'n, the Heau'n in Earth was plaste:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt,
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt,
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide,
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.
For yet th'immortall, mighty thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marshall, vnto each his quarter
Had not assigned: the Celestiall Arkes
Were yet not spangled with their fierie sparkes,
As yet no flowers with odours Earth reuiued,
No scaly shoales yet in the waters diued,
Nor any Birds with warbling harmonie
Were borne as yet through the transparant Skie.
All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
Genes. 1. 2. All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter:
Or if one could in such a World spie forth
The fire, the ayre, the water, and the Earth;
Th'Earth was not firme, the fire was not hot,
Th'aire was not light, the water cooled not:
Briefly, suppose an Earth, poore, naked, vaine,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,

A Heau'n vn-hang'd, vn-turning, vn-transparant,
Vn-garnished, vn-guilt with Starres apparant,
So maist thou gueſſe what Heau'n and Earth was that,
Where, in confuſion raigned ſuch debate.
A Heau'n and Earth for my baſe ſtile moſt fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not yet.
This was not then the World, 'twas but the matter,
The Nurcerie whence it ſhould iſſue after: *The Chaos how to be conſidered.*
Or rather th'*Embryon* that within a *Weeke*
Was to be borne: for that huge lumpe was like
The ſhape-leſſe burthen in the Mothers wombe, *A ſimile.*
Which yet in Time doth into faſhion come:
Eyes, eares, and noſe, mouth, fingers, hands, and feete,
And euery member in proportion meete;
Round, large, and long, there of it ſelfe it thriues,
And (*Little-World*) into the World ariues.
But that becomes (by Natures ſet direction)
From foule and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull Heape of vndigeſted ſtuffe, *Of the ſecret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.*
Had doubtleſſe neuer come to ſhape or proofe,
Had not th'Almighty with his quick'ning breath
Blowne life and ſpirit into this Lump of death.
The dreadfull Darknes of the *Memphytiſtes*,
The ſad blacke horror of *Cimerian* miſtes,
The ſable fumes of Hells infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)
Muffled the face of that profound Abiſſe
Full of diſorder and fell mutinies:
So that (in fine) this furious debate
Euen in the birth this Ball had ruinate,

Saue

Saue that the Lord, into the Pile did poure
Some ſecret Maſtike of his ſacred Power,
To glew together and to gouerne faire
The Heau'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire,
Who ioyntly iuſtling, in their rude diſorder,
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceaueable meanes maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the ſhape-leſſe Maſſe. Geneſ. 1.

As a good wit, that on th'immortall Shrine
Of *Memorie*, ingraues a Worke Deuine,
Abroad, a bed, at boord, for euer vſes
To mind his Theame, and on his Booke ſtill muſes:
So did Gods Spirit delight it ſelfe a ſpace
To moue it ſelfe vpon the floating *Maſſe*:
No other care th'Almightie's mind poſſeſt
(If care can enter in his ſacred breſt.)
Or, as a Henne that faine would hatch a brood,
(Some of her owne, ſome of adoptiue blood)
Sits cloſe thereon, and with her liuely heat,
Of yellow-white balls, doth lyue birds beget:
Euen in ſuch ſort ſeemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood vpon this Gulph: with care paternall
Quickning the Parts, inſpiring power in each,
From ſo foule Lees, ſo faire a World to fetch.
For't's nought but All, in't ſelfe including All:
An vn-beginning mid-leſſe, end-leſſe Ball;
'Tis nothing but a World, whoſe ſuperfice
Leaues nothing out, but what meere nothing is.

That there is but one World: confuting the Error, of Leucippus & his Diſciples, by two Reaſons.

Now though the great *Duke* that in dreadfull awe
Vpon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th'eternall *Lawe*,
Did not aſſure vs that Gods ſacred Power
In *ſixe Dayes* built this Vniuerſall Bower;

Reaſon

Reaſon it ſelfe doth ouer-throw the grounds
Of thoſe new Worlds that fond *Leucyppus* founds:
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could clip,
Still th'vpper Worlds water and Earth would ſlip
Into the lower; and ſo, in concluſion
All would returne into the Old Confuſion:
Beſides, we muſt imagine empty diſtance
Betweene theſe Worlds, wherein, without reſiſtance
Their wheeles may whirle, not hindred in their courſes
By th' inter-iuſtling of each others forces:
But all things are ſo faſt together fixt
With ſo firme bonds, that there's no void betwixt:
Thence comes it, that a Caske, pierſt to be ſpent,
Though full, yet runnes not till we giue it vent:
Thence is't that Bellowes, while the ſnout is ſtopt
So hardly heaue and hardly can be opte:
Thence is't that water doth not freeze in Winter,
Stopt cloſe in veſſels where no ayre may enter:
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept cloſe,
Let fall no liquor at their ſiue-like noſe.
And thence it is that the pure ſiluer ſource,
Running in leaden pipes a captiue courſe,
Contrary to it's Nature, ſpouteth high;
To all ſo odious is Vacuitie.
God then, not onely framed Nature one,
But alſo ſet it limitation
Of Forme and Time: exempting euer ſolely
From quantity his owne ſelfe's Eſſence holy.
How can we call the Heau'ns vn-meaſured,
Sith meaſur'd Time their Courſe hath meaſured?

Confutation of another Error of ſuch as make *Nature* and the Heauens infinite.

How

How can we count this Vniuerſe immortall,
Sith many wayes the parts proue howerly mortall:
Sith his Commencement proues his Conſummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration?
Let bold *Greeke* Sages, faine the Firmament
To be compoſ'd of a fift Element:
Let them denie in their prophane profoundnes
End and beginning to th'Heau'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue that Deaths lawes, alone
Reach but the Bodies vnder *Cynthias* Throne:
The ſandie grounds of their *Sophiſtike* brawling,
Are all too-weake to keepe the World from falling.

A liuely deſcription of the end of the World.

One Day, the Rocks from top to toe ſhall quiuer,
The Mountaines melt and all in ſunder ſhiuer:
The Heau'ns ſhall rent for feare, the lowly Fields
Puft vp, ſhall ſwell to huge and mighty Hills:
Riuers ſhall drie, or if in any Flood
Reſt any liquor, it ſhall all be blood:
The Sea ſhall all be fire, and on the ſhoare
The thirſtie Whales with horrid noyſe ſhall roare:
The Sunne ſhall ſeaze the blacke Coach of the Moone
And make it midnight when it ſhould be noone:
With ruſtie Maske the Heau'ns ſhall hide their face,
The Starres ſhall fall, and All away ſhall paſſe:
Diſorder, Dread, Horror, and Death ſhall come,
Noiſe, ſtormes, and darknes ſhall vſurpe the roome.
And then the *Chiefe-Chiefe-Iuſtice* venging Wrath
(Which heere already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fier of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vaſte Ocean all.

Against iudicial Astrologers that presume to poine the very time thereof.

*A*las! how faith-lesse and how modest-lesse
*A*re you that in your *Ephemerides*
Marke th'yeare, the month, and day, which euermore
Gainst yeares, months, daies, shal dam-vp *Saturnes* dore,
(*A*t thought whereof (euen now) my heart doth ake
My flesh doth faint, my very soule doth shake)?
You haue mis-cast in your *Arithmetike*,
Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly yee seeke
In nights blacke darknes for the secret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings;
'Tis he that keepes th'eternall Clocke of Time,
*A*nd holds the waights of that appointed Chime:
He in his hand the sacred booke doth beare
Of that close-clasped finall *Calender*,
Where, in *Red letters* (not with vs frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed:
That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,
That 'twill be seene, before fore-seene of most.
Then, then (good Lord) shal thy deare Sonne descend
(Though yet he seeme in feeble flesh ypend)
In complet Glory from the glistering Skie:
Millions of *A*ngels shall about him flie:
Mercie and *Iustice*, marching cheeke by ioule
Shall his Deuine *Tryumphant Chariot* roule,
Whose wheeles shal shine with lightning round about,
*A*nd beames of Glory each-where issuing out.
Those that were laden with proud marble Toombes,
Those that were swallowed in wild monsters wombes,
Those that the Sea hath swill'd, those that the flashes
Of ruddie Flames haue burned all to ashes,

*A*waked

Awaked all, shall rise, and all reuest
The flesh and bones that they at first possest.
All shall appeare and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Iudge without exception)
The finall Sentence (sounding ioy and terror)
Of euer-lasting happinesse or horror.
Some shall his *Iustice*, some his *Mercie* taste,
Some call'd to Ioy, some into torment cast,
When from the Goates he shall his Sheepe disseuer,
These *Blest* in Heau'n, those *Curst* in Hell for euer.
O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest drudge)
Did'st feare the doome of an *Italian* Iudge, (mon
Daigne (deerest Lord) when the last Trumpe shall sum-
To this *Grand Sessions* all the World in common;
Daigne in that Day to vndertake my matter,
And, as my Iudge, so be my Mediator.

Hauing spoken of the creation of the Matter, hee sheweth how and what forme God gaue vnto it, creating in sixe Dayes his admirable works.

Th'eternall Spring of Power and Prouidence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not vnlike the Beare, which bringeth forth
In th'end of thirty dayes a shapelesse birth,
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and necke, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing:
For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought
A confus'd heape of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the low he parted,
And by it selfe hot vnto hot he sorted;
Hard vnto hard, cold vnto cold he sent,
Moist vnto moist, as was expedient.

And

And ſo in *Sixe Dayes* form'd ingeniouſly
All things contain'd in th'VNIVERSITIE.
Not, but he could haue, in a moment made
This flowry Manſion where mankind doth trade, (niſht,
Spred Heau'ns blew Curtains & thoſe Lamps haue bur-
Earth, aire, & ſea; with beaſts, birds, fiſh, haue furniſht:
But, working with ſuch Arte ſo many dayes,
A ſumptuous Pallace for mankinde to raiſe,
Yer man was made yet; he declares to vs,
How kind, how carefull, and how gracious,
He would be to vs being made, to whom
By thouſand promiſes of things to-come,
(Vnder the Broad-Seale of his deere Sonnes blood)
He hath aſſur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.
By his Example he doth alſo ſhow-vs
We ſhould not heed eſſe-haſtily beſtow-vs
In any Worke, but patiently proceed
With oft re-viſes; *Making ſober ſpeed*
In deareſt buſines: and obſerue by proofe,
That, *What is well done, is done ſoone enough.*
O Father of the Light! of Wiſedome Fountaine!
Out of the Bulke of that confuſed Mountaine
What ſhould (what could) iſſue, before the *Light*:
Without which, Beautie were no beautie hight?
In vaine *Timanthes* had his *Cyclope* drawne,
In vaine *Parrhaſius* counterfeited Lawne,
Apelles Venus had in vaine begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sunne
To make them ſeene, had neuer ſhowne his ſplendor:
In vaine, in vaine had beene (thoſe *Workes of Wonder*)

Wherefore God imployed ſixe Dayes in creating the World.

How men ſhould imitate God in his Workes.

The firſt creature extracted from the Chaos, *was Light.*

Th' *Ephesian Temple* and the *Pharos-Tower*,
And *Carian* Toombe (Tropheis of Wealth and Power)
In vaine they had beene builded euery one,
By *Scopas*, *Soſtrates*, and *Cteſiphon*;
Had all beene wrapt vp from all humane ſight,
In th' obſcure Mantle of eternall Night.
What one thing more doth the good Architect,
In Princely Works (more ſpecially) reſpect,
Then lightſomneſſe? to th' end the Worlds bright Eye,
Careering daily once about the Skie,
May ſhine therein; and that in euery part
It may ſeeme pompous both for Coſt and Arte.
Whether Gods Spirit mouing vpon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters, which yet couered All,
Thence forc'd the Fire (as when a-mid the Skie
Auſter and *Boreas* iouſting furiouſly
Vnder hot *Cancer*, make two Cloudes to claſh, (flaſh):
Whence th' aire at mid-night flames with lightning
Whether, when God the mingled Lumpe diſpackt,
From Fierie Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vaſte Confuſed Crowd
For twice-ſixe howers he ſpred a ſhining Cloud
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-vp either Clime:
Whether that God, made then, thoſe goodly beames
Which guild the World, but not as now it ſeemes:
Or whether elſe ſome other Lampe he kindled
Vpon the Heape (yet all with waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gaue light in order
To th' vn-plac'd Climates of that deepe diſorder:

Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light.

As

As now the Sunne, circling about the Ball
(As Light's bright Chariot) doth enlighten All.
No sooner said he, *Be their Light*, but lo
The forme-lesse Lumpe to perfect Forme gan grow;
And all illustred with Lights radiant shine,
Doft mourning weedes, and deckt it passing fine.
All-haile pure Lampe, bright, sacred, and excelling,
Sorrow and care, darknes and dread repelling:
Thou Worlds great Taper, Wicked mens iust terror,
Mother of Truth, and Beauties onely Mirror,
Gods eldest Daughter, O how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parents (all-discerning) Eye
Doth iudge thee so: and sith his Maiestie
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
Can doo no lesse then sing thy modest praise!
But yet, because all pleasures waxe vnpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them present:
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That haue not felt Warres irksome bitternes:
And Swannes seeme whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For contraries each other best descrie)
Th'Alls-Architect, alternately decreed
That Night the Day, the Day should Night succeed.
The Night, to temper Dayes exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout:
The Night is she that all our trauailes eases,
Buries our cares, and all our griefes appeases:
The Night is she that with her sable wing
In gloomie Darknes hushing euery thing,

Gen. 1. 3.

Of the excellent vse and commodity of Light.

Why God ordained the Night and Day alternately to succeed each other.

The commodities that the Night bringeth vs.

Through all the World dumb ſilence doth diſtill,
And wearied bones with quiet ſleepe doth fill.
Sweet Night, without thee, without thee (alas)
Our life were loathſome (euen a Hell to paſſe)
For outward paines and inward paſſions ſtill
With thouſand Deaths would ſoule and body thrill.
O Night, thou pulleſt the proud Maske away
Where-with vaine Actors in this Worlds great Play,
By day diſguiſe-them: for, no difference
Night makes betweene the Peaſant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Priſoner and the Iudge,
The foule and faire, the Maiſter and the Drudge,
The foole and wiſe, *Barbarian* and the *Greeke*,
For Night's blacke Mantle couers all a-like.
He that, condemn'd for ſome notorious vice,
Seekes in the Mines the baites of auarice:
Or ſwelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our ſoules dire ſulphar; reſteth yet at Night.
He that ſtill ſtooping, toughes againſt the tide
His laden Barge alongſt a Riuers ſide,
And filling ſhoares with ſhoutes, doth melt him quite,
Vpon his pallet reſteth yet at Night.
He that in Sommer, in extreameſt heat
Scorched all-day in his owne ſcalding ſweat
Shaues with keene Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes reſteth yet at Night,
And in the armes of his deere Pheere forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Siſters ſacred Minions,
While ſilent Night vnder her ſable pinions

Foldes all the World; with paine-leſſe paine they tread
A ſacred path that to the Heau'ns doth lead;
And higher then the Heau'ns their Readers raiſe
Vpon the wings of their immortall Layes.
Euen now I liſtned for the Clocke to Chime
Dayes lateſt hower, that for a little time
Th'Euening might eaſe my Labours; but I ſee
As yet *Aurora* hath ſcarce ſmil'd on mee:
My Worke ſtill growes; for now before mine eyes
Heau'ns glorious Hoaſt in nimble ſquadrons flies.
Whether *This Day* God made you (Angels bright)
Vnder the name of Heau'n, or of the Light:
Whether you were, after, in th'inſtant borne
With thoſe bright Spangles that the Heau'ns adorne:
Whether you doo deriue your high Deſcent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For I will ſtifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether ſo, or ſo;
Eſpecially, where curious ſearch (perchance)
Is not ſo ſafe as humble Ignorance):
I am reſolu'd that once th'Omnipotent
Created you, immortall, innocent,
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Eſſence ſuch
As from his owne differ'd not very much.
But euen as thoſe whom Princes fauours oft
Aboue the reſt haue raiſ'd and ſet a-loft,
Are oft the firſt that (without right or reaſon)
Attempt Rebellion and doo practiſe Treaſon,
And ſo at length are iuſtly tumbled downe
Beneath the foote, that raught aboue the Crowne:

Before hee conclude the First Day, he treateth of Angels.

The time of their Creation not certainly reſolued.

Some of them are fallen revolting from God: and are caſt into Hell being all called Euill Angels, Wicked Spirits, and Deuils.

Euen ſo ſome Legions of thoſe lofty Spirits
(Enuy'ng the glory of their Makers merits)
Conſpir'd together, ſtroue againſt the ſtreame
T'vſurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
But he, whoſe hands doo neuer Lightnings lacke,
Proud ſacriligious Mutiners to wracke,
Hurl'd them in th'Aire, or in ſome lower Cell,
For, where God is not, euery where is Hell.
This curſed Crew with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of vs at leaſt haue this aduantage got,
That by experience they can truly tell
How farre it is from higheſt Heau'n to Hell,
For by a proud leape they haue ta'en the meaſure
When headlong thence they tumbled in diſpleaſure.

The inſolent and audacious attempts of Sathan and his Fellowes againſt God and his Church.

Theſe Fiends are ſo farre of from bett'ring them
By this hard Iudgement, that ſtill more extreame,
The more their plague, the more their pride increaſes,
The more their rage: as Lizards cut in peeces,
Threat with more malice, though with leſſer might,
And euen in dying ſhow their liuing ſpight.
For, euer ſince, againſt the King of Heau'n
Th'Apoſtate Prince of Darknes ſtill hath ſtriuen,
Striu'n to depraue his Deeds, t'interr their Storie,
T'vndoo his Church, to vnder-mine his Glorie:
To reaue this Worlds great Body, Ship, and State;
Of Head, of Maiſter, and of Maieſtrate.
But finding ſtill the Maieſtie Deuine
Too ſtrongly fenc'd for him to vnder-mine:
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines all
Too weake to batter the celeſtiall Wall

Vnable

Vnable t'hurt the Head, he hacks the Members:
The Tree too-hard, the branches he dismembers.
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Forresters,
Set not so many toyles, and baites, and snares
To take the Fowle, the Fish, the sauage Beasts
In Woods, and Floods, and fearefull Wildernes,
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practize nought but wile.
With wanton glaunce of Beauties burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensualitie:
With Golds bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Auarice:
With grace of Princes, with their pompe, and state,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate:
With curious Skill-pride, & vaine dreames he witches,
Those that contemne Pleasure, and State, and Riches:
Yea, *Faith* it selfe, and *Zeale*, be sometimes Angles
Wherewith this Iugler Heau'n-bent Soules intangles.
Much like the greene Worme that in Spring deuoures
The buds and leaues of choisest Fruites and Flowers,
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyson and detested ordure.

The diuers baites of the Deuils to entrap mankind.

Who but (alas) would haue been gull'd yer-whiles
With Nights black Monarkes most malitious wiles?
To heare Stones speak, to see strange wooden Miracles,
And golden Gods to vtter wondrous Oracles?
To see him play the Prophet, and inspire
So many *Sibills* with a sacred fire?
To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Toombe,
To tell his King Calamities to come?

Their Oracles.

1. *Samuel.* 28. 14. 17.

T'inflame the Flamine of *Ioue Ammon* ſo
With Heathniſh-holy fury-fits, to know
Future euents, and ſometimes truly tell
The blinded World what afterward befell?
To counterfait the wondrous Works of God:
Their falſe Miracles. His Rod turne Serpent and his Serpent Rod?
Exod.7.11.22. & 8.7. To change the pure ſtreames of th'*Egiptian* Flood
From cleareſt water into crimſon blood?
To raine downe Frogges, and Graſſ-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the ſtubborne King?
For as he is a Spirit, vnſeene he ſees
The Plots of Princes, and their Policies;
Vnfelt, he feeles the depth of their deſires,
(Who harbours vengeance, and whoſe heart aſpires)
And as vſ'd daily vnto ſuch affects
Such feates and faſhions, iudges of th'effects,
Their Wiles. Beſides, to circumuent the quickeſt Sprighted,
To blinde the eyes (euen) of the cleareſt ſighted,
And to enwrap the wiſeſt in his ſnares,
He oft fore-tells what he himſelfe prepares.
For if a Wiſe-man (though Mans dayes be done
Almoſt as ſoone as they be heere begun:
And his dull Fleſh be of too ſlow a kinde
Wherefore their effects are ſo ſtrange & wonderfull. T'enſue the nimble Motions of his minde)
By th'onely power of Plants and Mineralls
Can worke a thouſand ſuper-naturalls:
Who but will thinke, much more theſe Spirits can
Worke ſtrange effects, exceeding ſence of Man?
Sith being immortall, long experience brings
Them certaine knowledge of th'effects of things:

And free from bodies clogge, with lighter ſpeed
And with leſſe let, they doo what they decreed.
Not that they haue the bridle on their neck,
To runne at randome without curbe or check;
T'abuſe the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tirannize our body and our minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power,
That without leaue, one minute of an hower
They cannot range. It was by his Permiſſion
The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition,
Making him march againſt that Foe with force,
Which ſhould his body from his ſoule diuorce.
Arm'd with Gods ſacred Paſſe-port, he did trie
Iuſt humble *Iobs* renowned conſtancie,
He reaues him all his Cattell, many wayes
By Fire and Foes; his faithfull Seruants ſlayes;
To loſſe of goods he adds his Childrens loſſe,
And heapes vpon him bitter croſſe on croſſe.
For th'Onely Lord, ſometimes to make a tryall
Of firmeſt *Faith*; ſometimes with Errors violl
To drench the Soules that Errors ſole delight;
Lets looſe theſe *Furies*: who with fell deſpight
Driue ſtill the ſame Naile, and purſue inſenſed
Their damned drifts in *Adam* firſt commenced.
But as theſe Rebels, maugre all their will,
T'aſſiſt the Good, be forc'd t'aſſault the ill:
Th'vnſpotted Spirits that neuer did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too low deſcend,
With willing ſpeed they euery moment goe
Whether the breath of Deuine grace doth blowe.

God reſtraines them at his pleaſure.

1, *Kings*, 22, 35.

Iob, 1, 15, &c.

Why the Lord ſometimes lets looſe theſe wicked Spirits.

Of the good Angels ſeruing to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in general and particular.

Their

Their aimes, had neuer other limitation
But Gods owne glory, and his Saints ſaluation.
Law-leſſe Deſire ne'r enters in their breaſt,
Th'Almighties Face is their *Ambroſial* Feaſt:
Repentant teares of ſtrayed Lambes returning,
Their *Nectar* ſweet: their *Muſike*, ſinners mourning.
Ambitious Mans greedy deſire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crowne on Crowne to clap:
Theſe neuer thirſt for greater Dignities,
Trauaile's their eaſe, their bliſſe in ſeruice lies.
For God no ſooner hath his pleaſure ſpoken,
Or bow'd his head, or giuen ſome other token,
Or (almoſt) thought on an Exploit, where in
The Miniſtrie of Angels ſhall be ſeene,
But theſe quicke Poſts with ready expedition
Flie to accompliſh their deuine Commiſſion.

Gen 21,17, 18. One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,
And with ſweet comforts doth her cares aſſwage.
Exod. 23, 23 & 33,2. Another guideth *Iſaacks* mighty Hoaſts,
Another *Iacob* on th'*Idumean* Coaſts.
Tobi. 11,7,11, & 12.14,& 15 Another, skill'd in Phiſicke, to the Light
Reſtores old faithfull *Tobies* failing ſight.
Luk, 1,26. In *Nazareth*, another rapt with ioy,
Tells that a Virgine ſhould bring forth a Boy:
That *Mary* ſhould at once be Mayd-and-Mother,
And beare at once her Sonne, Sire, Spowſe, & Brother:
Yea, that her happy fruitfull wombe ſhould hold
Him, that in him doth all the World infold.
Marc 4, 11. Some in the Deſart tender'd conſolations
While IESVS ſtroue with Sathans ſtrong temptations.

One

One, in the Garden, in his agonies, *Luk.22,43.*
Cheeres-vp his feares in that great enterprise,
To take that bloody Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drinke it off, to purge our sinfull Malice.
Another certifies his Resurrection *Math.28,25.*
Vnto the Weomen, whose faiths imperfection
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Graue were bound
Vntill th'Archangels lofty Trump should sound.
Another, past all hope, doth pre-auerr *Luk.1,13.*
The birth of *Iohn*, *Christes* holy Harbinger.
One, on Mount *Horeb* doth the Heard inlarge *Exod.3,2.*
Of *Israels* Flocke, and giues him their his charge.
One, in few howers a fearefull slaughter made *Exod.12,29.*
Of all the First-borne that the *Memphians* had:
Excepting those vpon whose dore-posts stood
A sacred token of Lambes tender blood.
Another mowes-downe in a moments space, *2,Kings,10,35.*
Before *Hierusalem* (Gods chosen Place)
Senacharibs proud ouer-daring Hoast
That threatned Heau'n, and 'gainst the Earth did boast,
In his blasphemous braues comparing, euen
His Idol-Gods, vnto the God of Heauen.
His Troupes, victorious in the East before,
Besieg'd the Citie, which did sole adore
The Onely God, so that, without their leaue,
A Sparrow scarce the sacred Walls could leaue:
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Peizing the danger of these sad euents,
His Subiects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,
His Childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,

The Maſſacre of Infants and of Eld,
And's Royall ſelfe with thouſand weapons queld:
The Temple raz'd, th'Altar and Cenſor voyd
Of ſacred vſe, Gods Seruants all deſtroyd:
Humbled in Sack cloath and in aſhes, cries
For ayde to God (the God of Victories)
Who heares his ſuite, and thunders downe his Furie
On thoſe proud *Pagan* Enimies of *Iurie*.
For while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the Fire ſecurely ſnorted hard,
From Heauen th'Almighty looking ſternly downe
(Glancing his Friends a ſmile, his Foes a frowne)
A ſacred Fencer gainſt th' *Aſsirians* ſent,
Whoſe two-hand Sword at euery venie, ſlent,
Not through a ſingle Souldiars feeble bones,
But keenly ſlyces through whole Troopes at once:
And heawes broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As ſwiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now gan they flie, but all too ſlow to ſhunne
A flying Sword that follow'd euery one·
A Sword they ſaw, but could not ſee the arme
That in one Night had done ſo diſmall harme:
As we perceaue a Wind-mills ſayles to goe,
But not the Wind that doth tranſport them ſo.
Bluſhing *Aurora*, had yet ſcarce diſmiſte
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomie miſte,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, diſcou'ring plaine
An hundred foure ſcore and fiue thouſand ſlaine,
Exceeding ioyfull, gan to ponder ſtricter,
To ſee ſuch Conqueſt and not know the Victor.

O ſacred

O ſacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Purſuiuants prepar'd
To execute the Counſailes of the Higheſt;
You Heau'nly Courtiars, to your King the nigheſt:
Gods glorious Herralds, Heau'ns ſwift Harbingers,
'Twixt Heau'n and Earth you true Interpreters:
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your Celeſtial Flight:
But that I feare (heere hauing ta'en in hand
So long a iourney both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the firſt, too faſte
I cut away, and make too-haſtie haſte:
For Trauailers, that burne in braue deſire
To ſee ſtrange Countries manners and attire,
Make haſte enough, if onely the *Firſt Day*
From their owne Sill they ſet but on their way.

So Morne and Euening the Firſt Day conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

The

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The ſecond Day of the firſt Weeke.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lewd Poets checkt: Our Poets chaſte Intents:
Heau'ns Curtaine ſpread: th' all-forming Elements;
Their number, nature, vſe, and Domination,
Conſent, exceſſe, continuance, ſcituation:
Aire ſtriple Regions; and their temper's change:
Windes, Exhalations, and all Meteors ſtrange;
Th' effects, the vſe (applide to Conſcience):
Mans Reaſon non-pluſt in ſome accidents:
Of Prodigies: of th' Elementall Flame:
Heau'ns ten-fold Orbes: Waters about the ſame.

A iuſt reproofe of wantō & laſciuious Poets of our Time,

THoſe learned Spirits, whoſe wits applied wrong,
With wanton Charmes of their inchanting ſong,
Make of an old, foule, frantike *Hecuba*,
A wondrous freſh, faire, wittie *Helena*:
Of lewd *Fauſtina*, that looſe Empereſſe,
A chaſte *Lucretia*, loathing wantonneſſe:
Of a blind Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarfe, a Baſtard,
No pettie Godling, but the Gods great Maiſter.

On

On thank-leſſe furrowes of a fruit-leſſe ſand
Their ſeed and labour loſe, with heed-leſſe hand:
And pitching of a Net to catch the winde
Of a fond Faine that doth bewitch their minde,
Reſemble Spiders, that with curious paine
Weaue idle Webs, and labour ſtill in vaine.
But (though then time we haue no deerer treaſure,)
Leſſe ſhould I waile their miſ-expence of leaſure,
If their ſweet *Muſe* with too-well-ſpoken Spell,
Drew not their Readers with themſelues to Hell.
Vnder the honey of their learned Workes
A hatefull draught of deadly poyſon lurkes,
Whereof (alas) young Spirits quaffe ſo deepe,
That drunke with Loue, their Reaſon falls a ſleepe;
And ſuch a habite their fond Fancie gets,
That their ill ſtomack ſtill loues euill meates.
Th'inchanting force of their ſweet Eloquence
Tumbles downe headlong their ſoft audience,
Who from the ſteepe Mount of this Icie life
Slide for the firſt fall, with a fooliſh ſtrife.
The Songs their *Phœbus* doth ſo ſweet inſpier,
Are euen the Bellowes whence they blow the fier
Of raging Luſt (before) whoſe wanton flaſhes
A tender breſt rakt-vp in Shame-fac'd aſhes.
Therefore, for my part I haue vow'd to Heau'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giu'n,
To write to th'honour of my Maker dread,
Verſe that a Virgine without bluſh may read.
Cleare Source of Learning, ſoule of th'Vniuerſe,
Since it hath pleaſ'd thee chuſe mine humble verſe

The danger of their ſeduced Readers.

Our Poets modeſt purpoſe.

Againe, he calleth vpon God

To

To ſing thy praiſes, make my Pen diſtill
Celeſtiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill
With th' *Amalthean* Horne; that it may haue
Some correſpondence to a Theame ſo graue:
Rid thou my paſſage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers; ſhine vpon this *Day*:
That guided ſafely by thy ſacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attaine yer night.

for aſsiſtance in the deſcription of the 2. Dayes Worke.

THAT HVGE broad-length, that long-broad height-profound,
Th'infinite-finite, that great mound-leſſe Mound,
I meane that *Chaos*, that ſelfe-iarring Maſſe,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was,
Was the rich matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heau'ns ſhould iſſue, and the Elements.

Which is, the Firmament mentioned by Moſes *in the* 1. *Ch. Gene. ver.* 6. 7. 8. *Comprehending the Heauens, and all the Elementarie Region.*

Now th'Elements, twin-twins (two Sons, two Daughters)
To wit, the Fire, the Aire, the Earth, and Waters,
Are not compounded: but of them is all
Compounded firſt, that in our ſence can fall:
Whether their qualities, in euery portion
Of euery thing infuſe them with proportion:
Whether in all, their ſubſtance they confound,
And ſo but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glaſſe, before our eyne,
We ſee the water intermixe with wine:
Or in our ſtomack, as our drinke and food
Doo mingle, after to conuert to blood.
This in a Fire-brand may we ſee, whoſe Fier
Doth in his flame toward's natiue Heau'n aſpier,
His Ayre in ſmoake; in aſhes falls his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.

Of the foure Elements, ſimple in theſelues: whereof all things, ſubiect to our ſence, are compoſed.

Diuers ſimiles.

And ſuch a Warre our Bodies peace maintaines:
For, in our Fleſh, our Bodies Earth remaines:
Our vitall ſpirits, our Fire and Aire poſſeſſe:
And laſt, our Water, in our humours reſts.
Nay, there's no part in all this Bulke of ours,
Where each of theſe not inter-mixe their powers,
Though't be apparant (and I needs muſt graunt)
That aye ſome one is moſt Predominant.
The pure red part amid the Maſſe of Blood,
The *Sanguine* Aire commaunds: the clotted mud
Sunke downe in Lees, Earths *Melancholie* ſhowes:
The pale thinne humour that on th'out-ſide flowes,
Is waterie *Flegme*: and the light froathie ſcum
Bubbling aboue, hath Fierie *Cholers* roome.

A viciſſitude of the Elements predominance.

Not, that at all times, one ſame Element
In one ſame Body hath the Regiment:
But raigning in his turne, his ſubiects drawes
After his Lore: for ſtill *New Lords new Lawes.*
As ſans reſpect how rich or Noble-borne,
Each Citizen Rules and Obayes by turne
In Chart'red Townes; which ſeeme in little ſpace,
Changing their Ruler, euen to change their face.
For (as *Camelions* varie with their obiect)
So *Princes manners doo transforme the Subiect.*
So th'Element in Wine predomining,
It hot and cold, and moiſt and dry doth bring;
By's perfect or imperfect force, at length
Inforcing it to change the taſte and ſtrength:

So that, it doth Grapes ſharpe greene iuice transferr
To Muſt, Muſt-t'wine, and Wine to Vineger.
As, while a Monarch, to teach others awe,
Subiects his owne ſelfes-Greatnes to his Lawe,
He ruleth feare-leſſe: and his Kingdomes flouriſh
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nouriſh)
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen Sword be euer
Vniuſtly drawne, if he be ſatted neuer
With Subiects blood; needes muſt his Rage at laſt
Deſtroy his State, and lay his Country waſte.
So (or much like) the while one Element
Ouer the reſt hath modeſt Gouernment:
While, in proportion, though vn-equall yet,
With Soueraigne Humours Subiect Humours fit,
The Body's ſound; and in the very face
Retaines the Forme of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wiſht, all People vnder-neath his Power
Had but one head, that he might butcher ſo
All th'Empires Subiects at one onely blow)
It Tirannizing, ſeeke to wrack the reſt
It ruines ſoone the Prouince it poſſeſt.
Where ſoone appeares, through his proud vſurpation,
Both outward change and inward alteration.
So, too-much Moiſt, which (vnconcoct with-in)
The Liuer ſpreads betwixt the fleſh and skin,
Puffes-vp the Patient, ſtops the pipes and pores
Of th'Excrements, and double barres the dores
Of his ſhort breath; and ſlowly-ſwiftly curſt,
In mid'ſt of Water makes him euer thirſt:

Excellent Similes ſhewing the commodity or diſcommodity of the proportion or exceſſe of euery of the Elements.

Exceſſe of moiſture.

Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked-vp in a cold heape of ſtones.

Of Drought. So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which ſeeming pain-leſſe, yet much paine doth cauſe;
Robbing the Nerues of might, of Ioy the hart,
Of mirth the face, of moiſture euery part
(Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour,
By little and little it owne ſelfes conſumer)
Nor giues man Reſt nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked-vp in a cold Heape of ſtones.

Of Heate. So, too-much Heat, doth bring a burning Feuer,
Which ſpurres our Pulſe, and furres our Pallat euer;
And on the tables of our troubled braine,
Fantaſtikely with various penſill vaine
Doth counterfaite as many Formes, or mo,
Then euer Nature Arte, or Chaunce could ſhow:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked-vp in a cold Heape of ſtones.

Of Cold. So, too-much Cold, couers with hoarie Fleece
The head of Age, his fleſh diminiſhes,
Withers his face, hollowes his Rhewmie eyes,
And makes himſelfe euen his owne ſelfe deſpiſe;
While through his marrowe euery-where it enters
Quenching his Natiue heate with end-leſſe Winters:
Nor giues man Reſt, nor Reſpite, till his bones
Be raked-vp in a cold heape of ſtones.

Of the continuance of the Elements: maintaining that whatſoeuer is now new

Yet thinke not, that this *Too-too-much*, remiſes
Ought into nought: it but the Forme diſguiſes
In hundred faſhions; and the ſubſtances
Inly nor outly neither win nor leeſe.

For

For All that's made, is made of the *First Matter*
Which in th'old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All that dissolues, resolues into the same.
Since first the Lord of Nothing made this Frame,
Nought's made of nought; & nothing turns to nothing:
Thinges birth or death, change but their formall clo-
Their Formes doo vanish, but their bodies bide; (thing:
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now side.
For if of Nothing any thing could spring,
Th'Earth without seed should wheat and barly bring.
Pure Mayden-wombes desired Babes should beare:
All things, at all times, should grow euery-where.
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lamling tender:
Th'Ocean should yeld the Pine and Cornell Tree,
On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oakes should bee:
And breaking Natures set and sacred vse,
The Doues would Eagles, Eagles Doues produce.
If of themselues Things tooke their thriuing, then
Slow-growing Babes should instantly be men:
Then in the Forrests should huge boughes be seene
Borne with the bodies of vn-planted Treen;
Then should the sucking Elephant support
Vpon his shoulders a well-manned Fort,
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should naigh for Battaile, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall;
All that is felt or seene within this All,
Still loosing some-what of it selfe, at length
Would come to Nothing: if Death's fatall strength

formed, hath still his substance frõ the Materia prima: *and whatsoeuer dissolues resolues into the same. Changing onely for me. And also confuting the contrary Errors.*

Could altogether Subſtances deſtroy;
Things then ſhould vaniſh euen as ſoone as die.
In time the mighty Mountaine tops be bated,
But with their fall the Neighbour-Vales are fatted;
And what, when *Trent* or *Auon* ouer-flowe,
They reaue one Field, they on the next beſtowe:
Loue-burning Heau'n many ſweet Deawes doth drop
In his deere Spouſes faire and fruitfull lap;
Which after ſhe reſtores, ſtraining thoſe ſhowers
Through th'hidden pores of pleaſant Plants & Flowers.

By an apt Similitude he ſheweth the continuall Change of the World in the matter and form thereof, according to Gods pleaſure, in ſuch ſort, yet that the matter remaines, though it receaue infinite Formes.

Who ſo hath ſeene, how one warme lumpe of waxe
(Without increaſing, or decreaſing) takes
A hundred figures; well may iudge of all
Th'inceſſant Changes of this neather Ball:
The Worlds owne Matter, is the waxen Lumpe,
Which, vn-ſelfe-changing, takes all kind of ſtampe,
The Forme's the Seale; Heau'ns gracious Emperour,
(The Liuing God)'s the great *Lord Chauncelour*,
Who at his pleaſure ſetting day and night
His Great *Broad Seales*, and *Priuie Signets* right
Vpon the Maſſe ſo vaſt and variable,
Makes the ſame Lumpe, now baſe, now honourable.
Heere's nothing conſtant: nothing ſtill doth ſtay:
For Birth and Death haue ſtill ſucceſſiue ſway.
Here one thing ſprings not, till another die:
Onely the Matter liues immortally:
Th'Almighties Table, Body of this All,
Of change-full chances common Arcenall,
All like it ſelfe, all in it ſelfe contained,
Which by Times Flight hath neither loſt nor gayned.

Change-

Change-lesse in Essence; changeable in face,
Much more then *Proteus*; or the subtile race
Of rouing *Polypes*, who to rob the more,
Transforme them howerly on the wauing shore:
Much like the *French* (*or like our selues, their Apes*)
Who with strange habit doo disguise their shapes,
Who louing-nouels, full of affectation,
Receaue the Manners of each other Nation,
And scarcely shift they shirtes so oft, as change
Fantastike Fashions of their garments strange:
Or like a *Lais*, whose inconstant Loue
Doth euery day a thousand times remoue;
Who's scarce vnfolded from one Youthes embraces
Yer in her thought another she embraces;
And the new pleasure of her wanton Fire
Stirres in her still, another new desire:
Because the Matter, wounded deepe in hart
With various Loue; yet on the selfe same part,
Incapable, in the same time, at once
To take all figures; by successions,
Forme after Forme receaues: so that, one face
Another faces features doth deface.

Sundry Similes to that purpose.

Now the chiefe Motiue of these Accidents,
Is the dire discord of our Elements:
Truce-hating Twinnes, where Brother eateth Brother
By turnes, and turne them one into another:
Like Ice and Water, that beget each other,
And still the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.
But each of these hauing two qualities;
One bearing Rule, another that obayes,

The chiefe motiue of this change of Formes in the Matter.

Enigma.

Thoſe, whoſe effects doo wholy contradict,
Longer and ſtronger ſtriue in their Conflict.
The hot-dry Fire, to cold-moiſt Water turnes-not·
The cold-dry Earth to hot-moiſt Aire, returnes-not,
Returnes not eaſ'ly: for (ſtill oppoſite)
With tooth and naile as deadly Foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize,
Becauſe in one part they doo ſimbolize:
And ſo in combat they haue leſſe to doo;
For *'t' s eaſier farre, to conquer one then two.*

Of the Scituatiõ of the Elements, & of the effects therof, compared to the Notes of Muſick & to the letters of the Alphabet.

Sith then the knot of ſacred Mariage,
Which ioynes the Eiements, from age to age
Brings-forth the Worlds Babes: ſith their Enmities
With fell diuorce, kill whatſoeuer dies:
And ſith but changing their degree and place;
They frame the various Formes, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is ſo imbelliſhed:
As ſixe ſweet Notes, curiouſly varied
In skilfull Muſike, make a hundred kindes
Of Heauenly ſounds, that rauiſh hardeſt minds,
And with Diuiſion of a choiſe deuice,
The Hearers ſoules out at their eares intice:
Or, as of twice twelue *Letters*, thus tranſpoſed,
This World of Words is variouſly compoſed;
And of theſe Words, in diuers order ſowne,
This ſacred *Volume* that you read, is growne
(Through gracious ſuccour of th' *Eternall Deitie*)
Rich in diſcourſe, with infinite Varietie:
It was not cauſe-leſſe, that ſo carefully
God did deuide their common Signorie;

Aſſigning

Aſſigning each a fit-confined Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.
Who ſo hath ſometimes ſeene rich Ingots tride,
When forc'd by Fier their treaſures they deuide;
How faire and ſoftly, Gold to Gold doth paſſe,
Siluer ſeekes Siluer, Braſſe conſorts with Braſſe,
And the whole Lumpe, of parts vn-equall, ſeuers
It ſelfe a-part, in white, red, yellow Riuers:
May vnderſtand how, when the Mouth *Diuine*
Op'ned, to each his proper Place t'aſſigne,
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water ſlid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.
Earth, as the Lees, and heauie droſſe of All,
After his kind did to the bottome fall:
Contrariwiſe, the Light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th'old Heape aſpire
Vnto the top; and by his Nature, light
No leſſe then hot, mounted in ſparks vpright:
As, when we ſee *Aurora*, paſſing gay,
With Opalls paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,
Sad Floods doo fume, and the Celeſtiall Tapers (pours.
Through th'Earths thin pores, in th'Aire exhale the va-
But leaſt the Fire, which all the reſt embraces,
Being too-neere, ſhould burne the Earth to aſhes:
As choſen Vmpires, the great All-Creator
Betweene theſe Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For one ſuffiz'd not their ſterne ſtrife to end:
Water, as Cozen, did the Earth be-friend,
Aire, for his Kinſ-man Fire, as firmely deales:
But both, vniting their deuided zeales,

A ſimile liuely repreſenting the ſeparation of the Elements.

Scituation of the earth, and fire.

Of aire & water plaſt between the earth and fire.

Tooke-

Tooke vp the Matter, and appeaſ'd the brall
Which doubt-leſſe elſe had diſ-Created All.
Th'Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water vnder it,
Not caſually, but ſo diſpoſed fit
By him, who Nature in her kind to keepe,
Kept due proportion in his Workmanſhip:
Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire.
And in this Store-houſe of his Wonders treaſure
Obſeru'd in all things number, waight, and meaſure.
For had the Water next the Fire beene placed,
Fire, ſeeming then more wrong'd and more diſgraced,
Would ſodainly haue left his aduerſarie,
And ſet-vpon the Vmpire (more contrary).
But all the Lincks of th'holy Chaine, which tethers
The many Members of the World togethers,
Are ſuch, as none but onely he can breake-them,
Who at the firſt did of meere nothing make them.
Water, as arm'd with moiſture and with cold,
The diſpoſing & combining of the Elements.
The cold-dry Earth with her one hand doth hold;
With th'other th'Aire: The Aire, as moiſt and warme,
Holds Fire with one; Water with th'other arme:
As Country-Maydens in the Month of *May*
A Similitude.
Merrily ſporting on a Holy-day,
And luſtie dauncing of a liuely Round.
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes ſound;
Hold hand in hand, ſo that the firſt is faſt,
By meanes of thoſe betweene, vnto the laſt.
For ſith 'tis ſo that the dry Element
Not onely yields her owne Babes nouriſhment,
But with the milke of her aboundant breſts
Doth alſo feed th'Aires nimble-winged gueſts,

And

And also all th'innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouthes that haunt the brynie Regions:
So that, th'Earth's Mother, or else Nurse of all
That runne, or flie, or swim, or slide, or crawle:
'Twas meet it should be it selfes Counter-poize,
To stand still firme against the roaring noise
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrath-full blasts
Of partching *South*, and pinching *Boreas*.
'Twas meet, her sad slow body to digest
Farther from Heau'n then any of the rest:
Least, of Heau'ns Course th'eternall swift Careeres,
Rushing against her with their whirling Spheares,
Should her transport, as swift and violent
As aye they doo their neighbour Element.

Why the Earth is the lowest, and enuironed with the other three Elements whereof it is the center.

And sith, on th'other side, th'harmonious Course
Of Heau'ns bright Torches is th'immortall source
Of Earthly life, and sith all alterations
(Almost) are caus'd by their quicke agitations;
In all the World, God could not place so fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.
For all the Starres reflect their liuely rayes
On Fire and *A*ire, and Water diuers wayes,
Dispiersing so, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through these various Elements:
But on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all vnite their seuered force in her:
As in a Wheele, which with a long deepe rut,
His turning passage in the durt doth cut,
The distant spoakes neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Naue vnite their points together.

Simile.

As

Simile.

As the bright Sunne ſhines through the ſmootheſt (Glaſſe,
The turning Planets influence doth paſſe
Without impeachment through the gliſt'ring Tent
Of the tralucing Fierie Element,
Th'Aires triple Regions, the tranſparant Water;
But not the firme Baſe of this faire Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call thoſe Trines,
(Fire, Aire, and Water) but Heau'ns Concubines:
For neuer Sunne, nor Moone, nor Starres inioy
The loue of theſe, but onely by the way,
As paſſing by: where-as, inceſſantly
The luſtie Heau'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull ſeed, which lends All life,
With-Childs each-moment his owne lawfull wife;
And with her louely Babes, in forme and nature
So diuers, decks this beautifull Theater.

The Water beſweene the Earth and Aire.

The Water, lighter then the Earthly Maſſe,
Heauier then Aire; betwixt them both hath place:
The better ſo with a moiſt-cold to temper
Th'ones ouer-drineſſe, th'others hot diſtemper.

Leauing the Earth and Sea till the next Booke, he comes to treat of the Aire.

But my ſweet Muſe, whether ſo faſt away?
Soft, ſoft (my Darling) draw not dry to day
Caſtalian Springs? defer the Cirque, and Seat,
The power, and praiſe, of Sea and Earth as yet:
Doo not anticipate the Worlds Beginning,
But, till to-morrow, leaue the enter-blinning
Of rockie Mounts and rowling Waues ſo wide:
For euen to-morrow will the Lord deuide
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
Theſe yet-confuſed and mingled Elements,

And

And liberally the ſhaggie Earth adorne
With woods, and buds of fruites, of flowers, & corne.
'Tis time, my Loue, 'tis time; mine onely Care,
To hie vs hence, and mount vs in the Aire:
'Tis time (or neuer) now, my deareſt Minion,
To impe ſtrong ſarcels in thy ſacred pinion,
That lightly borne vpon thy Virgine backe,
Safe through the Welkin I my courſe may take:
Come, come, my Ioy, lend me thy lilly ſhoulder,
That thereon raiſed, I may reach the bolder
(*Before the reſt of my deere Country-men,*
Of better wit, but worſe-applied Pen)
At that greene *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long haue hidden from my longing eyes.
Th' Aire, hoſte of Miſtes, the bounding Tennis-ball. *The Aire diſtinguiſhed into Three Regions.*
That ſtormie Tempeſts toſſe and play with-all,
Of winged Clouds the wide inconſtant Houſe,
Th'vn-ſetled Kingdome of ſwift *Æolus*,
Great Ware-houſe of the Winds, whoſe traffike giues
Motion of life to euery thing that liues,
Is not through-out all one: our elder Sages
Haue fitly parted it into three Stages:
Whereof, becauſe the Higheſt ſtill is driuen *The High.*
With violence of the *Firſt-mouing* Heauen,
From Eaſt to Weſt; and from the Weſt returning
To th'honoured Cradle of the roſiall Morning:
And alſo ſeated next the Fierie vault,
It by the learned very hot is thought.
That, which we touch, with Times doth variate, *The Lowe.*
Now hot, now cold, and ſometimes temperate;

Warme-

Warme-temp'red ſhowers it ſendeth in the Spring:
In *Autumne* likewiſe, but more varying:
In Winter-time continuall cold and chill:
In Sommer ſeaſon hot and ſoultrie ſtill;
For then, the Fields ſcorched with flames, reflect
The ſparkling rayes of thouſand Starres aſpect,
And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whoſe arrowes bright,
Our Globie Grandame ſerues for Butt and White.
But now, becauſe the middle-Region's ſet
Farre from the Fierie ſeelings flagrant heat,
The Middle Region of the Aire. And alſo from the warme reuerberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in diuers faſhion;
That Circle ſhiuers with eternall cold:
For, into Haile how ſhould the Water mold,
Of the cauſes of Haile. Euen when the Sommer hath guilt *Ceres* Gowne,
Except thoſe Climes with Ycicles were ſowne?
So ſoone as *Sol*, leauing the gentle *Twinns*,
With *Cancer*, or thirſt-panting *Leo* Innes,
The mid-moſt Aire redoubleth all his Froaſts;
Being beſieged by two mighty Hoaſts
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainſt his cold force then euer,
Calls from all quarters his chill troupes together,
T'incounter them with his vnited Power,
Which, then diſpierced, hath farre greater power.
As *Chriſtian* Armies, from the Frontiers farre,
And out of feare of *Turkes* outragious Warre,
March in diſorder, and become (diſperſt)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerſt:
So that ſometimes th'vntrayned Multitude
With batts and bowes hath beat them and ſubdude,

But

But if they once perceaue, or vnderſtand
The *Moonie* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, and the Sulph'rie thunder
Where-with he brought *The Rhodes* & *Belgrade* vnder,
They ſoone vnite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themſelues; their courage growes a-pace,
Their heart's a-fire; and Circumciſed Powers,
By their approach, double the ſtrength of ours.
'Tis (doubtleſſe) this * *Antiperiſtaſis*
(Beare with the Word, I hold it not amiſſe
T'adopt ſometimes ſuch ſtrangers for our vſe,
When Reaſon and Neceſſitie induce:
As namely where our Natiue Phraſe doth want
A Word ſo force-full and ſignificant)
Which makes the Fire ſeeme to our ſence and reaſon
Hotter in Winter then in Sommer ſeaſon:
'Tis it which cauſeth the cold frozen *Scithia*,
Too-often kiſt by th'husband of *Orithia*,
To bring forth people, whoſe ſtill-hungrie breſt
(Winter or Sommer) can more meate diſgeſt
Then thoſe leane ſtaruelings which the Sun doth broile
Vpon the hot ſands of the *Libian* ſoile:
And that our ſelues, happily ſeated faire,
Whoſe ſpongie lungs draw ſweet and holeſome Aire,
Hyde in our ſtomacks a more liuely heat
While bi-front *Ianus* froſtie frownes doo threat,
Then when bright *Phœbus*, leauing ſwartie *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on vs.
Th'Almighties hand did this Partition forme,
To th'end that Miſt, Comets, and Wind, and Storme,
Deaw,

* *Contrary circumſtance. The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire.*

Why the Aire was thus diſtinguiſhed in the 3. Regions.

Deaw, driſling Showres, Haile, ſlipperie Ice, & Snow,
In the Three Regions of the Aire might grow:
Whereof, ſome pointed th'Earth to fertilize,
Other to puniſh our impieties,
Might daily graue in hardeſt hearts the loue
And feare of him, who Raignes in Heau'n aboue.

Of Exhalations, and whereunto they are appropriate by the Sunne and the Regions of the Aire.

For, as a little end of burning waxe
By th'emptines, or of it ſelfe, attracts
In Cupping-glaſſes, through the ſcotched skinne
Behind the Poule, ſuperfluous humors thinne,
Which fuming from the braine, did thence deſcend
Vpon the ſight, and much the ſame offend:
So the ſwift Coach-man whoſe bright flaming haire
Doth euery Day guild either *Hemiſpheare*,
Two ſorts of Vapours by his heat exhales
From floating Deepes, and from the flowerie Dales;
Th'one ſomewhat hot, but heauie, moiſt and thick,
The other light, dry, burning, pure and quick;
Which through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
Make the World diuers to it ſelfe appeare.

Of Miſte.

Now, if a vapour be ſo thinne, that it
Cannot to Water be transformed fit,
And that with cold-lym'd wings, it houer neere
The flowerie Mantle of our Mother deere;
Our Aire growes duskie, and moiſt drowſie Miſt
Vpon the Fields doth for a time perſiſt.

Of Deaw and Ice.

And if this vapour faire and ſoftly ſtie,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Skie,
But 'boue the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April* Deaw, in *Ianuarie* Ice.

But if the Vapour brauely can aduenture
Vp to th'eternall ſeat of ſhiuering Winter,
The ſmall thin humour by the cold is preſt
Into a Cloud, which wanders Eaſt and Weſt
Vpon the Winds wings, till in drops of Raine
It fall into his Grandames lap againe:
Whether ſome boiſtrous wind with ſtormie puffe
Iouſtling the clouds, with mutuall counter-buffe,
Doo breake their brittle ſides, and make them ſhatter
In drizling ſhowers their ſwift diſtilling water:
As when a wanton heedleſſe Page (perhaps)
Raſhly together two full glaſſes claps,
Both being broken, ſodainly they poure
Both their brew'd liquors on the duſtie floure.
Whether ſome milder gale with ſighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their teares diſſeuereth:
As after raine, another raine doth drop
In ſhadie Forreſts from their ſhaggie top, (wherle
When through their greene boughs, whiffing winds do
With wanton puffes their wauing locks to curle.
Or whether th'upper Clouds moiſt heauines,
Doth with his waight an vnder Cloud oppreſſe,
And ſo one humour doth another cruſh,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doo guſh:
As the more cluſters of ripe grapes wee packe
In Vintage-time vpon the hurdles backe,
At's pierced bottome the more fuming liquor
Runnes in the ſcummie Fat and falls the thicker.
Then, many heau'n-flouds in our flouds doo loſe-em,
Nought's ſeen but ſhowers, the heau'ns ſad ſable boſom
Seemes

of Raine.

Diuers Similes ſhewing how the Raine is cauſed through the incounter of the Cloudes, which are the matter of it.

whence it proceedeth that ſometimes it raineth Frogs.

Seemes all in teares to melt; and Earths green bed
With ſtinking Frogs is ſometimes couered:
Eyther, becauſe the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it ſelfe both moiſt, drie, hot, and cold,
Whence all things heere are made: or elſe, for that
The actiue windes ſweeping this duſtie Flat,
Sometimes in th'aire ſome fruitfull duſt doo heape,
Whence theſe new-formed vgly creatures leape:
As on the edges of ſome ſtanding Lake
Which neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamie ſlime it ſelfe transformeth oft
To greene halfe-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Halfe-made, halfe-vnmade; round about the Floud,
Halfe-dead, halfe-liuing; halfe-afrog, halfe-mud.

Of ſnow.

Sometimes it hapens that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In ſiluer Flakes a heau'nly Woolll to fall;
Then, Fields ſeeme graſſe-les, Forreſts leau-les all,
The World's al white, and through the heaps of Snow,
The higheſt Stag can ſcarce his armour ſhow.

Of Haile.

Sometimes befals, that when by ſecret power,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping ſhower,
Th'exceſſiue cold of the mid-Aire, anon
Candies-it all in balles of Icie ſtone:

Of fumes, Vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Low and middle Regions of the Aire, and whereof the windes are engendred.

VVhoſe violent-ſtormes, ſometimes (alas) doo proine
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reape without ſickle, beat downe Birds and Cattle,
Diſgrace our woods, and make our Rooſes to rattle.
If Heau'ns bright Torches, from Earths kedneys ſup
Some ſome what drie and heatfull Vapours vp,

Th'am-

Th'ambitious lightnes of their minble Fire
VVould ſodainly neere th'Azure Cirques aſpire:
But ſcarce ſo ſoone their fuming creſt hath raught,
Or toucht the Coldnes of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall Enemie,
In Garriſon keeps there contiunally:
VVhen downe againe, towards their Dam they beare,
Holpe by the waight which they haue drawn from her:
But in the inſtant, to their aide ariues
Another new heat, which their heart reuiues,
Re-armes their hands, and hauing ſtaid their Flight,
Better reſolu'd, brings them againe to fight:
VVell fortified then, by theſe freſh ſupplies,
More brauely they renew their enterprize,
And one-while th'vpper hand (with honour) getting,
Another-while diſgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they toſſe in ſundrie ſort,
As weake or ſtrong their matter doth comport.
This laſts not long, becauſe the heat and cold
Equall in force and Fortune, equall bold
In theſe aſſaults; to end this ſodaine brall,
Th'one ſtops their mounting, th'other ſtaies their fall.
So that this Vapour, neuer reſting ſtound,
Stands neuer ſtill, but makes his motion round,
Poſteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amaine
From *Spaine* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spaine*.
But though theſe bluſtring ſpirits ſeem alwaies blow'n
By the ſame ſpirit, and of like Vapour growne,
Yet from their birth-place take they diuerſly
A diuers name and diuers qualitie-

Feeling the fower Winds, that with diuers blaſt,
From the fower corners of the World doo haſt;
In their effects I finde fower Tempraments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th'*Eaſt-wind* in working, followes properly
Fire, Choller, Summer, and ſoft Infancie:
That, which dries-vp wild *Affrick* with his wing,
Reſembles Aire, Bloud, Youth, and liuely Spring:
That, which blowes moiſtly from the *Weſterne* ſtage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heauie Age:
That, which comes ſhiu'ring from cold Climates ſoly,
Earth, withered Eld, Autumne, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men haue longyer this found-out
More then theſe foure Winds *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North* & *South*:
Thoſe that at Sea to ſee both Poles are wont,
Vpon their Compaſſe two and thirtie count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heau'n-fanning Exhalation paſſes:
But whereſoeuer their quicke courſe they bend,
As on their Chiefes, all on theſe foure depend.

Of the Windes, whereof there are foure principall compared to the foure Seaſons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: & Aſſigned to the foure Corners of the World. And called Eaſt, Weſt North & South.

One while, with whisking broome they bruſh & ſweep
The cloudie Courtaines of Heau'ns ſtages ſteep:
Anon, with hotter ſighes they drie the ground
Late by *Electra* and her ſiſters dround.
Anon, refreſh they with a temperate blowing,
The ſoultrie *Aier*, vnder the Dog-ſtar glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plumbe and Peare,
In cods the poulſe, the corne within the eare.
Anon, from North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt
With ceaſ-les wings they driue a Ship adreſt.

Diuers effects of the VVindes.

And

And ſome-times whirling on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowerie motes they grind the pureſt graine,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plaine.
If th'Exhalation hot and oyly proue,
And yet, as feeble, giueth place aboue
To th'Aerie Regions euer-lafting Froſt,
Inceſſantly th'apt-tinding fume is toſt
Till it inflame; then like a Squib it fals,
Or fire-wing'd ſhaft, or ſulphrie Powder-balls.
But if this kinde of Exhalation toure
Aboue the wals of Winters ycie bower,
'T-inflameth alſo; and anon becomes
A new ſtrange Starre, preſaging wofull doomes:
And, for this Fier hath more fewell in't
Then had the firſt, 'tis not ſo quickly ſpent:
Whether the Heau'ns inceſſant agitation,
Into a Starre transforming th'Exhalation,
Kindle the ſame: like as a coale that winck't
On a ſticks end, and ſeemed quite extinct;
Toſt in the darke with an induſtrious hand,
To light the night, becomes a fier-brand:
Or whether th'vpper Fire doo fire the ſame;
As lighted candles doo th'vnlight inflame.
According as the vapour's thicke or rare,
Euen, or vn-euen, long or large, round or ſquare,
Such are the Formes it in the Aire reſembles:
At ſight whereof, th'amazed Vulgar trembles.
Heere, in the night appeares a flaming Spire,
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;

Diuers effects of hot exhalacions.

Of Comets.

Of other fierie impreſsions in the regions of the Aire.

Heere a bright Comet, there a burning Beame,
Heere flying Launces, there a Fierie Streame,
Heere ſeemes a horned Goat enuiron'd round
With Fierie flakes about the Aire to bound.
There, with long bloodie haire, a Blazing-Starre
Threatens the World with Famine, Plague, & Warre:
To Princes, death: to Kingdomes, many croſſes:
To all Eſtates, ineuitable loſſes:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-les Seaſons:
To Saylers, Stormes: to Citties, ciuill Treaſons.

A liuely deſcription of thunder and lightening.

But harke, what heare I in the Heau'ns? me thinks
The Worlds wall ſhakes, and his Foundation ſhrinkes:
It-ſeemes euen now that horrible *Perſephone*
Looſing *Meger*, *Alecto*, and *Tyſiphone*,
Wearie of raigning in blacke *Erebus*,
Tranſports her Hell between the Heau'n and vs.

How they are ingendred.

'Tis held I know, that when a Vapour moiſt,
As well from Freſh as from Salt waters hoiſt
In the ſame inſtant with hot-Exhalations,
In th'Aierie Regions ſecondarie ſtations:
The Fierie Fume, beſieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampiſh Cloud,
Strengthens his ſtrength; and with redoubled Volleys
Of ioyned Heat, on the Cold Leagher Sallies.

A ſimile.

Like as a Lion, verie late exil'd
From's natiue Forreſts; ſpit-at and reuil'd,
Mock't, mocu'd, and troubled with a thouſand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;
With hidious roaring doth his Priſon fill,
In's narrow Cloiſter ramping wildly ſtill,

Runnes

Runnes too and fro; and furious, leſſe doth long
For libertie, then to reuenge his wrong:
This Fire, deſirous to breake forth againe
From's cloudie Warde, cannot it ſelfe refraine,
But without reſting, loud it groanes and grumbles,
It roules and roares, and round-round-round it rumbles,
Till hauing rent the lower ſide in ſunder,
With Sulph'rie Flaſh it haue ſhot downe his thunder:
Though willing to vnite in theſe alarmes,
To's Brothers Forces, his owne fainting armes;
And th'hotteſt Circle of the World to gaine,
To iſſue vp-ward, oft it ſtriues in vaine:
For 'tis there fronted with a Trench ſo large
And ſuch an Hoaſt, that though it often charge
On this and that ſide, the cold Campe about,
With his hot Skirmiſh; yet ſtill, ſtill the ſtout
Victorious Foe, repelleth eu'rie puſh;
So that diſpairing, with a furious ruſh,
Forgetting honour, (which the valiant prize)
Not as it would, but as it may, it flies.

Then, th'Ocean boyles for feare; the Fiſh doo deem *Their effects.*
The Sea too ſhallow to ſafe-ſhelter them:
The Earth doth ſhake; the Shepheard in the Field
In hollow Rocks himſelfe can hardly ſhield:
Th'affrighted Heau'ns open; and in the Vale
Of *Accheron*, grim *Plutoes* ſelfe lookes pale:
Th'Aire flames with Fire: for the loud-roring Thunder,
Renting the Cloud that it includes a-funder,
Sends forth thoſe Flaſhes which ſo bleare our ſight:
As wakefull Students, in the Winters night

Againſt the ſteele glauncing with ſtonie knocks,
Strike ſodaine ſparks into their Tinder-boxe.

Admirable effects of lightning

Moreouer, Lightning of a fume is framed,
Through't ſelfes hot-dryneſſe, euermore inflamed:
Whoſe power (paſt-credit) without razing skin
Can bruiſe to powder all our bones within:
Can melt the Gold that greedie Mizers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burne the boord:
Can breake the blade and neuer ſindge the ſheath:
Can ſcorch an Infant in the Wombe to death,
And neuer blemiſh in one ſort or other,
Fleſh, bone, or ſinew of th'amazed Mother:
Conſume the ſhooes, and neuer hurt the feet:
Emptie a Caske, and yet not periſh it:
Ofte in my youth, mine eyes haue ſeene a Dame,
To whom the flaſh of Heau'ns fantaſtike flame,
Did no more harme, but in a moments ſpace
With windie Raſor ſhaue a ſecret place.

Of Crownes and Circles about the Sunne, Moone, and other Planets.

Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies
Oft ſeene in forehead of the frowning Skies?
Sometimes a Fierie Circle doth appeare
proceeding from the beutious beames and cleare
Of Sunne and Moone, and other Starres aſpect,
Downe-looking on a thick round Cloud direct,
When not of force to thruſt their rayes through-out-it
In a round Crowne they caſt them round about-it:
Like as (almoſt) a burning candle, put
Into a Cloſet with the doore cloſe ſhut,
Not able through the boords to ſend his light;
Out at the edges round about ſhines bright.

But in's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct vpon a wat'rish Cloud doth glance
(A wat'rish Cloud which cannot easily
Hold any longer her moist Tympanie)
On the moist Cloud he limnes his lightsome front;
And with a gawdie Pencill paintes vpon't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended ouer vs:
For th'aduerse Cloud, which first receiueth thus
Apollos rayes, the same direct repels
On the next Cloud, and with his gold, it mells
Her various colours: like as when the Sunne
At a bay-window peepeth in vpon
A boule of water, his bright beames aspect
With trembling luster it doth farre reflect
Against th'high seeling of the lightsome Hall
With stately Fret-worke ouer-crusted all:

Of the Rainbow and how it is made.

On th'other side, if the Cloud side-long sit,
And not beneath, or iustly opposite
To Sunne or Moone: then either of them formes
With strong aspect double or treble Formes
Vpon the same. The Vulgar's then affright
To see at once three Chariots of the Light,
And in the Welkin on Nights gloomie Throne,
To see at once more shining Moones then one,

How it comes to passe that sometimes appeare diuers Sunnes and Moones at once.

But O fond Mortals! Wherefore doo ye striue
With reach of sence, Gods wonders to retriue?
What proud desire? rather what *Furies* drift,
Boldens you God-les, all Gods works to sift?
I'le not denie, but that, a learned man
May yeeld some Reason (if he list to scan)

A check to Mans pride in striuing to yeeld reason in Nature, of al these accidents.

Of

Of all that moues vnder Heau'ns hollow Cope;
But not ſo ſound as can all ſcruples ſtop:
And though he could, yet ought we euermore
Prayſing theſe tooles, extoll His fingers more
Who workes withall, and many waies dooth giue
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules to liue.
Me thinks I heare, when I doo heare it Thunder,
True Philoſophy for Chriſtians, to apply all to their conſcience for amendment of life.
The Voice that brings Swaynes vp, and *Cæſars* vnder:
By that Tower-tearing ſtroake, I vnderſtand
Th'vndaunted ſtrength of the Diuine right hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I ſee th'Almighties glorious eyes:
When I perceiue it Raine-downe timely ſhowers,
Me thinkes the Lord his horne of Plentie poures:
When from the Clouds exceſſiue Water Spinnes,
Me thinks God weepes, for our vn-wept-for ſinnes,
And when in Heau'n I ſee the Raine-bow bent:
I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,
That neuer-more ſhall Vniuerſall Flouds
Preſume to mount ouer the toppes of Woods
Which hoarie *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crownes of *Caucaſus* doo ride:
But aboue all, my pierced ſoule inclines,
When th'angry Heau'ns threat with Prodigious ſignes;
When Natures order doth reuerſe, and change
Prepoſterouſly into diſorder ſtrange.
Let all the Wits that euer ſuckt the breaſt
All the learned in the world cannot out of the ſchoole of Nature giue reaſon for
Of ſacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be preſt,
And let him tell me, if at leaſt he can
(By rule of Nature or meere reach of man)

many things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

A ſound and certaine reaſon of the Creame,
The Wooll, & Fleſh, that from the Clouds did ſtream.
Let him declare what cauſe could yerſt beget
Amid the Aire, thoſe drizling ſhowers of wheat,
Which in *Carinthia*, twice were ſeene to ſhed;
Whereof that people made them ſtore of Bread.

The true cauſe of theſe Prodigies.

God, the great God of Heau'n, ſometimes delights
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;
That his ſtrange works, to Nature contrarie,
May be fore-runners, of ſome miſerie.
The drops of Fire which weeping Heau'n did ſhower
Vpon *Lucania*, when *Rome* ſent the Flower
Of *Italy* into the wealthie Clime
Which *Euphrates* fats with his fruitfull ſlime;
Preſag'd, that *Parthians* ſhould the next yeare, tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and neere quench their Name.
The claſh of Armes, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriouſly on the now-Canton'd *Suiſſes*,
Cimbrians, and *Almans*, hewing all in peeces;
'Gainſt *Epicures* prophane aſſertions, ſhow
That 'tis not Fortune guides this VVorld below.
Thou that beheld'ſt, from Heau'n with triple Flaſhes,
Curſed *Olympius* ſmitten all to aſhes,
For Blaſphemies 'gainſt Th'ONE-Eternall-THREE,
Dar'ſt thou yet belch againſt the TRINITIE?
Dar'ſt thou, profane, ſpit in the face of God,
VVho for Blaſphemers hath ſo ſharpe a rod?
Iewes (no more Iewes, no more of *Abr'ham* Sonnes,
But *Turkes*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Leſtrigons*,

Examples of other drawn oft the Hiſtories of the Romans, Iewes, Turks, & French, both Eccleſiaſtical and prophane.

Say

Say what you thought? what thought you, when ſo long
A flaming ſword ouer your Temple hung:
But that the Lord would with a mightie arme
The righteous vengeance of his wrath perform
On you and yours? that what the Plague did leaue,
Th'inſatiate gorge of Famine ſhould bereaue:
And what the Plague and Famine both did ſpare,
Should bee cleane gleaned by the hand of Warre?
That ſucking Infants crying for the teat,
Selfe-cruell Mothers ſhould vnkindly eat?
And that yer long the ſhare and coultar ſhould
Rub of their ruſt vpon your Roofes of Gold?
And all, becauſe you curſed, crucifide
The Lord of life, who for our ranſome dy'd.
The ruddie Fountaine that with bloud did flow:
Th'huge Fierie Rock the thundring Heau'ns did throw
Into *Liguria*: and the Bloodie Croſſes
Seene on mens garments, ſeem'd with open voices
To crie aloud that the *Turkes* ſwarming hoaſt
Should pitch his proud *Moones* on the *Genoan* coaſt.

The Poet ſeuerely taxeth his Countrimen for not marking, or not making vſe of ſtrange and extraordinary tokens of Gods imminent diſpleaſure.

O franticke *France*! why dooſt not thou make vſe
Of the ſtrange Signes, whereby the Heau'ns induce
Thee to repentance? canſt thou teare-les gaze
Euen night by night on that prodigious Blaze,
That hairie Commet, that long ſtreaming Starre,
Which theatens Earth with Famine, Plague, & Warre
(Th'Almightie's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherewith hee ſtrikes vs in his greateſt Ire)?
But what (alas) can Heau'ns bare threatnings vrge,
Sith all the ſharpe Rods which ſo hourely ſcourge

Thy

Thy ſenceleſſe back, cannot ſo much as wreſt
One ſingle ſigh from thine obdurate breſt? (eateſt,
Thou drink'ſt thine owne bloud, thine owne fleſh thou
In what moſt harmes thee thy delight is greateſt.
O ſence-les Folke, ſicke of a Lethargie,
Who to the death deſpiſe your Remedie!
Like froward Iades that for no ſtriking ſturre,
But waxe more reſtife ſtill the more we ſpurre:
The more your wounds, more your ſecurenes growes,
Fat with afflictions, as an Aſſe with blowes:
And as the ſledge hardens with ſtrokes the ſteele,
So the more beaten, ſtill the leſſe ye feele.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why haſt thou forgot*
Thy viſitation, as thou had'ſt it not?
Thou haſt ſeene ſignes, *and thou haſt felt the rod*
Of the reuenging wrathfull Hand of God.
The frowning Heau'ns in fearefull Sightes fore-ſpoake
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoake:*
And ſince (alas) vnkinder wounds then thoſe,
The Ciuill rents of thy deuided ROSE:
And laſt of all the raging Wolues of Rome,
Tearing thy limbes (Chriſtes Lambes) in Martirdome.
Beſides Great Plagues, *and grieuous* Dearthes *which yer'ſt*
Haue oft the Sinnews of thy ſtrength reuerſt.
But thou, more faultie, more forgetfull art
Then Boyes that feare but while they feele the ſmart:
All this is paſt; and thou, paſt feare of it,
In Peace *and* Plentie, *as a Queene doo'ſt ſit,*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Reſt *ingratefull*
(That, ſottiſh dulnes: this, a Sinne moſt hatefull)

Vpon like conſideration the Tranſlator ſharply cyteth England: and to rouze her from her preſent ſecuritie, propoſeth feareſull examples of her owne troublous changes, and others terrible Chaſtiſements.

Ingratefull

Ingratefull to thy God who all hath sent,
And thy late Queene, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand, he hath more blessed Thine,
Esay.chap.5.1. *Then yerst his owne Choice-planted* Hebrew Vine:
2.3.&c. *From whence he look't for Grapes, as now from thee;*
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may bee):
That was destroy'd, the wild Boare entred in:
ENGLAND *beware*: Like punishment, like sinne.
But O what bootes, or what auailes my song
To this deafe Adder that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillowes of securitie,
Dread-les of daunger, drowned in Impuritie,
Whose Senses all, all ouer-growne with Fat,
Haue left no doore for Feare to enter at?
Yet once againe (deere Countrie) must I call:
ENGLAND *repent, Fall to preuent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blind, thy wakefull Watchmen see
Heau'ns Irefull vengeance hanging ouer thee
In fearefull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy sinnes Deluge, *which all ouer-flowes.*
Thine vn-controld bold open Atheisme:
Close Idol-seruice: *Cloaked* Hypocrysme:
Common Blaspheming *of Gods Name, in* Oathes:
Vsuall Prophaning *of his* Sabaothes:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepheards, *choakt with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealths mercie-les Wrong, Vsurie, Extortion:
Poore's Idlenes, Repining *at their Portion:*

Thy

Thy drunken Surfets; *and* Exceſſe *in Diet*:
Thy Senſuall *wallowing in* Laſciui ous Riot:
Thy huft, puft, painted, curld, purld Wanton Pride
(*The Baude to* Luſt, *and to all ſinnes beſide*)
Theſe are thy Sinnes: *Theſe are the* Signes *of Ruine*,
To euerie State *that doth the ſame purſue-in*
Such *coſt the* Iewes and Aſians *Deſolation*,
Now turned Turkes, *that were* The Holy Nation.
Happie who take by others dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning·
So preach thy Prophets: But who heedes their Crie?
Or, who beleeues? *Then much leſſe hope haue I.*
Wherefore (*Deere* Bartas) *hauing warned them*;
From this Digreſsion, turne wee to our Theam.

As our All-welcome SOVERAIGNE (*Englands ſolace*, Simile.
Heau'ns care, Earths comfort) *in his ſtately Pallace*,
Hath next his Perſon, Princes of His Realmes
Next him in bloud, extract from Royall Stems;
Next thoſe, the Nobles; *next, the Magiſtrates*
That ſerue him truly in their ſeuerall States;
As more or leſſe their diuers Dignitie
Comes neare the Greatnes of his Maieſtie:
So next the the Heau'ns, God marſhall'd th'Element
That ſeconds them in ſwift bright Ornament:
And then the reſt, according as of kin
To th'Azure Spheares, or th'Erring Fiers they bin.
Yet ſome, more crediting their eies, then Reaſon;
From's proper place this Eſſence doo diſſeaſin;
And vainly ſtriue, after their Fancies ſway,
To cut the World's beſt Element away.

Hauing ſufficiently diſcourſed of the Aire, hee begins to handle the Element of Fire. Againſt ſuch as denie the Fire to be an Element.

The

The nimble, flaming, bright, light, heat-full Fire,
Fountaine of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cooke, Surgian, Soldier, Gunner, Alchimist,
The source of Motion, briefely, what not is't?
Apt for all, acting all; whose armes embrace,
Vnder Heau'ns armes, this Vniuersall Masse.

Their Reasons.

For if (say they) the Fire were lodg'd between
The Heau'ns and vs, it would by night bee seen:
Sith then, so farre off (as in Meads we passe)
We see least Glow-wormes glister in the grasse:
Besides, how should we through the fierie Tent
Perceiue the bright eyes of the Firmament:
Sith heere the soundest and the sharpest eye
Can nothing th'rough our Candle-flames descrie?

Answers.

O hard-beleeuing Wits! if *Zephirus*,
And *Austers* sighes were neuer felt of vs;
You would suppose the space between Earths Ball,
And Heau'ns bright Arches, void and emptie all,
And then no more you would the Aire allow
For Element, then th'hot-bright Flamer now.

Difference betweene th'Elementarie fire and ours.

Now, euen as farre as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lampes, and euerie Taper els
Wherewith we vse to lengthen th'After-noone
Which *Capricorne* Duckes in the Sea too soone:
So farre in purenes, th'Elemental flame
Excels the fire that for our vse we frame:
For ours is nothing but a duskie light,
Grosse, thicke, and smoakie, enemie to sight:
But, that aboue, for being neither blent
With fumie mixture of grosse nourishment,

Nor

Nor toſt with Winds, but farre from vs; comes neere
It's neighbour Heau'n in nature pure and cleere.
But, of what ſubſtance ſhall I, after-thee
(O match-les Maiſter) make Heau'ns Canapy?
Vncertaine, heere my reſolutions rocke
And wauer, like th'inconſtant Weather-Cocke
Which on a Tower turning with euery blaſt,
Changeth his Maiſter, and his place as faſt.
Learned *Lyceum*, now a while I Walk-in;
Then th'*Academian* ſacred ſhades I Stalke-in.
Treading the way that *Ariſtotle* went,
I doo depriue the Heau'ns of Element,
And mixture too; and thinke, th'omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Eſſence.
Sith of the Elements, two ſtill erect
Their motion vp; two euer downe direct:
But the Heau'ns courſe, nor wandring vp nor downe,
Continually turnes onely roundly-round.
The Elements haue no eternall race,
But ſettle aye in their aſſigned place:
But th'azure Circle without taking breath,
His certaine courſe for euer gallopeth;
It keepes one pace, & mou'd with waight-les waightes,
It neuer takes freſh horſe, nor neuer baytes.
Things that conſiſt of th'Elements vniting,
Are euer toſt with an inteſtine fighting;
Whence ſprings (in time) their life and their deceaſing,
Their diuers change, their waxing and decreaſing:
So that, of all that is, or may be ſeene
With mortall eyes, vnder nights horned Queene,

Heere for concluſion of this ſecond booke, he commeth to diſcourſe of the Heauens, and firſt intreateth of their matter and Eſſence. According to the opinions of the Philoſophers.

Their courſe.

Heauens not ſubiect to alteration, as are the Elements.

Nothing retaineth the ſame forme and face,
Hardly the halfe of halfe an howers ſpace.
But the Heau'ns feele not Fates impartiall rigour:
Yeares add not to their ſtature nor their vigour:
Vſe weares them not, but their green-euer Age
Is all in all ſtill like their Pupillage.
Then ſodainly, turn'd ſtudious *Platoniſt*,
What vſe of Elements in the Heauens. I hold that Heau'ns of Elements conſiſt. (rant,
'Tis Earth, whoſe fitm parts make their Lampes appa-
Their bodies faſt; Aire, makes them all tranſparant;
Fire, makes their reſt-les circles pure, and cleere,
Hot, lightſome, light, and quicke in their careere:
And Water, nointing with cold-moiſt the brimmes
Of th'enter-kiſſing turning Globes extreemes,
Tempers the heat, caus'd by their rapid turning,
Which elſe would ſet all th'elements aburning.
Difference betweene the Elements, whereof Heauens are compoſed, and theſe inferiour Elements. Not, that I doo compare or match the Matter
Whence I compoſe th All-compaſſing Theater,
To thoſe groſſe Elements which heere below
Our hand and eye doth touch and ſee and know.
'T's all faire, all pure; a ſacred harmonie
Thoſe bodies binds in end-les Vnitie:
That Aier's not flitting, nor that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:
Nor one to other ought offenſiue neither,
But (to conclude) Celeſtiall altogether.
Deteſting the preſumption of thoſe curious witts ſearching theſe ſecrets, See, ſee the rage of humane Arrogance,
See how farre dares man's erring ignorance,
That with vnbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that vpper Loft,)

Dares

Dares, without proofe or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what timber God his Pallace builded.
But in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Then with mine errour drawe my Reader wrye;
Till a Saint *Paule* doo re-descend from Heau'n,
Or till my selfe, this sinfull roabe bereau'n
(This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrime Soule, and euer it depresses)
Shall see the Beauties of that Blessed Place:
If then I ought shall see saue Gods bright Face.

He limits himselfe within the bounds of Christian Sobrietie.

But euen as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th'old Heathen Schooles about the Heau'ns number:
One holds but one; making the Worlds eies shine
Through the thin-thicknes of that Cristalline:
As through the Oceans cleere and liquid Flood
The slipperie Fishes vp and downe doo scud.
Another, iudging certaine by his eye,
And seeing Seau'n bright Lamps (mou'd diuersly,)
Turne this and that way: and on th'other side
That all the rest of the Heau'ns twinkling pride,
Keepe all one course; ingeniously, he varies
The Heau'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starriest Orbe perceiuing
A triple cadence, and withall conceiuing
That but one nat'rall course one bodie goes,
Count nine (some ten) not numbring yet with those,
The Empireall Pallace, where th'eternall treasures
Of *Nectar* flow, where euer-lasting Pleasures
Are heaped-vp, where an immortall *Maye*
In bliss-full beauties flourisheth for aye,

Diuers opinions of the number of the Heauens.

Where Life ſtill liues, where God his Siſes holds,
Enuiron'd round with Seraphins, and Soules
Bought with his precious blood, whoſe glorious Flight
Yerſt mounted Earth aboue the Heau'ns bright.
Nor ſhall my faint and humble Muſe preſume,
So high a Song and Subiect to aſſume.
O faire, fiue-double Round, ſloathes Foe aparant,
Life of the World, Daies, Months, & yeers own Parent;
Thine owne ſelfes modell, neuer ſhifting place,
And yet thy pure wings with ſo ſwift a pace
Flye ouer vs, that but our Thought alone,
Can (as the babe) purſue thy motion:
Infinite finite; free from growth and griefe,
Diſcord and death; dance-louer (to be briefe)
Still like thy ſelfe, all thine owne, in thee all,
Tranſparant, cleere, light; law of this low Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-les, all dooſt bound,
And claſpeſt all, vnder or in thy Round,
Throne of th'Almightie, I would faine rehearſe
Thy various dances in this verie Verſe,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *ſecond Day* too-long.
For, notwithſtanding, yet another day
I feare ſome Criticke will not ſticke to ſay,
My babbling Muſe did faile with euerie gale,
And mingled yarne to length her web withall.
But know, what yer thou bee, that heere I gather
Iuſtly ſo many of God's works together,
Becauſe by th'Orbe of th'ample Firmament
Which round this Day th'Eternall Fingers pent

He ſtoppeth at the contemplation and praiſe of the Heauens. Which he conſidereth as diſtinguiſhed into tenn ſtages or Heauens.

The ſumme of what hath beene handled in this booke, & what is to be vnderſtood

Betweene

Betweene the lower Waters and the higher,
I meane the Heau'ns, th'Aire and the vpper Fire,
Which ſeparate the Oceans waters ſalt
From thoſe which God powr'd o're th'Ethereal Vault.

by the the firmamẽt which Moſes deſcribeth in the firſt of Geneſ.6.

Yet haue I not ſo little ſeene and ſought
The Volumes, which our Age hath chiefeſt thought,
But that I know how ſubt'ly, greateſt Clarkes
Preſume to argue in their learned Works,
T'o're-whelme theſe Floods, this Criſtall to deface,
And drie this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.

Againſt thoſe that thinke, there are no waters aboue the firmament: Whom he confuteth by diuers Reaſons.

But, as the beautie of a modeſt Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comely Frame,
And natiue Faire (as it is freely giuen
In fit proportion by the hand of Heauen)
Doth not with painting pranke, and ſet-it-out
With helpes of art, ſufficient Faire with-out;
Is more praiſe-worthie, then the wanton glance,
Th'affected gaite, th'alluring countenance,
The Marte of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,
Whence Courtiſanes refreſh their beauties fainting:

Similes

So doo I more the ſacred tongue eſteeme,
Though plaine and rurall it doo rather ſeeme,
Then ſchool'd *Athenian*; and Diuinitie,
For onely varniſh, haue but Veritie;
Then all the golden Wit-pride of Humanitie,
Where-with men burniſh their Erronious vanitie.

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

I'le rather giue a thouſand times the lye
To mine owne reaſon, then but once defie
The ſacred voice of th'euer-laſting Spirit,
Which doth ſo often and ſo loud auerr-it,

2. Gods word mẽtioneth waters aboue the firmament.

That God, aboue the ſhining Firmament,
I wot not I, what kinde of Waters pent:
*Gen.*1,7 *Pſal.*104,3: *Pſal.*148.4 Whether, that pure, ſuper-Celeſtiall VVater,
VVith our inferiour haue no likely nature:
VVhether, turnd Vapour, it haue round embow'd
Heau'ns higheſt ſtage in a tranſparant Cloud:
Or whether (as they ſay) a Criſtall caſe,
Doo round about, the Heau'nly Orbe embrace.
But with coniectures wherefore ſtryue I thus?
Can doubtfull proofes the certaintie diſcuſſe?
3. The power of God ought to be of greater authoritie then Mans Reaſon. I ſee not, why Mans reaſon ſhould withſtand,
Or not beleeue that Hee, whoſe powerfull hand
Bay'd-vp the *Red-Sea* with a double VVall,
That *Iſraels* Hoaſt might ſcape *Egyptian* thrall,
Could prop as ſure ſo many waues on high
Aboue the Heau'ns Starre-ſpangled Canapie.

4. The conſideration of the waters which hang in the Aire, and of the ſea which compaſſeth the Earth. See we not hanging in the Clouds each hower
So many Seas, ſtill threatning downe to poure,
Supported only by th'Aier's agitation,
(Selfely too-weake for the leaſt waight's foundation)?
See wee not alſo, that this Sea below
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
Remaines ſtill round, and maugre all the ſurlie
Æolian Slaues and Water's hurly-burly,
Dares not, (to leuell her proud liquid Heape)
Neuer ſo little paſt her limits leape?
Why then beleeue wee not, that vpper Spheare
May, without falling, ſuch an Ocean beare?
Vncircumciſed! O hard hearts! at leaſt
Lett's thinke that God thoſe Waters doth digeſt

In that ſteepe place: for, if that, Nature heere
Can forme firme Pearle and ſhining Criſtall cleere
Of liquid ſubſtance; lett's beleeue it rather
Much more in God, the Heau'ns and Natures Father:
Let vs, much more, much more lett's peize and ponder
Th'Almighties Works, and at his Wiſedom wonder:
Let vs obſerue, and double-waigh it well,
That this proud Pallace whear we rule and dwell,
Though built with match-les art, had fal'n long ſince,
Had't not ben ſeel'd-round with moiſt Elements.
For like as in man's *Little-World*, the Braine
Doth th'higheſt place of all the Frame retaine,
And tempers with it's moiſt-full coldnes ſo,
Th'exceſſiue heate of th'other parts below:
Th'eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
To enter-mingle meetly Froaſt with Flame,
And coole the great heat of the *Great-Worlds* Torches,
This day, ſpread Water ouer Heau'ns bright Arches.
Theſe Seas (they ſay) leagu'd with the Seas below,
Hiding the higheſt of the Mountaines tho,
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* builded
A holy Veſſell, where is houſe was ſhielded:
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,
He ſau'd a ſeed-pay'r of all liuing things;
No ſooner ſhipt, but inſtantly the Lord
Downe to th'*Æolian* dungeon him beſtirr'd,
Ther muzled cloſe Cloud-chaſing *Boreas*,
And let looſe *Auſter*, and his lowring race,
Who ſoone ſet forward with a dropping wing,
Vpon their beard for euerie haire a ſpring,

5, Diuers effects continual and admirable in Nature.

Taking occaſion by his former diſcourſe, he treateth of the incounter of the vpper waters with the lower: whence followed the General flood in the daies of Noah, Which heere be liuely repreſenteth.

A night of Clouds mufled their browes about,
Their watled Locks gufht all in Riuers out,
And both their hands wringing thicke Clouds a-funder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempeft, raine and thunder.
Brookes, Lakes, and Floods, Riuers, & foaming Torrents
Sodainly fwell, and their confufed Corrents,
Loofing their old bounds, breake a neerer way
To runne at randon with their fpoyles to Sea.
Th'Earth fhakes for feare, & fweating doth cõfume-her
And in her vaines leaues not a drop of humour.
And thou thy felfe (O Hean'n) didft fet wide-ope
Through all the Marfhes in thy fpacious cope,
All thy large fluces, thy vaft Seas to fhed
In fodaine fpouts on thy proud Sifters head,
Whofe awe-les, lawe-les, fhame-les life abhord,
Onely delighted to defpite the Lord.
Th'Earth fhrinks & finks; now th'Ocean hath no fhore:
Now Riuers runne to ferue the Sea no more,
Themfelues are Sea: the many fundrie Streames
Of fundrie names (deriu'd from fundrie Realmes)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it felfe
Is nothing now but a great ftanding Gulph
Whofe fwelling furges ftriue to mixe their Water
With th'other waues aboue this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coafting ouer Caftles, mufes,
Vnder the Sea, to fee fo many houfes.
The *Indian Manat* and the *Mullet* float
O're Mountaines tops, where yerft the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouze, the crooked Dolphin fcuds
O're th'higheft branches of the hugeft Woods.

Nought

Nought bootes the Tigre, or the Hart, or Horſe,
Or Hare, or Grey-hound, their ſwift-ſpeedie courſe;
For, ſeeking Land, the more they ſtraine & breath-them,
The more (alas) it ſhrinks and ſinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoiſe, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enioy a double houſe yer-while,
Muſt be content with onely Water now.
The Wolfe and Lambe, Lyons and Bucks, doo row
Vpon the Waters, ſide by ſide ſuſpect-les.
The Glead and Swallow, lab'ring long (effect-les)
'Gainſt certaine death, with wearied wings fall downe
(For want of Perch) and with the reſt doo drowne.
And, for mankind, imagine ſome get vp
To ſome high Mountaines ouer-hanging top;
Some to a Tower, ſome to a Cedar-tree,
(Whence round about a World of deaths they ſee)
But where-ſoeuer their pale feares aſpire
For hope of ſafetie, th'Ocean ſurgeth higher,
And ſtill-ſtill mounting as they ſtill doo mount,
When they ceaſe mounting, doth thē ſoone ſurmount.
One therefore ventures on a Planke to rowe,
One in a Cheſt, another in a Trough,
Another, yet halfe-ſleeping, ſcarce perceiues
How's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaues;
Another labouring with his feete and hands,
A while the furie of the Flood withſtands,
(Which by his ſide hath newly dround his Mother,
His Wife, his Sonne, his Siſter, Sire, and Brother)
But tyr'd and ſpent, wearie and wanting ſtrength,
He needs muſt yeeld too, to the Seas at length,

All

All, all muſt die then: but th'*impartiall Maydes.*
Who wont to vſe ſo ſundrie tooles for aydes
In execution of their fatall ſlaughters,
Had onely now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely the while, the ſacred Ship did floate
On the proud ſhoulders of this bound-les moat,
Though maſt-les, owre-les, and from Harbour farre,
For God was both her Steers-man, and her Starre.
Thrice fiftie daies that Vniuerſall Flood
Waſted the World, which then the Lord thought good
To re-erect, in his Compaſſion great.
No ſooner ſounds hee to the Seas retreat,
But inſtantly waue into waue did ſinke
with ſodaine ſpeed, all Riuers gan to ſhrinke,
Th'Ocean retires him to his wonted priſon;
The woods are ſeene, the Mountaine tops are riſen
Out of their ſlimie Bed: and Fields increaſe
And ſpread a pace, ſo faſt the waters ceaſe.
And (briefely) th'onely thundring hand of God
Now Earth to Heau'n, Heau'n vnto Earth re-ſhow'd:
That he againe *Panchaian Fumes* might ſee
Sacred on Altars to his Maieſtie.

He concludeth with a moſt godly praier accommodated to the ſtate of the Church in our time.

Lord, ſince't hath pleas'd thee likewiſe in our Age,
To ſaue thy Ship from Tyrants ſtormie rage,
Increaſe in number (Lord) thy little Flocke,
But more in Faith, to build on thee the Rocke.

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So Morne and Euen the Second *Day* conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

The

The third Day of the first Weeke.

The Argvment.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Seuer'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:
'Timbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is Salt: How it doth Ebb, and Flow:
Rare ſtreames, and Fountains of ſtrange operation:
Earth's firmnes, greatnes, goodnes. ſharpe taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treaſon, Auarice:
Trees, Shrubs, & Plants: Mines, Metals, Gems of price:
Right vſe of Gold: the Loadſtones rare effects:
The Countrie-life preferr'd in all reſpects.

MY ſacred Muſe, that lately ſoared high
Among the gliſt'ring Circles of the Skye
(Whoſe various dance, which the firſt-Mouer driues
Harmoniouſly, this Vniuers reuiues)
Commaunding all the Windes and ſulphry Stormes,
The Lightning Flaſhes, and the hideous Formes
Seene in the Aire; with language meetly braue
Whilome diſcourſt vpon a Theame ſo graue

The Poet deſcendeth from the Heauens and Regions of Aire to the Earth and Sea.

But

But *This Day*, flagging lowly by the ground,
She ſeemes conſtrain'd to keep a lowly ſound;
Or, if ſometimes ſhe ſomewhat raiſe her voice,
The ſound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noiſe.

He calleth vpon the true God to be aſsiſted in the deſcription of theſe two Elements, and the things therein.

O King of graſſie and of glaſſie Plaines,
Whoſe powerfull breath (at thy dread will) conſtraines
The deep Foundations of the Hills to ſhake,
And Seas ſalt billowes 'gainſt Heau'ns vaults to rake:
Grant me *To-Day*, with skilfull Inſtruments
To bound aright theſe two rich Elements:
In learned numbers teach me ſing the Natures
Of the firm-Earth, and of the floating Waters:
And with a flowring ſtile the Flowers to limne
Whoſe Cullours now ſhall paint the Fields ſo trim.

God in this third Day, gathers together the Waters, and ſeparates them from the Earth.

All thoſe ſteep Mountaines, whoſe high horned tops
The miſtie cloake of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Vnder Firſt Waters their crump ſhoulders hid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Vntill th'All-Monarch's bounteous Maieſtie,
Willing t'enfeof man this worlds Emperie;
Commaunded *Neptune* ſtraight to Marſhall forth
His Floods a-part; and to vnfold the Earth:
And, in his Waters, now contented reſt,
T'haue all the World, for one whole day poſſeſt.

By an apt compariſon, he ſheweth how the VVater withdrew from of the Earth.

As when the muſled Heau'ns haue wept a-maine,
And foaming ſtreames aſſembling on the Plaine,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; ſoone as the ſhowers do ceaſe,
With vnſeen ſpeed the Deluge doth decreaſe,
Sups-vp it ſelfe, in hollow ſponges ſinks,
And's ample armes in ſtraighter Channell ſhrinkes:

Euen

Euen ſo the Sea, to't ſelfe it ſelfe betooke,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forſooke;
And ſodainly, in ſmaller caske did tunne
Her Waters, that from euerie ſide did runne.
Whether th'imperfect light did firſt exhale
Much of that primer humour, wherewithall
God on the *ſecond Day* might frame and found
The Criſtall Spheare that he hath ſpred ſo round.
Whether th'Almightie did new place prouide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide
Th'Earth's hollow Pores 't pleas'd him to conueigh
Deepe vnder ground ſome Armes of ſuch a Sea:
Or whether, preſſing waters gloomie Globe,
That cou'red all as with a cloudie Robe,
He them impris'ned in thoſe bounds of braſſe
Which to this day the Ocean dares not paſſe
Without his licence. For th'Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotiue and inconſtant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and 'gainſt her enuious rage
For euer fenc't our flowerie-mantled Stage:
So that we often ſee thoſe rowling Hils,
With roaring noiſe threat'ning the neighbour Fields,
Through their owne ſpite to ſplit vpon the ſhore,
Foaming for furie, that they dare no more.
For what could not, that great, High-Admirall
Worke in the Waues, ſith at his ſeruants call,
His dreadfull voice (to ſaue his ancient Sheepe)
Did cleaue the bottome of th'*Erithrean* Deepe?
And toward the Criſtall of his double fource
Compelled *Iordan* to retreat his courſe?

Of the lodging and bed of the ſea.

The ſea kept within her bounds by the Almightie power of God.

Exod.14.21
Ioſuah.3.16
Gen.7.21
Exod.17.6

Drown'd with a *Deluge* the rebellious World?
And from drie Rockes aboundant Riuers purl'd?
Lo, thus the waightie Water did yer while
With winding turnes make all this world an Ile.
A fit ſimile ſhewing the winding turns of the Seas armes about the Earth.
For like as moulten Lead being powred forth
Vpon a leuell plot of ſand or earth,
In many faſhions mazeth too and fro;
Runnes heere direct, thear crookedly doth goe,
Heere doth deuide it ſelfe, there meets againe;
And the hot Riu'let of the liquid vaine,
On the ſmooth table crawling like a worme,
Almoſt (in th'inſtant) euerie forme doth forme:
God powr'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In ſundrie figures; ſome, in faſhion round,
Some ſquare, ſom croſſe, ſome long, ſome lozenge-wiſe
Some triangles, ſome large, ſome leſſer ſize;
Amid the Floods, by this faire difference,
To giue the World more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *Germane* Sea, ſuch *Perſian* Sine,
Such th'*Indian* Gulfe, and ſuch th'*Arabian* Brine,
And ſuch our Sea: whoſe diuers-brancht retorſions
Deuide the World in three vnequall Portions.
The armes of the ſea diſtinguiſhed into ſmaller members with commodities and vſe thereof.
And though, each of theſe Armes (how large ſoeuer.)
To the great Ocean, ſeemes a little Riuer:
Each makes a hundred ſundrie Seas beſides,
Not ſundrie in waters, but in Names and Tides:
To moiſten kindly by their ſecret Vaines,
The thirſtie thicknes of the neighbour Plaines:
To bullwarke Nations, and to ſerue for Fences
Againſt th'inuaſion of ambitious Princes:

To

To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further Trafficke through all earthly climates:
T'abridge long Iourneys; and with aide of Winde
Within a month to visite eyther *Inde.*

But th'Earth, not onely th'Ocean debter is
For these large Seas: But th'owes him *Tanais*,
Nile (*Egypts* treasure) and his neighbour streame
That in the Desart (through his hast extreame)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th'other proud sonne of cold *Niphates*:
Faire spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,
That lends his name vnto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Volga Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian*, *Plate*, and *Amazonian* Riuer,
Where *Spanish* Locusts coole their thirstie liuer:
Our siluer Medway, *which doth deepe Indent*
The Flowerie Medowes of my Native KENT;
Still sadly weeping vnder Pensherst *walles*,
Th' Arcadian Cygnets *bleeding* Funerals:
Our Thames *and* Tweed, *our* Seuern, Trent & Humber,
And many more, too-infinite to number.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Riuers in the World.

Of him, she also holds her siluer Springs,
And all her hidden cristall Riuerlings:
And after, grately in two sorts repayes
Th'humour she borrowes by two sundrie waies:
For like as in a Limbeck, th'heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th'odoriferous sweat
Aboue that Miter can no further get,

Fountaines, Springs and Riuers welling out of the Earth.

A Simile Shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, and then powred into the Sea.

It ſoftly thickning; falleth drop by drop,
And cleere as Criſtall, in the glaſſe doth drop:
The pureſt humour in the Sea, the Sunne
Exhales in th'Aire, which thear reſolu'd, anon
Returnes to water; and deſcends againe
By ſundrie waies vnto his Mother Maine.
For, the drie Earth, hauing theſe waters (firſt)
Through the wide ſiue of her void entrailes ſearſt;
Giuing more roome, at length from rockie Mountains

How the fountaines come to breake forth of the Earth.

She (night and day) powers forth a thouſand Fountaines,
Theſe Foũtains make freſh brooks (with murm'ring cor-
Theſe murm'ring Brooks, the ſwift & violẽt torrẽts; (rẽts
Theſe violent torrents, mighty Riuers; Theſe
Theſe Riuers make the vaſt, deepe, dreadfull Seas.
And all the higheſt Heau'n-approaching Rocks

The increaſing of Brooks and Riuers, and of their falling into the Sea.

Contribute hether with their ſnowie locks:
For ſoone as *Titan*, hauing runne his Ring,
To th'ycie climates bringeth backe the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoarie heapes,
Their tops grow greene; and downe the water leapes
On euerie ſide, it foames, it roares, it ruſhes,
And through the ſteepe and ſtonie hils it guſhes,
Making a thouſand Brooks; whereof, when one
Perceiues his fellow ſtriuiug to be gone;
Haſting his courſe, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; ioynt-loſing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater Streame:
And he that robs them, ſhortly doth deliuer
Himſelfe and his into a larger Riuer:

And that, at length, how euer great and large
(Lord of the Plaine) doth in some Gulph discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th'Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
Yet notwithstanding, all these streames that enter
In the Maine-Sea, doo nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Matcht with great *Neptune*, seeme as much as none;
The Sunne (as yerst I said) and Winds with-all,
Sweeping the sur-face of the brinie Ball,
Extract as much still of her Humours thin,
As weeping Aire and welling Earth powres in.
But as the swelting heat, and shiuering cold,
Gnashing and sweat, that th'Ague-sicke doo hold,
Come not at hazard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell disorder:
The Sea hath fits, alternate course she keepes,
From Deepe to Shoare, & from the Shoare to Deepes.
Whether it were, that at the First, the Ocean
From Gods owne hand receau'd this double Motion
By meanes whereof, it neuer resteth stound,
But (as a turning Whirlie-gigge) goes round,
Whirles of it selfe, and good-while after takes
Strength of the strength which the first motion makes.
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantike* call,
Be but a peece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed
Of the deepe Maine, with furie hurried
Against the Rockes; repulsed with disdaine,
Be thence compelled to turne backe againe.

Why the Sea receaueth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

Of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea: and sundry causes thereof.

Simile.

Or whether *Cynthia*, that with change-full lawes
Commaunds moiſt bodies, doth this Motion cauſe:
Proofe of the 3. cauſe: viz. that the Waxing and Waning of the Moone, cauſeth the Flowing and Ebbing of the ſea.
As on our ſhoare, we ſee the Sea to riſe
Soone as the Moone begins to mount our skies.
And whē, through Heaun's Vault vailing toward *Spayn*,
The Moone deſcendeth; then it Ebbes againe.
Againe, ſo ſoone as her inconſtant Crowne
Begins to ſhine on th'other *Horizon*,
It Flowes againe: and then againe it Falls
When ſhe doth light th'other *Meridianalls*.
We ſee more-ouer, that th' *Atlantike* Seas
Doo Flow farre farther then the *Genoeſe*,
Or both the *Boſphores*; and that *Lakes*, which grow
Out of the Sea, doo neither Ebb nor Flow:
Becauſe (they ſay) the ſiluer-fronted Starr
That ſwells and ſhrinks the Seas (as pleaſeth her)
Poures with leſſe power her plentious influence
Vpon theſe ſtraight and narrow-ſtreamed Fenns,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Then on an Ocean vaſte and voyd of bounds:
Simile.
Euen as in Sommer, her great Brothers Eye,
When Windes be ſilent, doth more eaſily drie
Wide-ſpreading Plaines, open and ſpacious Fields;
Then narrow Vales, vaulted about with Hills.
Why the Tyde is not ſo well perceaued at Sea as by the ſhoare.
If we perceaue not in the *Deepe*, ſo well
As by the ſhoare, when it doth ſhrinke and ſwell:
Our ſpright-full Pulſe the Tide doth well reſemble,
Whoſe out-ſide ſeemes more thē the midſt to tremble.
Nor is the glorious Prince of Starres leſſe mightie
Then his pale Siſter, on vaſt *Amphetrite*.

For

For *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightsome Heate
The Fish-full Waues of *Neptunes* Royall Seate,
And supping-vp still with his thirstie Rayes,
All the fresh humour in the floating Seas,
In *Thetis* large Cells leaueth nought behind,
Saue liquid Salt, and a thicke bitter Brine?
But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
Through thousand Seas hath caried me away,
In feare t'haue drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
The Floods so made my Words to ouer-flow.
Therefore a-shoare; and on the tender Lee
Of Lakes, and Pooles, Riuers, and Springs, let's see
The soueraine vertues of their seuerall Waters,
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, rauish our eyes and eares.
Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus* Torch is light,
Is cold as Ice; and opposite, all night
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a seething Pot.
They say (for sooth) the Riuer *Silarus*,
And such another, call'd *Enrimenus*,
Conuert the boughes, the barke, the leaues, and all
To very stone, that in their Waters fall.
O, should I blaunch the *Iewes* religious Riuer
Which euery *Sabaoth* dries his Channell ouer;
Keeping his Waues from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for aye.
If neere vnto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
Some sport-full Iigge, some wanton Shepheard sing,

The cause of the saltnes of the Sea.

Of waters separated from the Sea.

Wonderfull effects of diuers Fountaines.

The rauiſht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his ruſtike ſound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephiſus*, doo make
The thirſtie Flocks that of their Waters take,
Blacke, red, and white. And neere the crimſon Deepe,
Th'*Arabian* Fountaine, maketh crimſon ſheepe.
Solonian Fountaine, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellers doo you daily bring
The Oyle and Wine that you abound with ſo?
O Earth, doo theſe within thine entrailes grow?
What? be their Vines and Orchards vnder ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Arte there found?
What ſhould I, of th-*Illyrian* Fountaine tell?
What ſhall I ſay of the *Dododian* Well?
Whereof, the firſt ſets any cloathes on-fire;
Th'other doth quench (who but will this admire)
A burning Torch, and when the ſame is quenched,
Lights it againe, if it againe be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of abſurdeſt Fables
I ſhould enroule moſt of theſe admirables,
Saue for the reuerence of th'vnſtayned credit
Of many a witnes where I yerſt haue read-it:
And ſauing that, our gaine-ſpurr'd Pilots finde
In our Dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Farre hence on Forraine vnfrequented Coaſt,
I'le onely chuſe ſome fiue or ſixe at moſt;
Strange to report, perhaps beleeu'd of few,
And yet no more incredible then true.

A Continuation of the admirable effects of certaine Waters.

In

In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of thoſe ſame ſeau'n
Whereto our Elders *Happie* name had giu'n)
The Sauage people neuer drinke the ſtreames
Of Wells and Riuers (as in other Realmes)
Their drinke is in the Aire, their guſhing Spring
A weeping Tree out of it ſelfe doth wring:
A Tree, whoſe tender-bearded Root being ſpred
In dryeſt ſand, his ſweating Leafe doth ſhed
A moſt ſweet liquor: and (like as the Vine
Vntimely cut, weepes at her wound, her wine,
In pearled teares) inceſſantly diſtills
A Criſtall ſtreame, which all their Ceſternes filles,
Through all the Iland: for all hether hie,
And all their veſſels cannot draw it drie.

In froſtie *Iſland* are two Fountaines ſtrange
Th'one flowes with Wax; the other Well doth change
All into Iron, yet with ſcalding ſteame
In thouſand bubbles belcheth vp her ſtreame.
In golden *Peru*, neere *Saint Helens* Mount,
A ſtreame of Pitch comes from a ſpringing Fount.
What more remaines? That *New-found World*, beſides,
Toward the Weſt many a faire Riuer guides;
Whoſe floating Waters (knowing th'vſe a-right
Of Worke-fit Day, and reſt-ordained Night,
Better then Men) runne ſwiftly all the day,
But reſt all Night, and ſtirre not any way.
Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I feare, of Enuie I ſhould be ſuſpect,

Of Bathes and Medicinable Waters.

Enuie of thy Renowne and ſacred glory,
If my ingratefull Rimes ſhould blaunch the Storie
Of ſtreames, diſtilling through the Sulphur Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veines;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thouſand Griefes, we mortalls heere endure,
Old in th' April of our age there-with,
Whoſe rigour ſtriues to antidate our death.
Now, as my happy *Gaſconie* excells
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, euery Country els;
So doth ſhe alſo in free Baths abound;
Where Strangers flocke from euery part a-round.
The barren wombe, the Palſie-ſhaken wight,
Th'vlcerous, gowtie, deafe, and decrepit,
From Eaſt and Weſt arriuing, fetch from hence
Their ready helpe, with ſmall or no expence.
Witnes *Ancoſſa*, *Caud'rets*, *Aigueſcald*,
Barege, *Baigners*; *Baigners*, the pride of all,
The pride, the praiſe, the onely Paradiſe
Of all thoſe Mountaines mounting to the skies,
Where yerſt the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena*'s Baſtard meane I not)
On faire *Pirene* (as the Fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gaſcons*; who,
By noble deeds doo worthily auerr
Their true diſcent from ſuch an Anceſter.
On th'one ſide, Hills hoard with eternall Snowes,
And craggie Rockes *Baigneres* doo incloſe:
The other ſide is ſweetly compaſt in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall greene,

Of the excellent Bathes in Gaſconie.

Whoſe

Whose smiling beauties farre excell in all,
The famous praise of the *Peneian* Vale:
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;
Th'euen-slatted Roofes reflect with glistring blew:
To keepe the Pauement euer cleane and sweet,
A Christall Riuer runnes through euery Street,
Whose siluer streame as cold as Ice, doth slide
But little off the *Phisike* Waters side;
Yet keepes his nature, and disdaines, a-iot
To intermixe his cold with th'others hot.
But all these Wonders that adorne my Verse, *Bathe.*
Yet come not neere vnto the wondrous *Lers*:
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage,
With shame confus'd, and driuen with desperate rage;
Because his reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus*, his seauen-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend:
What had he done, had he beheld the Fountaine, *Of the most wonderful Fountaine of* Beleſtat.
Which springs at *Belstat*, neere the famous Mountaine
Of *Foix*; whose Floods bathing *Maserian* Plaines,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*:
As oft as *Phœbus* perfecting his Race,
On both th'*Horizons* showes his light-full face:
Foure monthes (at least) this streame in wondrous wise,
Springs twice-twelue times, and twice-twelue times it
For half an houre, they dry-shod passe his source, (dries:
The next halfe houre, none can resist his course,
Whose foaming Waues, striue (new-born) to compare
Ambitiously with fame-ful'st Floods that are:

O learned, Nature taught Arithmetician!
Clock-leſſe, ſo iuſt to meaſure Times partition.
The interminglíng of the Earth and Sea: and of the commodities thence ariſing, & contrariwiſe of the cõfuſion that would follow, if they were ſeparated.
Moſt wiſely did th'eternall All-Creator
Diſpoſe theſe Elements of Earth and Water:
For ſith th'one could not without drinke ſubſiſt,
Nor th'other without ſtay, bottome and liſt,
God intermixt them ſo, that th'Earth her breſt
Op'ning to th'Ocean, th'Ocean winding preſt
About the Earth, a-thwart, and vnder it,
For, the Worlds Center both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Iuſt the iuſt midſt of the Worlds Axeltree,
All Climates then ſhould not be ſeru'd a-right
With equall Counterpoize of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-leuell'd circle wide,
Would hang too-much on th'one or th'other ſide:
Th' *Antipodes* or wee, at once ſhould take
View of more *Signes* then halfe the *Zodiake*:
The Moones Eclipſes would not then be certaine,
And ſetled Seaſons would be then vncertaine.
The Maſſe of the Earth and Water together make a perfect Globe.
This alſo ſerueth for probation ſound,
That th'Earths add Waters mingled Maſſe is Round,
Round as a ball, ſeeing on euery ſide
The Day and Night ſucceſſiuely to ſlide.
Yea, though *Veſpucio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, braue *Italian* Trine:
Our (Spaynes-Dread) Drake, Candiſh, and Cumberland
Moſt valiant Earle, moſt worthy High Command:
And thouſand gallant moderne *Typheis* elſe,
Had neuer brought the *North-Poles* Paralels

Vnder

Vnder the *South*; and sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* vnder vs found out.
Nay, neuer could they th' *Artike* Pole haue lost,
Nor found th' *Antartike*; if in euery Coast
Seas liquid Glasse round-bow'd not euery-where,
With sister Earth to make a perfect Spheare.
But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, stayes, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging thinne, sad, slipperie Water-ball
From falling out, and ouer-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;
And toward the bottome of this bottome bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remaine still round?
Or may't not be, because the surly Banks
Keepe Waters captiue in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttreste (as it were),
With thousand Rocks dispersed here and there?
(Or rather Lord) is't not Thine onely Power
That bowes it round, about Earths branchie Bower?

How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor leuell; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.

Doubtlesse (great God)'tis doubtlesse thine own hand
Whereon this Mansion of *Mankinde* doth stand.
For though it hang in th' Aire, swim in the Water,
Though euery way it be a round Theater,
Though All turne round about it, though for aye
It selfe's Foundations with swift Motions play;
It rests vn-moueable: that th'holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

The second part of this 3. Booke intreating of the Elemẽt of earth: and first of the firmnes thereof.

The Earth receaues Man when he first is borne,
Th'Earth nurses him, and when he is forlorne

Earth is the Mother, Nurse, and Hostesse of mankinde.

Of

Of th'other Elements, and Nature loathes-him,
Th'Earth in her boſom with kind buriall cloathes-him.
Oft hath the Aire with Tempeſts ſet-vpon-vs,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods vndone-vs,
Oft hath the Fire (th'vpper as well as ours)
With wofull flames conſum'd our Townes & Towers:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Vnto mankind is kind without offence;
Onely the Earth did neuer iot diſplace
From the firſt ſeate aſſign'd it by thy grace.

Of Earthquakes, and of the opening of the earth.

Yet, true it is (good Lord) that mou'd ſometimes
With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to Quake;
With ayde of Winds, which as impriſ'ned deepe
In her vaſt entrailes, furious murmurs keepe.
Feare chills our hearts (what hart can feare diſſemble)
When Steeples ſtagger, and huge Mountaines tremble
With wind-leſſe wind; and yawning Hell deuoures
Sometimes whole Cities with their ſhining Towers.

The Globe of the Earth and Sea, is but as a little point, in compariſon of the great circumference of Heauen.

Sith then the Earth's and Waters blended Ball
Is center, heart, and nauell of this All;
And ſith (in reaſon) that which is included,
Muſt needes be leſſe then that which doth include-it,
'Tis queſtion-leſſe the Orbe of Earth and Water
Is the leaſt Orbe in all the All-Theater.
Let any iudge, whether this lower Ball
(Whoſe end-leſſe greatnes we admire ſo all)
Seeme not a point, compar'd with th'vpper Spheare,
Whoſe turning, turnes the reſt in their Carere;

Sith

Sith the leaſt Starre that we perceaue to ſhine
Aboue, diſperſt in th' Arches Criſtaline
(If at the leaſt Star-Clarkes be credit-worth)
Is eighteene times bigger then all the Earth,
Whence, if we but ſubſtract what is poſſeſt
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Vnder the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian* and *American*,
And thouſand huge Armes iſſuing out of theſe,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And alſo what the Two *intemp'rate Zones*
Doo make vnfit for habitations:
What will remaine? ah nothing (in reſpect):
Lo here, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heau'ns glorious Kingdome: Lo the largeſt ſcope
Glory can giue to your ambitious hope.
O Princes (Subiects vnto pride and pleaſure)
Who to enlarge but a haires breadth, the meaſure
Of your Dominions, breaking Oathes of Peace,
Couer the Fields with bloody Carcaſes:
O Maieſtrates, who to content the Great,
Make ſale of *Iuſtice*, on your ſacred Seat,
And broaking Lawes for Bribes, prophane your Place,
To leaue a Leeke to your vnthankfull Race:
You ſtrict Extortors that the Poore oppreſſe,
And wrong the Widow and the Father-leſſe,
To leaue your Off-ſpring rich (of others good)
In Houſes built of Rapine and of blood:
You Citie-Vipers, that (inceſtuous) ioyne
Vſe vpon vſe, begetting Coyne of Coyne:

Sith by the Doctrine of Aſtronomers, the leaſt Starre in the Firmament is 18 times bigger then all the Earth.

By conſideration whereof the Poet taketh occaſion to cenſure ſharply the Ambition, Briberie, Vſurie, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Couetouſnes of Mankind.

You

You Marchants, Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gaine-greedy Chap-men, periur'd Hypocrites,
Diſſembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falſifie your Meaſures and your Waights,
T'inritch your ſelues, and your vnthriftie Sonnes
To Gentillize with proud poſſeſſions.
You, that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your Natiue Country, or your deereſt Friends:
You, that to get you but an inch of ground,
With curſed hands remoue your Neigbours bound
(The ancient bounds your Anceſtors haue ſet)
What gaine you all? alas! what doo you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or warre had wonne
All the round Earth to his ſubiection,
Lo heere the guerdon of his glorious paines,
A Needles point, a Mote, a Mite he gaines,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſſe)
Or, if then Nothing any thing be leſſe.

God hauing diſcouered the earth commaunds it to bring forth euery greene thing, hearbs, trees, flowers and fruites.

When God, whoſe Word more in a moment can,
Then in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
Had ſeuered the Floods, leuell'd the Fields,
Embaſt the Valleys, and emboſt the Hills:
Change, change (quoth he) O faire and firmeſt Globe,
Thy mourning weed to a greene gallant Robe;
Cheere thy ſad browes, and ſtately garniſh them
With a rich, fragrant, flowerie Diadem;
Lay forth thy lockes, and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheeke.
And let from hence-forth thine abundant breſts
Not onely Nurſe thine owne Wombes natiue gueſts;

But

But frankly furniſh with fit nouriſhments
The future folke of th'other Elements:
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court
May all ſeeme iealous of thy praiſe and port.
No ſooner ſpoken, but the loftie Pine
Diſtilling pitch, the Larche yeeld-Turpentine,
Th'euer-greene Boxe, and gummie Cedar ſprout,
And th'Airie Mountaines mantle round about:
The Maſt-full Oake, the vſe-full Aſhe, the Holme,
Coate-changing Corke, white Maple, ſhadie Elme,
Through Hill and Plaine ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Riuers bord'red all their banks
With ſlice-Sea Alders, and greene Oſiars ſmall,
With trembling Poplars, and with Willowes pale,
And many Trees beſide, fit to be made,
Fewell or Timber, or to ſerue for Shade.

Of Trees growing in Mountaines, and in Valleys.

The dainty Apricocke (of Plums the Prince)
The veluet Peach, guilt Orenge, downie Quince,
All-readie beare grau'n in their tender barks
God's powerfull Prouidence in open Marks.
The ſent-ſweet Apple, and aſtringent Peare,
Red Cherrie, Filbeard, Wall-nut, Meddeler,
The milkie Figge, the Damſon blacke and white,
The Date and Olyue, ayding appetite,
Spread euery-where a moſt delightfull Spring,
And euery-where a very *Eden* bring.

Of fruit-trees.

Heere, the fine Pepper, as in cluſters hung,
There Cinamon, and other Spices ſprung.
Heere dangled *Nutmeggs*, that for thriftie paines,
Yearely repay the *Bandans* wondrous gaines;

Of ſhrubs.

There

There growes (th' *Heſperian* Plant) the precious Reed
Whence Sugar firrops in abundance bleed;
There weepes the Balme,& famous Trees frō whence
Th' *Arabians* fetch perfuming Frankincenſe.

Of the Vigne, & the excellent vſe of Wine temperatly taken.

There, th'amorous Vine colls in a thouſand ſorts
With winding armes her Spouſe that her ſupports:
The Vine, as farre inferiour to the reſt
In beauty, as in bounty paſt the beſt:
Whoſe ſacred liquor, temperatly taen,
Reuiues the ſpirits, and purifies the braine,
Cheeres the ſad heart, increaſeth kindly heat,
Purgeth groſſe blood, and doth the pure beget,
Stengthens the ſtomacke, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder clenſe,
Opens obſtructions, excrements expells,
And eaſeth vs of many Languors els.

He preuenteth an obiection, & ſheweth that notwithſtanding mans Fall, the Earth yeeldeth vs matter inough to praiſe & magnifie her Maker.

And though through ſin, whereby frō Heau'nly ſtate
Our Parents barr'd vs, th'Earth degenerate
From her firſt beauty, bearing ſtill vpon-her
Eternall Skarres of her fond Lords diſhonour:
Though with the Worlds age, her weake age decay,
Though ſhe become leſſe fruitfull euery day
(Much like a Woman with oft-teeming worme,
Who, with the Babes of her owne body borne,
Hauing almoſt ſtor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth ſhe yeeld matter enough to ſing
And praiſe the Maker of ſo rich a Thing.

Similo.

Of Flowers.

Neuer mine eyes in pleaſant Spring behold
The azure Flaxe, the guilden Marigold,

The

The Violets purple, the ſweet Roſes ſtammell,
The Lillies ſnow, and Panſeys various ammell:
But that in them, the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then freſh *Aurora*'s roſie cheekes diſplay,
When in the Eaſt ſhe vſhers a faire Day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which bended in the Skie
Boades fruitfull deawes when as the Fields be drie.

Heere (deere S. BARTAS) *giue thy Seruant leaue*
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weaue,*
Whoſe wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy deuine, immortalizing Penn:
But, from thy ſight, when SEIN *did ſwell with blood,*
It ſunke (perhaps) vnder the crimſon Flood
(When Beldam Medices, Valois, *and* Guiſe
Stain'd Himens *Roabe with* Heathen *cruelties)*
Becauſe the Sunne, to ſhunne ſo vile a view,
His Chamber kept, and wept with Bartholmew.
For ſo, ſo ſoone as in the Weſterne Seas
Apollo *ſinkes, in ſiluer* Euphrates
The Lotos *diues, deeper and deeper aye*
Till mid-night: then, re-mounteth towards Day:
But not aboue the Water, till the Sunne
Doo re-aſcend aboue the Horizon.
So euer-true to Titans *radiant Flame,*
That Riſe he, Fall he; it is Still the ſame.
A Reall Emblem of Her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *vpon-her,*
Sacred ELIZA, *that enſu'd no leſſe*
Th'eternall Sunne of Peace and Righteouſnes,

An addition by the Tranſlator of the rare Sun-louing LOTOS.

Semper Eadem.

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Semper Eadem.

Whoſe

Whoſe liuely Lampe (what euer did betide-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For in her Fathers and her Brothers Dayes
Faire roſe this Roſe *with Truths new-ſpringing rayes:*
And when againe the Goſpels *glorious Light*
Set, in her Sisters ſuperſtitious Night;
She ſunke with-all vnder afflictions ſtreames
(*As ſinkes my* Lotos *with* Sols *ſetting beames*):
But after Night, when Light againe appear'd,
There-with, againe her Royall Crowne ſhe rear'd;
And in an Ile, *amid the Ocean ſet*
(*Maugre the* Deluge *that* Romes Dragon *ſpet,*
With ſpightfull ſtormes ſtriuing to ouer-flow-her)
And Spaine *conſpiring iointly t'ouer-throw-her*):
Her Mayden *Flower flouriſht aboue the Water*
For ſtill Heau'ns Sunne cheriſht his louing Daughter:

ELIZABETA REGINA. *Annagram.* Ei ben t'alza e gira.

Bel fior d'Honor ch'in Mare'l Mondo ammira,
Al Sole ſacro, ch'EI BEN T'ALZA E GIRA.
(*So my deere* Wiat, *hon'ring* Still the ſame
In-ſoul'd an Impreſe *with her* Anagram)
And laſt for guerdon of her conſtant Loue
Rapt her intirely to himſelfe aboue.
So Set our Sunne: and yet no Night enſu'd,
So happily the Heau'ns our Light renu'd:
For in her ſtead, of the ſame Stocke of Kings
Another Flower (*or rather Phœnix*) *ſprings,*
Another like (*or rather* Still the ſame)
No leſſe in Loue with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good;
Th'honour of England, *and the Royall blood,*

Long-

Long happy Monarke may King IAMES *persist,*
And after him, His; Still the same *in Christ.*

God not content t'haue giuen these Plants of ours
Precious Perfumes, Fruites plenty, pleasant Flowers,
Infused Phisike in their leaues and Mores,
To cure our sicknes, and to salue our sores:
Else doubtesse (Death assaults so many wayes)
Scarce could we liue a quarter of our Dayes:
But like the Flaxe, which flowers at once and falls,
One Feast would serue our Births and Burialls:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle then our Toombe,
Our tender Spring our Winter would become.
Good Lord! how many gasping Soules haue scap'd
By th'ayde of Hearbs, for whom the Graue hath gap'd,
Who, euen about to touch the *Stigian* strand,
Haue yet beguil'd grim *Plutos* greedy hand?
Beard-lesse *Apollo*'s beardie Sonne did once
With iuice of Hearbs reioine the scatter'd bones,
Of the chaste Prince that in th' *Athenian* Court,
Preferred Death before incestuous sport.
So did *Medea*, for her *Iason*'s sake,
The frozen limbes of *Æson* youthfull make.
O sacred Symples that our life sustaine,
And when it flies vs, call it backe againe,
'Tis not alone your liquor inly taen,
That oft defends vs from so many a baen:
But euen your sauour, yea, your neigbourhood
For some Diseases is exceeding good,
Working so rare effects, that onely such
As feele, or see them, can beleeue so much.

Of diuers Hearbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.

Simile.

Esculapius.

Hypolitus.

The vertue of Succorie.

Blew Succorie, hang'd on the naked neck,
Diſ-pells the dimneſſe that our ſight doth check.

Of Swines-bread

Swines-bread, ſo vſed, doth not onely ſpeed
A tardy labour; but (without great heed)
If ouer it a Child-great Woman ſtride,
Inſtant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sunne, the banefull Aconite,
The poyſonie Serpents that vnpeople quite
Cyrenian Deſarts, neuer danger them
That were about them th' *Artemiſian* Stem.

Mugwort.

Peonie.

About an Infants neck hang Peonie,
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming boules of *Bacchus*, in exceſſe,
Trouble thy braines with ſtormes of giddineſſe,

Saffron.

Put but a Garland of greene Saffron on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gone.
Th'inchanting Charmes of *Syrens* blandiſhments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Peſtilence,

Angelica.

Infect not thoſe that in their mouthes haue taen
Angelica that happy Counter-baen,
Sent downe from Heau'n by ſome Celeſtiall ſcout,
As well the name and nature both avow't.

Pimpernel or Burnet.

So Pimpernel, held in the Patients hand,
The Bloody-Flixe doth preſently with-ſtand:

Madder.

And ruddie Madders roote, long handeled,
Dries th'handlers vrine into perfect red.
O wondrous Woad, which touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) doo we alonely finde,
Your vertues working in fraile humane-kinde,

But

But you can force the fierceſt animals,
The felleſt Fiends, the firmeſt Mineralls,
Yea, faireſt Planets (if Antiquitie
Haue not bely'd the Haggs of *Theſſalie*).
Onely the touch of *Choak-Pard Aconite*, *Libbards-bane.*
Bereaues the *Scorpion* both offence and might:
As (oppoſite) *Heleborus* doth make *Heleborus.*
His vitall powers from deadly ſlumber wake.
With Betonie, fell Serpents round be-ſet, *Betonie.*
Lift-vp their heads, and fall to hiſſe and ſpet,
With ſpightfull Furie in their ſparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft-vp with rage, to't by the eares they goe,
Baen againſt baen, plague againſt plague they throw,
Charging each other with ſo fierce a force
(For friends turn'd foes haue lightly leaſt remorce)
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poyſ'ned gore they couer all the ground,
And nought can ſtint their ſtrange inteſtine ſtrife,
But onely th'end of their deteſted life.
As Betonie breakes friendſhips ancient bands,
So *Willow-wort* makes wonted hate ſhake hands: *Willow-worte.*
For, being faſtned to proud Courſers collars,
That fight and fling, it will abate their chollers.
The Swine that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*, *Tamarice.*
Conſume their ſpleen. The like effect there is
In Finger-Ferne, which being giuen to Swine *Finger-ferne.*
It makes their Milts to melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth chooſing the ſame ſo right
Of all their Tripes to ſerue it's appetite.

And Horſe that feeding on the graſſie Hills,
Tread-vpon Moone-worke with their hollow heeles;
Dunaria. Though lately ſhod, at night goe bare-foote home,
Their Maiſter muſing where their ſhooes become:
O Moone-worke! tell vs where thou hid'ſt the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou vnſhoo'ſt them with?
Alas! what Locke, or Iron Engine is't
That can thy ſubtile ſecret ſtrength reſiſt,
Sith the beſt Farrier cannot ſet a ſhoo
So ſure, but thou (ſo ſhortly) canſt vndoo?
But I ſuppoſe not that the Earth doth yeeld
Dictaminum Candiæ. In Hill or Dale, in Forreſt or in Field,
A rarer Plant then *Candian* Dittanie,
Which wounded Deare eating, immediatlie
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainſt the ſhooter doth the ſhaft repell.

Great variety, in colour and forme of Plants, and ſtrange contrarietie of effects, according to the Bodies that they worke vpon.

More-ouer (Lord) is't not a Worke of thine
That euery-where, in euery Turfe we finde
Such multitude of other Plants to ſpring,
In forme, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seaſons taen,
To one is Phiſike, to another baen:
Now gentle, ſharpe anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the ſame anone doth kill?
Fenel gyant. Th'hearb *Sagapen* ſerues the ſlow Aſſe for meate,
But kills the Oxe if of the ſame he eate.
So branched Hemlock for the Stares is fit,
Hemlock. But death to Man, if he but taſte of it.
Roſe-bay. And *Oleander* vnto Beaſts is poyſon
But vnto Man a ſpeciall counter-poyſon.

What ranker poyſon? what more deadly bane
Then *Aconite*, can there be toucht or tane, *Wolfes-bane.*
And yet his iuice beſt cures the burning bit,
Of ſtinging Serpents, if appli'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O couragious Plant!
Diſdainfull Poyſon! noble Combatant!
That ſcorneth ayde, and loues alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might:
For if he finde our bodies fore-poſſeſt
With other Poyſon, then he lets vs reſt,
And with his Riuall enters ſecret Duell,
One to one, ſtrong to ſtrong, cruell to cruell,
Still fighting fierce, and neuer ouer-giue
Till they both dying, giue Man leaue to liue.
And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Ruſh through the Woods, or clamber vp the Hills,
I finde God euery-where; Thence all depend,
He giueth frankly what we thankly ſpend.
Heere for our food, Milions of flow'rie graines,
With long Muſtachoes waue vpon the Plaines;
Heere thouſand Fleeces, fit for Princes Robes, *Of Graine, Silke. Cotton-Wooll (or Bombace) Flax and Hemp which the Earth produceth.*
In *Serean* Forreſts hang in ſilken Globes:
Heere ſhrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner vſe)
The fine white balls of *Bombace* doo produce.
Heere th'azure-flow'red Flaxe is finely ſpunne
For fineſt Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nunne:
Heere fatall Hemp, which *Denmarke* doth afford,
Doth furniſh vs with Canuaſſe and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds aſſiſting either,
We may acquaint the Eaſt and Weſt together.

And dry-foot daunce on *Neptunes* watery Front,
And in aduenture lead whole Townes vpon't.
Indian-wheat. Heere, of one graine of *Maiz*, a Reed doth ſpring,
That thrice a yeare, fiue hundred graines doth bring;
Which after th' *Indians* partch, and pownd, and knead,
And thereof make them a moſt holeſome bread,
Th' Almighty Voyce, which built this mighty Ball,
Still, ſtill rebounds and ecchoes ouer all:
That, that alone, yearely the World reuiues;
Through that alone, all ſprings, all liues, all thriues:
And that alone makes that our mealie graine.
Our skilfull Seed-man ſcatters not in vaine,
But being couered by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid a while vnder the folded furrow,
Rots to reuiue; and warmly-wet, puts forth
His roote beneath, his bud aboue the Earth;
Enriching ſhortly with his ſpringing Crop,
The Ground with greene, the Husband-man with hope,
An exact deſcription of the growing of Wheat, and other like kindes of Graine. The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another ſeed:
The ſeed, to ſhut the waſtfull Sparrowes out
In Harueſt, hath a ſtand of Pikes about,
And Chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods incloſe-it,
Leaſt heat, wet, wind, ſhould roſt, or rot or loſe-it:
And leaſt the Straw ſhould not ſuſtaine the eare,
With knottie ioynts 'tis ſheathed here and there.
Pardon me (Reader) if thy rauiſht Eyes
Haue ſeene *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowers, of Fruites, of Hearbs, of Graines,
In theſe my Groues, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Plaines,

Sith

Sith th' *Ile* of *Zebut*'s admirable Tree
Beareth a fruite (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
The which alone, farre richer Wonders yields
Then all our Groues, Meads, Orchards, Gardens, Fields,
What? would'st thou drinke? the wounded leaues drop
Lack'st thou fine linnen? dreſſe the tender rine, (wine.
Dreſſe it like Flaxe, ſpin it, and weaue it well,
It ſhall thy Cambrike and thy Lawne excell.
Long'ſt thou for Butter? bite the poulpie part,
And neuer better came to any Mart.
Needeſt thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And paſſing Oyle it ſoone becommeth ſo.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then ſunne it well, and it will ſharply bite.
Or want'ſt thou Sugar? ſteepe the ſame a ſtound,
And ſweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch't (I thinke) it would be Gold.
And God (I thinke) to Crowne our life with ioyes,
The Earth, with plenty, and his name with praiſe,
Had done enough; if he had made no more
But this one Plant, ſo full of wondrous ſtore:
Saue that the World (where One thing breeds ſatietie)
Could not be faire without ſo great Varietie.
But th'Earth not onely on her back doth beare
Abundant treaſures gliſtering euery where
(*As glorious vnthrifts, croſt with Parents Curſe,*
Weare golden Garments; but an emptie Purſe:
Or Venus *Darlings, faire without; with-in*
Full of Diſeaſe, full of Deceipt and Sinne:

Of the Indian Cocos, *a moſt admirable fruit.*

Or ſtately Toombes, externly guilt and garniſht,
With duſt and bones inwardly fill'd and furniſht)

Of the riches vnder or within the Earth.

But inwardly ſhe's no leſſe fraught with riches,
Nay rather more(which more our ſoules bewitches):
Within the deepe folds of her fruitfull lap,
So bound-leſſe Mines of treaſure doth ſhe wrap,
That th'hungry hands of humane Auarice
Cannot exhauſt with labour or deuice.
For they be more then there be Starres in Heau'n;
Or ſtormie billowes in the Ocean driu'n,
Or eares of Corne in *Autumne* on the Fields,
Or Sauage Beaſts vpon a thouſand Hills,
Or Fiſhes diuing in the ſiluer Floods,
Or ſcatt'red Leaues in Winter in the Woods.

Of Mineralls.

Slat, Iet, and Marble ſhall eſcape my pen,
I ouer-paſſe the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the Brine-Quar Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence there they pouder their prouiſion.

Of Precious ſtones.

I'le onely now emboſſe my Booke with Braſſe,
Dye't with Vermilion, deck't with Coperaſſe,
With Gold and Siluer, Lead and Mercurie,
Tinne, Iron, Orpine, Stibium, Lethargie:
And on my Gold-worke I will onely place
The Chriſtall pure which reflect each face;
The precious Rubie, of a Sanguine hew,
The Seale-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Caſsidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaze*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opal*, and greene *Emerald*,
The *Agath* by a thouſand titles call'd,

The skie-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethists*,
And fierie *Carbuncie*, which flames resists.
I know, to man, the Earth seemes (altogether)
No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather:
Because (alas) vnto our losse she beares
Blood-shedding Steele, and Gold, the ground of cares:
As if these Mettalls, and not man's amisse
Had made sinne mount vnto the height it is.
But, as the sweet baite of abundant Riches,
Bodies and soules of greedie men bewitches:
Gold guilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raise their thoughts vnto the rarest things.
The wise, not onely Iron well applie
For houshold turnes, and Tooles of Husbandrie;
But to defend their Country, when it calls,
From forraine dangers, and intestine bralls:
But with the same the wicked neuer mell,
But to doo seruice to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his Neighbours purse,
To breake a House, or to doo some-thing worse;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To spoile his Country, murder Innocents.
Euen so, prophaning of a gift-deuine,
The Drunkard drownes his Reason in the Wine:
So sale-tongu'd Lawyers, wresting Eloquence,
Excuse rich wrong, and cast poore Innocence:
So *Antichrists*, their poyson to infuse,
Misse-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuse.
For, as a Caske, for want of vse growne fustie,
Makes with his stinke the best *Greeke* Malmesey mustie:

The vse, or abuse of things, makes thẽ good or euill: helpfull, or hurtfull to Mankind.

So

So God's beſt gifts vſurp't by wicked Ones
To poyſon turne through their contagions.

Of the rare vertue of the Load-ſtone.

But ſhall I baulke th'admired *Adamant*,
Whoſe dead-lyue power, my reaſons power doth dant.
Renowned *Load-ſtone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the ſame a-looſe attracts;
Attracts it ſtrangely, with vnclaſping Crooks,
With vnknowne Cords, with vnconceaued Hooks,
With vnſeene hands, with vndiſcerned armes,
With hidden Force, with ſacred ſecret Charmes,
Where-with he wooes his *Iron Miſteriſſe*,
And neuer leaues her till he get a kiſſe,
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull boſome,
Neuer to part (except we (loue-leſſe) looſe-em)
With ſo firme zeale and faſt affection
The Stone doth loue the Steele, the Steele the Stone.
And though ſom-time ſome Make-bate come betwixt,
Still burnes their firſt flame 'tis ſo ſurely fixt,
And while they cannot meet, to breake their mindes,
With mutuall skips they ſhew their loue by ſignes:
As baſh-full Louers, ſeeing Strangers by,
Parley in ſilence with their hand or eye.
Who can conceaue, or cenſure in what ſort
One Loadſtone-touched Ann'let doth tranſport
Another Iron Ring, and that another,
Till foure or fiue hang dangling one in other?
Greateſt *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Cou'd tell the Reaſon of theſe hanging links:
Sith Reaſon-ſcanners haue reſolued all,
That heauie things hang'd in the Aire, muſt fall.

I am

I am not ignorant, that he, who seekes
In *Romane* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greekes*,
Whose iealous wife, weening to home-reuoke-him
With a Loue-potion, did with poyson choake-him;
Hath sought to show with arguing subtiltie,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathie.
But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Starre* still the Needle drawes,
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? lose this knot,
And still-greene *Laurel* shall be still thy Lot:
Yea, thee more learned will I then confesse,
Then *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.

W'are not to *Ceres* so much bound, for bread,
Neither to *Bicchus* for his clusters red,
As (*Signor Flauio*) to thy wittie triall,
For first inuenting of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th'vse of the Needle turning in the same)
Diuine deuice! O admirable Frame!
Whereby through th'Ocean in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right:
Wherby w'are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide & Lamp
To search all corners of the waterie Camp:
Whereby a Ship that stormie Heau'ns haue whurld
Neere in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is; and in the *Carde* discries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctial* lies.

Of the excellent vse of the Mariners Compasse.

Cleere-sighted Spirits that cheere with sweet aspect
My sober Rymes, though subiect to defect;
If in this Volume, as you ouer-reade-it
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,

Because

Becauſe (perhaps) here proued yet by no-man;
Their ſtrange effects be not in knowledge common:
Thinke, yet to ſome the Load-ſtone's vſe is new;
And ſeemes as ſtrange, as we haue try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron drawes, draw ſuch
To credit more then what they ſee or touch.

Of medicinable Earthes.

Nor is th'Earth onely worthy praiſe eternall,
For the rare riches on her backe externall;
Or in her boſome: but her owne ſelfes worth
Solicites me to ſound her glory forth:
I call to witnes all thoſe weake diſeaſed,
Whoſe bodies oft haue by th'effects beene eaſed
Of *Lemnos* ſeal'd earth, or *Eretrian* ſoile,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.

The Earthes Encomion.

All haile faire Earth, bearer of Townes and Towers,
Of Men, Gold, Graine, Phiſike, and Fruites, & Flowers,
Faire, firme, and fruitfull, various, patient, ſweet,
Sumptuouſly cloathed in a Mantle meet,
Of mingle-colour; lace't about with Floods,
And all imbrodered with freſh blooming buds,
With rareſt Iemmes richly about emboſt,
Excelling cunning and exceeding coſt.
All haile great Heart, round Baſe, and ſtedfaſt Roote,
Of All the World, the Worlds ſtrong-fixed foote,
Heaun's chaſteſt Spouſe, ſupporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedeſtall.
All haile deere Mother, Siſter, Hoſteſſe, Nurſe,
Of the Worlds Soueraigne: of thy liberall purſe
W'are all maintained: match-leſſe Empereſſe,
To doo thee ſeruice with-all readineſſe,

The Spheares, before thee beare ten thousand Torches,
The Fire, to warme thee, folds his heatfull arches
In pureſt flames aboue the floating Cloud:
Th'Aire, to refreſh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waues, and well content to ſuffer
Milde *Zephires* blaſts, and *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirſt, about thy Mountaines
Wraps her moiſt arms, Seas, riuers, lakes, & fountaines.
O how I grieue (deere Earth) that giuen to gayes,
Moſt of beſt wits contemne thee now-a-dayes:
And nobleſt hearts proudly abandon quight
Study of Hearbs, and *Country-lifes* delight,
To bruteſt men, to men of no regard,
Whoſe wits are Lead, whoſe bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerſt the reuerend Patriarks,
Whoſe praiſe is penned by the *Sacred* Clarks,
Noah the iuſt, meeke *Moſes*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* became)
Were Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at leaſt)
And in the Fields paſſed their Dayes the beſt.
Such were not yerſt, *Attalus*, *Philemetor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor*;
Great Kings, and Conſuls, who haue oft, for blades
And gliſt'ring Scepters, handled hookes and ſpades.
Such were not yerſt, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who vn-ſelfe-delicious,
With Crowned Coultars, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs tryumphant plough'd the *Romane* lands.
Great *Scipio*, ſatted with fain'd curtſie-capping,
With Court-*Eclipſes*, and the tedious gaping

Commendations of the Country-life.

Of

Of golden beggars: And that Emperour,
Of Slaue, turn'd King; of King, turn'd Labourer;
In Country Granges did their age confine:
And ord'red there with as good Diſcipline,
The Fields of Corne, as Fields of Combat firſt;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerſt.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who ſhunnes the cares
Of Citie-Troubles, and of State-affaires;
And ſeruing *Ceres*, Tills with his owne Teeme
His owne *Free land*, left by his Friends to him!
Neuer pale Enuie's poyſ'nie heads doo hiſſe
Free from enuie, ambition, & auarice: and conſequently from the deuiliſh practiſes of Machiauilian Politikes.
To gnaw his heart; nor Vulture Auarice:
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he neuer ſups
For *Nectar*, poyſon mixt in ſiluer Cups,
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For ſweet *Ambroſia* deadly *Arſenick*:
His hand's his boule (better then Plate or Glaſſe)
The ſiluer Brooke his ſweeteſt *Hypocraſſe*,
Milke, Cheeſe, and Fruite (fruites of his own endeuour)
Dreſt without dreſſing, hath he ready euer.
Falſe Counſailours (Concealers of the Law)
Not vexed with counterfait wreſtings of wrangling Lawyers.
Turne-coate, Attourneyes, that with both hands draw;
Slie Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Barre,
Proud Purſe-Leaches, Harpies of *Weſtminſter*,
With fained chiding, and foule iarring noyſe,
Breake not his braine, nor interrupt his ioyes.
But cheerefull Birds chirping him ſweet *Good-morrowes*,
With Natures Muſike doo beguile his ſorrowes;
Teaching the fragrant Forreſts day by day,
The *Diapaſon* of their Heau'nly Laye.

His

His wandring Vessell reeling to and fro
On th'irefull Ocean, as the Winds doo blow;
With sodaine Tempest is not ouer-whurld,
To seeke his sad death in another World:
But leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his owne smoake; no Seas
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters with his siluer Corrent
His Natiue Medowes; and that very Earth
Shall giue him buriall which first gaue him birth.

Not dreading ship wrack, nor in danger of Pirates.

To summon timely sleepe, he doth not need
Egipts cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppie*-seed;
Nor keepe in consort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villaines (Viols I should haue said)
But on greene Carpets thrum'd with mossie Beuer,
Frendging the round skirts of his winding Riuer,
The streames milde murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthie limbes in quiet slumber hushes.

Not diseased in body through delicious Idlenes.

Drum, Fife, and Trumpet with their loud A-larmes
Make him not start out of his sleepe, to Armes:
Nor deere respect of some great *Generall*,
Him from his bed vnto the block doth call.
The crested Cock sings *Hunt is vp* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stirre betime,
To walke the Mountaines or the flowerie Meades,
Impearl'd with teares, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not drawne by factions to an vntimely Death.

Neuer grosse Aire, prison'd in stinking Streets,
To choake his spirits, his tender nostrill meets;
But th'open Skie, where at full breath he liues,
Still keepes him sound, and still new stomack giues:

Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Aire.

And

And Death, dread Seriant of th'eternall Iudge,
Comes very late to his ſole-feated Lodge.
His wretched yeeres in Princes Courts he ſpends not:
Nor (Camelion-like) changing with euery obiect, the colour of his conſcience.
His thralled will on Great mens wills depends not:
He changing Maiſter, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce:
With mercenarie lies he doth not chaunt,
Prayſing an Emmet for an Elephant;
Sardanapalus (drown'd in ſoft exceſſe)
Nor ſoothing Sinne; nor licking the Tayle of Greatnes.
For a tryumphant vertuous *Hercules*,
Therſites foule, for *Venus* louely Loue;
And euery Changeling for a Turtle-Doue;
Nor lauiſhes in his laſciuious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaſte *Alceſtes* praiſe.
But all ſelfe-priuate, ſeruing God, he writes
Feare-leſſe, and ſings but what his heart indites.
No ſallow Feare doth day or night afflict-him,
Neither preſt with Feare, nor plotting Fraud.
Vnto no fraud doth night or day adict-him;
Or, if he muſe on guile, 'tis but to get
Beaſt, Bird, or Fiſh, in toile, or ſnare, or net.
What though his Wardrobe be not ſtately ſtuft
With ſumptuous ſilkes; pincked, and pownſt, and puft;
With gold-ground Veluets, and with ſiluer Tiſſue,
And all the glory of old *Eues* proud Iſſue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cram'd
With Miſers Idols, golden Ingots ram'd?
He is warme-wrapped in his owne-growne Wooll;
Of vn-bought Wines his Cellar's euer full;
His Garner's ſtor'd with graine, his ground with flocks,
His Barnes with Fodder, with ſweet ſtreames his Rocks.

For

For, heere I ſing the happie Ruſticks weale,
Whoſe handſome houſe ſeemes as a Common-weale:
And not the needie, hard-racke-rented Hinde,
Or Copie-holder, whom hard Lords doo grinde,
The pined Fiſher, or poore daiery-Renter
That liues of whay, for forfeiting Indenture,
Who ſcarce haue bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungrie throats
Let me (good Lord) among the Great vn-kend,
My reſt of daies in the calme Countrie end.
Let me deſerue of my deere Æ G L E-Brood,
For Windſore-*Forreſt, walkes in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond my Sea*: Lambes-bourne *my Thames*;
Lambourne *my* London: Kennet's *ſiluer ſtreames*,
My fruitfull Nile: *my ſingers and Muſitians*,
The pleaſant Birds, with warbling repetitions:
My companie, pure thoughts, to worke thy will:
My Court, a Cottage on a lowly Hill,
Where, without let, I may ſo ſing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the ſame.
Or, if the new North-Star, *my Soueraigne* I A M E S,
(*The ſecret vertue of whoſe ſacred beames*,
Attracts th' attentiue ſeruice of all ſuch
Whoſe-mindes did euer vertues Loadſtone touch)
Shall euer daigne t' inuite mine humble Fate
T' approach the Preſence of his Royall State:
Or, if my Dutie, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall driue, or draw me neere their pleaſing-Troubles,
Let not their Fauours make me drunke with folly:
In their Commaunds, ſtill keepe my Conſcience holy:

Let me, true Honour, not the falſe, delight;
And play the Preacher, not the Paraſite.

So Morne and Euening the Third Day conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

The

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The fourth Day of the first Weeke.

The Argvment.

The twinckling ſpangles of the Firmament:
The wandring Seau'n (Each in a ſeuerall Tent);
Their Courſe, their Force, their Eſſence is diſputed;
That they (as Beaſts) doo eate and drinke, refuted.
Heau'ns (not the Earth) with rapid motion roule:
The famous Starres obſeru'd in eyther Pole:
Heau'ns ſloaping Belt: the Twelue celeſtiall Signes,
Whear Sol the ſeaſons of the yeare confines:
Dayes glorious Prince: Nights gloomie Patroneſſe:
His Light and Might: Her conſtant Change-fulnes.

PVre Spirit, that rapt'ſt aboue the Firmeſt Spheare,
In fierie Coach, thy faithfull Meſſenger,
Who ſmiting *Iordan* with his pleighted Cloake,
Did yerſt deuide the Waters with the ſtroake:
O take me vp; that farre from Earth, I may
From Spheare to Spheare, ſee th'azure Heau'ns *To Day*.
Bee thou my Coach-man, and now Cheeke by Ioule
With *Phœbus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling vpon the God of Heauen, our Poet prayeth to be lift vp in the Heauens, that he may diſcourſe (as he ought) of the ſtarres, fixed and wandring.

Driue on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturne and *Luna* let my wheeles approach:
That hauing learn'd of their Fire-breathing Horſes,
Their courſe, their light, their labour, and their forces,
My Muſe may ſing in ſacred Eloquence,
To vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:
And with the Load-ſtone of my conquering Verſe,
Aboue the Poles attract the moſt peruerſe.
And you faire learned ſoules, you ſpirits diuine,
To whom the Heau'ns ſo nimble quils aſſigne,
As well to mount, as skilfully to limne
The various motion of their Tapers trimme;
Lend me your hand; lift me aboue *Pernaſſus*;
With your loud *Trebles* helpe my lowly *Baſſus*:
For ſure, beſides that your wit-gracing Skill
Beares in it ſelfe it ſelfe's rich guerdon ſtill,
Our Nephewes free from ſacrilegious braules,
Where Horror ſwimmes in bloud about our walles,
Shall one day ſing that your deere Song did merit
Better Heau'n, better hap, & better time to heare-it.
And, though (alas) my little-noted Name,
Can hope heere-after none, or little Fame:
The time that moſt part of beſt Engliſh wits
Miſ-ſpend in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words:
I meane to ſpend, in publiſhing the ſtory
Of Gods great works to his immortall glory:
My Rimes begot in paine, and borne in pleaſure,
Thirſt not for Fame (the Heathen hopes chiefe treaſure).

'T shall them suffice, that our deere Iland breed
In happie season some more learned seed,
That may record with more diuine dexteritie
Then I haue done, these wonders to Posteritie;
And foot by foot with farre more life and grace,
follow Great BARTAS *admirable pace.*

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizens
Who, at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfes, as rather a great deale,
To doo much quickly, then to doo it well:
But rather, as a workeman neuer wearie,
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carrie
To happie end; and to perfection,
With sober-speed brings what he hath begun.

Heere resuming his course, he prosecutes the worke of the Creation.

Hauing therefore, the Worlds wide Curten spread
About the circuit of the fruitfull Bed,
Where, to fill all with her vn-numbred Kin,
Kinde Natures selfe each moment lyeth-in:
To make the same for euer admirable,
More stately pleasant, and more profitable;
He th'Azure Tester trim'd with golden markes,
And richly spangled with bright glistering sparks.

In the fourth day, God created the fixed stars, the two great Lights (vid.) the Sun and the Moone. together with the other fiue Planets.

I know, those Tapers twinckling in the Skie,
Doo turne so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can neuer rightly reach, to seeing
Their Course & Force, & much-much-lesse their Being:
But if coniecture may extend aboue
To that great Orbe, whose mouing All doth moue,
Th'imperfect Light of the first Day, was it,
Which for Heau'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:

Of their course, Force, Essence, and Substance.

For, God ſelecting lighteſt of that Light,
Garniſht Heau'ns ſeeling with thoſe torches bright.
Or elſe deuided it, and preſſing cloſe
The parts, did make the Sunne and Starres of thoſe.
But, if thy wits thirſt, rather ſeeke theſe things,
Opinion of the Greekes touching the matter of the Stars. In *Greekiſh* ceſternes then in *Hebrew* ſprings;
Then I conclude, that as of moiſt-full matter
God made the people that frequent the Water,
And of an Earthie ſtuffe the ſtubborne droues
That haunt the Hills & Dales and Downs and Groues:
So, did he make by his Almightie might
The Heau'ns and Starres of one ſelfe ſubſtance bright.
To th'end theſe Lampes diſperſed in the Skies,
Might with their Orbe, it with them Sympathize.
Simile. And as with vs vnder the Oaken barke
The knurrie knot with branching vaines, we marke
To be of ſubſtance all one with the Tree,
Although farre thicker and more tough it bee:
So thoſe guilt ſtuds in th'vpper ſtorie driuen,
Are nothing but the thickeſt part of Heauen.
When I obſerue their Light and Heat yblent,
Their ſubſtance is of Fire. (Meere accidents of th'vpper Element)
I thinke them Fire: but not ſuch Fire as laſtes
No longer then the fuell that it waſtes:
For then I thinke all th'Elements too-little
To furniſh them onely with one daies victuall.
Refutation of ſuch as haue thought that the Stars were liuing creatures that did eate and drink. And therefore ſmile I at thoſe Fable-Forges,
Whoſe buiſie-idle ſtile ſo ſtifly vrges,
The Heau'ns bright Creſſets to beliuing creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungrie fodder-eaters;

Till

Still ſucking vp in their Eternall motion
The Earth for meate, and for their drinke the Ocean.
Sure, I perceiue no motion in a Starre
But naturall, certaine, and regular;
Where-as, Beaſts motions infinitely varrie,
Confus'd, vncertaine, diuers, voluntarie.
I ſee not how ſo many golden Poſtes
Should ſcud ſo ſwift about Heau'ns Azure coaſtes,
But that the Heau'ns muſt ope and ſhut ſome-times,
Subiect to paſſions that our earthly climes
Alter, and toſſe the Sea, and th'Aire eſtrange
From it ſelfes temper with exceeding change.
I ſee not how in thoſe round blazing beames,
One ſhould imagine any food-fit limbes:
Nor can I ſee how th'Earth and Sea ſhould feed
So many Starres, whoſe greatnes doth exceed
So many times (if Starre-deuines ſay troth)
The greatnes of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith heere, our Cattle, in a month will eate
Seauen-times the bignes of themſelues, in meate.
Theſe Torches then range not at randon, o're
The lightſome thicknes of an vn-firme Floore:
As heere below, diuerſly moouing them,
The painted Birds betweene two aiers doo ſwim.
But rather, fixed vnto turning Spheares,
Aye will-they nill-they follow their carreres: *Similes*
As Cart-nailes faſtened in a wheele (without
Selfes-motion) turne with others turnes about.
As th'Ague-ſicke vpon his ſhiuering pallet,
Delayes his health oft to delight his palate; *A compariſon.*

When wilfully his taſte-les Taſte delights
In things vnſauorie to ſound Appetites:
Euen ſo ſome Brain-ſicks liue thear now-adaies,
That loſe themſelues ſtill in contrarie waies;
Prepoſterous Wits that cannot row at eaſe,
On the ſmooth Channell of our common Seas.
And ſuch are thoſe (in my conceit at leaſt)
Thoſe Clarkes that thinke (thinke how abſurd a ieſt)
That neither Heau'ns, nor Starres doo turne at all,
Nor dannce about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th'Earth it ſelfe, this maſſie Globe of ours
Turnes round-about once euerie twice-twelue howers:
And we reſemble Land-bred nouices
New brought abooad to venture on the Seas,
Who, at firſt launching from the ſhoare, ſuppoſe
The ſhip ſtands ſtill, and that the ground it goes.
So, twinckling Tapers that Heau'ns Arches fill,
Equally diſtant ſhould continue ſtill.
So, neuer ſhould an Arrow Shot vpright,
In the ſame place vpon the ſhooter light:
But would doo (rather) as at Sea, a ſtone
Aboord a Ship vpward vprightly throwne,
Which not within-boord falles, but in the Flood
A-ſtern the Ship, if ſo the wind be good.
So, ſhould the Foules that take their nimble flight
From Weſterne Marſhes toward *Mornings* Light,
And *Zephirus*, that in the Summer-time
Delights to viſit *Eurus* in his clime,
And Bullets thund'red from the Canons throat,
(Whoſe roaring drownes the Heau'nly thunders note)

Opiniõ of Copernicus confuted.

Should

Should ſeeme recoyle: ſithens the quicke careere,
That our round Earth ſhould daily gallop heere,
Muſt needs exceed a hundred-fold for ſwift,
Birds, Bullets Winds; their wings, their force, their drift.
Arm'd with theſe reaſons, 't were ſuperfluous
T'aſſaile the reaſons of *Copernicus*,
Who, to ſalue better, of the Stars th'apparance,
Vnto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moone, Earth, and Water, but one onely Ball.
But ſithens heere, nor time nor place doth ſute,
His *Paradox* at length to proſecute:
I will proceed, grounding my next diſcourſe
On the Heau'ns motions, and their conſtant courſe.
I oft admire Greatnes of mightie Hills,
And pleaſant beautie of the flowerie Fields,
And count-les number of the Oceans ſand
And ſecret force of ſacred Adamant:
But much-much more (the more I marke their courſe)
Stars gliſtering greatnes, beautie, number, force.
Euen as a Peacocke, prickt with loues deſire,
To woo his Miſtreſſe, ſtrowting ſtately by-her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vaile,
His azure wings and ſtarrie-golden taile;
With ratling pinions wheeling ſtill about,
The more to ſet his beauteous beautie out:
The Firmament, as feeling like aboue,
Diſplaies his pompe; pranceth about his Loue,
Spreads his blew curtaine, mixt with golden marks,
Set with gilt ſpangles, ſow'n with gliſt'ring ſparks,

Leauing to diſpute further vpō the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his diſcourſe, and by a liuely compariſon repreſenteth the beautiful ornament of the Heauens about the Earth.

Sprinkled

Sprinckled with eyes, ſpeckled with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Starres ſtreaming with glorious light,
T'inflame the Earth the more, with Louers grace
To take the ſweet fruit of his kinde imbrace.

The number of ſtars vnder both the Poles innumerable.

He that to number all the Starres would ſecke,
Had need inuent ſom new Arithmeticke;
And who, to caſt that reck'ning Takes in hand
Had need for Counters take the Oceans ſand:

And why the ancient Aſtronomers obſerued 48.

Yet haue our wiſe and learned Elders found
Foure dozen Figures in the Heauenly Round,
For aide of memorie; and to our eyes
In certaine *Howſes* to deuide the Skyes:

Of the ſignes in the Zodiake.

Of theſe, are Twelue in that rich Guirdle greſt
Which God gaue Nature for her New-yeares-guift,
(When making all, his voyce Almightie-moſt,
Gaue ſo faire Lawes vnto Heau'ns ſhining Hoaſt)
To weare it biaze, buckled ouerthwart-her,
Not round about her ſwelling waſte to girt-her.
This glorious Baldricke of a Golden tindge,
Imboſt with Rubies, edg'd with ſiluer frendge,
Buckled with Gold; with a Bend gliſtring bright,
Heau'n biaze-wiſe enuirons day and night:

The Zodiake.

For from the period, whear the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall ballancing,
Ninetie degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence iuſt as much toward Mid-Heau'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Toward th'Yeares Portall, the like difference.

Aries in Mid-March begins the ſpring.

Nephelian Crook-horne, with braſſe Cornets crown'd,
Thou butteſt brauely 'gainſt the *New-yeers* bound;

And

And richly clad in thy faire Golden Fleece,
Doo'ſt hold the *Firſt Houſe* of *Heau'ns* ſpacious Meeſe.
Thou ſpyeſt anon the *Bull* behinde thy backe, Taurus *in mid-Aprill*
Who leaſt that fodder by the way he lacke,
Seeing the World ſo naked; to renew't,
Coates th'infant Earth in a greene gallant ſute;
And without Plough or Yoake, doth freely fling
Through fragrant paſtures of the flow'rie Spring.
The Twins, whoſe heads, armes, ſhoulders, knees & feet,
God fill'd with Starres to ſhine in ſeaſon ſweet, Gemini *in mid-May.*
Contend in courſe, who firſt the *Bull* ſhall catch,
That neither will nor may attend their match.
Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing ſoft
With his eight owres through the Heau'ns azure loft; Cancer *in mid-June begins the ſommer.*
To bring vs yeerly in his ſtarrie ſhell,
Many long daies the ſhaggie Earth to ſwele.
Almoſt with like pace leapes the *Lion* out, Leo *in mid-July*
All clad with flames, briſtled with beames about
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both graſſe and graine to cinders withereth.
The *Virgin* next, ſweeping Heau'ns azure Globe Virgo *in mid-Auguſt.*
With ſtately traine of her bright golden robe,
In milde-proud manner, in her left hand brings
A ſheafe of corne, and in her right hand wings.
After the *Maiden*, ſhines the *Balance* bright, Libra *in mid-September begimneth Autumn*
Equall deuider of the day and night:
In whoſe gold beam, with three gold rings, thear faſtēs
With fixe gold ſtrings, a payre of golden baſens.
The ſpitefull *Scorpion* next the *Skale* adreſt,
With two bright Lampes couers his loathſome breſt; Scorpio *in mid-*
And *October.*

And faine, from both ends with his double ſting,
Would ſpet his venome ouer euerie thing;
Sagitarius *in mid-November.* But that the braue *Half-horſe Phylirean* Scout,
Galloping ſwift the heau'nly Belt about,
Aye fiercely threats, with his flame-feth'red arrow
To ſhoot the ſparkling ſtarry Viper thorough.
Capricornus *in mid-December, beginneth Winter.* And th'hoarie *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is ſo attentiue to this onely chaſe,
That dread-les of his dart, Heau'ns ſhining *Kidd*
Comes iumping light, iuſt at his heeles vn-ſpid.
Aquarius *in mid-Ianuary.* Mean-while the *Skincker* from his ſtarrie ſpout,
After the *Goat*, a ſiluer ſtreame powres-out;
Diſtilling ſtill out of his radiant Fire
Riuers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whoſe cleere channell mought at pleaſure ſwim
Piſces *in mid-Februarie.* Thoſe two bright *Fiſhes* that doo follow him;
But that the Torrent ſlides ſo ſwift a way,
That it out-runnes them euer, euen as they
Out-run the *Ram*: who euer them purſues,
And by returning yearly, all renues.

The Names of the principall ſtarres of the North-Pole. Beſides theſe Twelue, towards the *Artike* ſide,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two Bears* deuide,
After, the *Waine-man* comes, the *Crowne*, the *Speare*,
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harpe*, the *Hamperer*
Of th'hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the ſame
By *Æſculapius*, or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegaſus*, the *Dolphin*, louing man;
Ioues ſtately *Ægle*, and the ſiluer *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Caſſiopea* neere her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perſeus* deerer:

The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tresse*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tyndarides*.
Toward th'other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelpe*, and hot-brearh't *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulke*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure*, *Wolfe*, the *Censor*, and the *Foule*,
(The twice-foule *Rauen*) the *Southren Fish*, and *Crown*,
Through Heau'ns bright Arches brandish vp & down.
Thus, on this *Day*, working th'eighth azure Tent,
With Art-les Art, deuinely-excellent:
Th'Almighties fingers fixed many a million
Of golden scutchions in that rich Pauilion:
But in the rest, vnder that glorious Heau'n,
But one a peece, vnto the seuerall Seauen.
Least, of those Lampes the number passing number,
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should neuer, in the cleerest night,
Starres diuers Course see or discerne a-right.
And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinckle with such trembling capers;
But the *Seauen Lights* that wander vnder them,
Through various passage, neuer shake a beame:
Or, hee (perhaps) made them not different,
But th'Hoast of sparkes spred in the Firmament
Farre from our sence, through distance infinite,
Seemes but to twinckle, to our twinckling Sight.
Whereas the rest neerer a thousand fold
To th'Earth and Sea, wee doo more brim behold.
For, the Heau'ns are not mixtly enterlaced,
But th'vndermost by th'vpper bee embraced

The names of the Stars of the South-Pole.

The fixed stars are in the eight Heauen.

And the seauen Plannets vnder them each in his proper Sphear.

Why the Planets twinckle not, and the fixed stars do twinckle.

The Firmament much farther from the Earth then the Sphears of the Planets.

And more or leſſe their roundles wider are,
As from the Center they bee neere or farre:
Simile. As in an Egg, the ſhell includes the skinne,
The skinne the white, the white the yolke within,
Now, as the Winde huffing vpon Hill
Two ſimiles repreſenting the motion of the eight inferiour Heauēs, through the ſwift turning of the ninth, which is the Primum Mobile. With roaring breath againſt a readie Mill,
Whirles with a whiffe the ſailes of ſwelling clout,
The ſailes doo ſwing the winged ſhaft about,
The ſhaft the wheele, the wheele the trendle turnes,
And that the ſtone which grinds the flowerie cornes:
Or like as alſo in a Clocke well tended,
Iuſt counter-poize, iuſtly thereon ſuſpended,
Makes the great Wheele goe round, and that anon
Turnes with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch, and th'iron Maule that chimes
The entire Day in twice twelue equall times:
So the grand Heau'n, in foure and twentie houres,
Surueying all this various houſe of ours;
With his quicke motion all the Spheares doth moue,
Whoſe radiant glances guild the World aboue,
And driues them euerie day (which ſwiftnes ſtrange-is)
From *Gange*, to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.
Each of the eight Heauens ſo tranſported by the Primum Mobile *hath alſo his proper oblique, & diſtinct courſe each from other.* But, th'vnder-Orbes, as grudging to be ſtill
So ſtraightly ſubiect to anothers will,
Still without change, ſtill at anothers pleaſure,
After one pipe to dance one onely meaſure,
They from-ward turne, and trauerſing a-ſide,
Each by himſelfe an oblique courſe doth ſlide:
So that they all (although it ſeeeme not ſo)
Forward and backward in one inſtant goe,

Both

Both vp and downe, and with contrarie paces,
At once they poſte to two contrary places:
Like as my ſelfe, in my loſt Marchant-yeares
(A loſſe alas that in theſe lynes appeares)
Wafting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Iaſon *brought to* Greece)
While toward the Sea, our (then-Swan-poorer) Thames
Bore downe my Barke vpon her ebbing ſtreames:
Vpon the hatches, from the Prow to Poupe
Walking, in compaſſe of that narrow Coope,
Maugre the moſt that Wind and Tyde could doo,
Haue gon at once towards LEE *and* LONDON *too.*

The ſame explained by a proper ſimile.

But now, the neerer any of theſe eight
Approach th'Empireall Pallace walls in height,
The more their circuit; and more daies they ſpend,
Yer they returne vnto their Iourneys end.

Why ſome of theſe Heauens haue a ſlower courſe & ſhorter compaſſe then otherſome.

It's therefore thought, that ſumptuous Canapie
The which th'vn-niggard hand of Maieſtie
Poudred ſo thicke with ſhields ſo ſhining cleere,
Spends in his voyage nigh ſeuen thouſand yeare.

The terme of the reuolution of the Firmament: Of the ſeuenth, which is the Spheare of Saturne.

Ingenious *Saturne*, ſpouſe of Memorie,
Father of th'Age of Gold; though coldly-drie,
Silent and ſad, bald, hoarie, wrinckle-faced.
Yet art thou firſt among the Planets placed:
And thirtie yeares thy Leaden Coach doth runne
Yer it arriue whear thy Career begun,

Thou, rich, benigne, Ill-chaſing *Iupiter*
Art (worthie) next thy Father ſickle-beare,
And while thou dooſt with thy more milde aſpect
His froward beames diſaſt'rous frounes correct,

Of the 6. which is the Spheare of Iupiter.

Thy

Thy Tinnē Chariot ſhod with burning boſſes, (croſſes.
Through twice-ſixe *Signes* in twice-ſix twelue monthes

Of the 5. which is the ſpheare of Mars.

Braue-minded *Mars*, yet maiſter of miſſe-order,
Delighting nought but Battailes, blood, and murder;
His furious Courſers laſheth night and day,
That he may ſwiftly paſſe his courſe away:
But in the roade of his eternall Race,
So many rubs hinder his haſtie pace,
That thrice the while, the liuely *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heeles hath ſwelling cluſters trod,
And thrice hath *Ceres* ſhau'n her amber treſſe
Yer his Steele wheeles haue done their buiſines.

Of the 4. which is the Spheare of Sol.

Pure goldie-lockes *Sol*, States-friend, Honour-giuer,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all-Reuiuer,
Thou, in three hundred three ſcore daies and fiue
Dooſt to the Period of thy race ariue.
For with thy proper courſe thou meaſur'ſt th'yeare,
And meaſur'ſt Daies with thy conſtrain'd career.

Of the 3. which is the Spheare of Venus,

Faire daintie *Venus*, whoſe free vertues milde
With happie fruit get all the World with-child,
Whom wanton daliance, dancing, and delight,
Smiles, wittie wiles, youth, loue, and beautie bright,
With ſoft blind *Cupids* euer more conſort,
Of lightſome Day opens and ſhuts the port;
For hardly dare her ſiluer Doues goe farre
From bright *Apollos* glorie-beaming Carr.

Of the 2. which is the Spheare of Mercurie.

Not much vnlike ſo, *Mercurie* the wittie,
For ſhip, for ſhop, booke, barre, or Court, or Citie:
Smooth Orator, ſwift Pen-man, ſweet Muſitian,
Rare Artizan, deepe-reaching Polititian.

Fortnnate

Fortunate Marchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaſer;
To end his courſe takes nere a twelue-months leaſure:
For all the while his nimble-winged heeles
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheeles.
And laſtly, *Luna*, thou cold Queene of night,
Regent of humours, parting Months aright,
Chaſte Empereſſe, to one *Endimion* conſtant;
Conſtant in Loue, though in thy lookes inconſtant:
(*Vnlike our Loues, whoſe hearts diſſemble ſooneſt*)
Twelue times a-yeare through all the *Zodiake* runneſt

Of the firſt which is the Spheare of Luna. *The loweſt Planet neereſt to the Earth.*

Now, if theſe Lampes ſo infinite in number,
Should ſtill ſtand ſtill as in a ſloathfull ſlumber,
Then ſhould ſome Places (alwaies in one plight)
Haue alwaies day, and ſome haue alwaies night:
Then ſhould the Summers Fire, and Winters Froſt,
Reſt oppoſite ſtill on the ſelfe ſame Coaſt:
Then nought could ſpring, & nothing proſper would
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.

Of the neceſsity of the diuers motiõs of the Heauens.

Or, without change of diſtance or of dance,
If all theſe Lights ſtill in one path ſhould prance,
Th'inconſtant parts of this low Worlds contents
Should neuer feele ſo ſundrie accidents,
As the Coniunction of Celeſtiall Features
Inceſſantly poures vpon mortall Creatures.
I'll n'ere beleeue that the Arch-Architect,
With all theſe Fires the Heau'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with their gliſt'ring Shields
T'amaze poore Shepheards watching in the Fields:
I'll n'ere beleeue that the leaſt Flower that prancks
Our Garden borders, or the common Banks,

Of the force and influence of the Cœleſtiall bodies vpon the Terreſtriall.

And the leaſt ſtone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nourſe Earth doth couetouſly wrap,
Hath ſome peculiar vertue of it owne;
And that the glorious Starres of Heau'n haue none:
But Shine in vaine, and haue no charge preciſe,
But to be walking in Heau'ns Galleries,
And through that *Pallace* vp and downe to clamber,
As *Golden Gulls about a* PRESENCE CHAMBER.

Sence-les is hee who (without bluſh) denies
What to ſound ſences moſt apparant lies:
And 'gainſt Experience hee that ſpits Fallations,
Is to be hiſs't from learned Diſputations.
And ſuch is hee who doth affirme the Starres
To haue no Force on theſe inferiours;
Though Heau'ns effects we moſt apparant ſee,
In number more then heau'nly Torches bee.

Sundry proofes of the ſame.
1. The diuers ſeaſons.
2. The fearefull accidents that commonly ſucceed Eclipſes.

I nill alleadge the Seaſons alteration,
Cauſ'd by the Sunne in ſhifting Habitation:
I will not vrge, that neuer at noone-daies
His enuious Siſter intercepts his rayes,
But ſome great State Eclipſeth, and from Hell
Alecto looſes all theſe Furies fell,
Grim, leane-face't *Famine*, foule infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirſtie *Warre*, and *Treaſon* hatefull Hag:
Heere pouring downe Woes vniuerſall Flood,
To drowne the World in Seas of Teares and Blood.

3. The ebbing and flowing of the ſea.

I'le ouerpaſſe how Sea doth Ebb and Flow,
As th'Horned Queene doth eyther ſhrinke or grow:
And that the more ſhe *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in bones abound,

The bloud in Veines, the ſap in Plants, the moiſture
And luſhions meat, in Creuiſh, Crab, and Oyſter:
That, Oake and Elme, and Firr and Alder, cut
Before the *Creſcent* haue her Cornets ſhut,
Are neuer laſting for the Builders turne,
In Ship or Houſe, but rather fit to burne.
And alſo, that the Sicke, while ſhee is filling,
Feele ſharper Fitts throngh all their members thrilling.
So that, this Lampe alone approoues, what powers
Heau'ns Tapers haue euen on theſe ſoules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclinde.)
Our minde and humours, humours, and our minde:
Through Sympathie, which, while this Fleſh we carie,
Our Soules and Bodies doth together Marrie.
I'le onely ſay, that ſith the hot aſpect
Of th'Heau'nly *Dog-Starre*, kindles with effect
A thouſand vn-ſeene Fires: and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches vp the Hilles,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fitts of burning Feuers darts:
And (oppoſite) the *Cup*, the drooping *Pleyades*,
Bright-gliſt'ring *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,
Neuer (almoſt) looke downe on our aboad,
But that they ſtretch the Waters bounds abroad;
With Clowdie horror of their wrathfull frowne,
Threatning againe the guiltie World to drowne.
And (to be briefe) ſith the guilt azure Front
Of firmeſt-Spheare hath ſcarce a ſparke vpon't
But poureth downe-ward ſome apparant change,
Toward the Storing of the Worlds great Grange,

4. The increaſe and decreaſe of marrow, bloud and humours in diuers creatures.

5. The apparant alterations in the bodies of ſicke perſons.

A particular proofe by the effects of certaine notable ſtars, ordinarily noted in ſome Moneth of the yeare.

Wee may coniecture what hid power is giuen
T'infuſe among vs from the other Seauen,
From each of thoſe which for their vertue rare
th'Almightie placed in a proper Spheare.

Reiecting the Stoikes, he ſheweth that God, as the firſt Cauſe, doth order all things, and what vſe we ſhould make of the Force, Courſe, and Light of the Cœleſtiall bodies.

Not that (as *Stoiks*) I intend to tie
With Iron Chaines of ſtrong *Neceſsitie*
th'Eternals hands, and his free feet enſtocke
In *Deſtinies* hard Diamantin Rocke:
I hold, that God (as *The firſt cauſe*) hath giuen
Light, Courſe, and Force to all the Lampes of Heau'n:
That ſtill he guides them, and his Prouidence
Diſpoſeth free, their *Fatall* influence:
And that therefore (the rather) we below
Should ſtudie all, their Courſe and Force to know:
To th'end that, ſeeing (through our Parents Fall,)
T' how many Tyrants we are waxen thrall,
Euer ſince firſt fond Womans blind ambition,
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heau'ns *High Commiſsion*.
We might vn-puffe our Heart, and bend our Knee,
T'appeaſe with ſighes Gods wrathfull Maieſtie;
Beſeeching him to turne away the ſtormes
Of Haile, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, & dreadfull Armes,
Which oft the angrie Starres, with bad Aſpects
Threat to be falling on our ſtubborne necks:
To giue vs Curbes to bridle th'ill-procliuitie
We are inclind-to, by a hard Natiuitie:
To poure ſome Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleſhes fell Concupiſcence:
To clame our many Paſſions (ſpirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours:

Latonian

Latonian Twinnes, Parents of Yeares and Monthes,
Alas, why hide you ſo your ſhining Fronts?
What? nill you ſhew the ſplendor of your ray,
But through a Vaile of moorning Clouds (I pray)
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your moorning,
And let me ſee you in your natiue burning:
And my deere Muſe by her Eternall flight
Shall ſpread as farre the glorie of your Light,
As you your ſelues run, in alternate Ring
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.

Heere proceding to the 2. part of this booke he treateth at large of the Sun & Moone.

Thou radiant Coach-man, running endleſſe courſe
Fountaine of Heat, of Light the liuely ſource,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniuerſe,
Heau'ns richeſt Iem: O teach me whear my Verſe
May but begin thy praiſe: alas, I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth ſtare
To count the Quailes, that with their ſhadow couer
Th'*Italian* Sea, when ſoaring hether ouer,
Faine of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They come, with vs to paſſe the Summer Time:
No ſooner he begins on ſhoale to ſumme,
But more and more, ſtill greater ſhoales do come,
Swarme vpon Swarme, that with their count-les nũber
Breake-off his purpoſe, and his ſence incumber.

Of the Sunne, entering into the deſcription wherof, he confeſſeth that he knowes not well where to begin.

Daies glorious Eye! euen as a mightie King
About his Countrie ſtately Progreſſing,
Is compaſt round with *Dukes*, *Earles*, *Lords* and *Knights*,
(Orderly marſhal'd in their noble Rites)
Eſquires and *Gentle-men*, in courtly kinde,
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde.

The Sunne as Prince of the Celeſtiall lightes marcheth in the midſt of the other ſixe Planets which enuiron him.

And thear is nought in all his Royall Muſter,
But to his Greatnes addeth grace and luſtre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt aye,
Which onely liues through vertue of thy Raye,
Sixe Heau'nly Princes, mounted euer-more,
Wayte on thy Coach, three behinde, three before;
Beſides the Hoaſt of th'vpper Twincklers bright,
To whom for paye, thou giueſt onely Light.
And, euen as, Man (the little-World of cares)
Within the middle of the bodie, beares
His heart, (the ſpring of life) which with proportion
Supplieth ſpirits to all, and euerie portion:
Euen ſo (O Sunne) thy golden Chariot marches
Amid the ſixe Lampes of the ſixe low Arches
Which ſeele the World, that equally it might,
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.

The Sunne is in Heauen, as the heart in mans bodie.

Prayſing thy Heat, which ſubtilly doth pierce
The ſolide thicknes of our Vniuerſe:
Which in th'Earth's kidneys *Mercurie* doth burne,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Mettall turne;
I do digreſſe, to praiſe that Light of thine,
Which if it ſhould, but one Day, ceaſe to ſhine,
Th'vnpurged Aire to Water would reſolue,
And Water would the Mountaine tops inuolue.

His notable effects vpon the Earth.

Scarce I begin to meaſure thy bright face
Whoſe greatnes doth ſo oft Earths greatnes paſſe,
And which ſtill running the Cæleſtiall Ring,
Is ſeene and felt of euerie liuing thing;
But that fantaſtikly I change my Theame
To ſing the ſwiftnes of thy tyer-les Teem,

To

To ſing, how, Riſing from the *Indian* Waue,
Thou ſeem'ſt (O *Titan*) like a Bridegroome braue,
Who, from his Chamber early iſſuing out
In rich array, with rareſt Iems about;
With pleaſant Countenance, and louely Face,
With golden treſſes, and attractiue grace,
Cheers at his comming, all the youthfull throng
That for his preſence earneſtly did long,
Bleſſing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.

Excellent comparisons borrowed out of the 19. Pſalme.

Then, as a Prince that feeles his Noble heart,
Wounded with *Loues* pure *Honor*-winged dart
(*As* HARDY LABLIVS, *that Great* GARTER-KNIGHT,
Tiltting in Triumph of ELIZAS *Right*,
(*Yeerely that Day that her deere Raigne began*)
Moſt brauely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in guilt armour, on his gliſt'ring Mazor
A ſtately Plume, of Orange mixt with Azure,
In gallant Courſe, before ten thouſand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heau'nly Race
Runneſt ſo ſwift, we ſcarce conceiue thy pace.

The ſame exemplified in an honourable perſonage of our time (now verie aged) but in his young yeares, the glorie of Armes and Chiualrie.

When I record, how fitly thou doo'ſt guide
Through the fourth Heau'n thy flaming Courſers pride
That as they paſſe, their fierie breathes may temper
Saturns and *Cynthias* cold and moiſt diſtemper.
For, if thou gallop'ſt in the neather Roome,
Like *Phaeton*, thou would'ſt the World conſume:
Or, if thy Throne wear ſet in *Saturns* Skie,
For want of Heat, then euerie thing would die;

Of Gods wonderful prouidence in placing the Sunne in the midſt of the other Planets, and of the commodities that come thereof.

In the ſame inſtant I am preſt to ſing,
How thy returne reuiueth euerie thing;
How in thy Preſence; Feare, Sloath, Sleepe, and Night,
Snowes, Foggs, and Fancies, take their ſodaine Flight.
Th'art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
Whear (*as full veſſels haue the leſſer ſound*)
Plentie of Matter makes the ſpeaker mute,
As wanting words thy worth to proſecute.

Of the Sunnes continuall and daily courſe.

Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong ſo many rare
And match-les Flowers as in thy Garland are,
Some one ot two ſhall my chaſte ſober *Muſe*
For thine Immortall ſacred Siſters chuſe:
I'll boldly ſing (bright Soueraigne) thou art none
Of thoſe weake Princes Flatt'rie works vpon,
(*No Second* EDVVARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second*,
Vn-kinged both, as Rule-vnworthie reccon'd)
Who to enrich their *Minions* paſt proportion,
Pill all their Subiects with extreame extortion;
And charm'd with Pleaſures (O exceeding Pittie)
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton Citie;
And louing only that, to meane Lieutenants
Farme-out their Kingdomes care, as vnto Tennants.
For, once a-day, each Country vnder Heau'n
Thou bid'ſt *Good-Morrow*, and thou bid'ſt *Good-Euen*.
And thy farre-ſeeing Eye, as *Cenſor*, viewes
The rites and faſhions Fiſh and Foule doo vſe,
And our behauiours, worthie euerie one,
Th'*Abderian* laughter, and *Epheſian* Moane.

Of his oblique or By-courſe, cauſe

But true it is, to th'end a fruitfull lew
May euerie Climate in his time renew,

And

And that all men may neerer in all Realmes
Feele the alternate vertue of thy beames,
Thy ſumptuous Chariot with the Light Returning,
From the ſame Portall Mounts not euerie Morning:
But to make knowne each-whear thy daily drift,
Doo'ſt euerie day, thy Courſers Stable ſhift:
That while the Spring, pranckt in her greeneſt pride
Raignes heere, elſe-whear *Autumne* as long may bide,
And while faire Summers heat our Fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winters Ice may other Countries gripe.

of the foure ſeaſons: and of the commodities of all Climates in the world.

No ſooner doth thy ſhining Chariot Roule
From higheſt *Zenith* toward *Northern Pole*,
To ſport thee for three Monthes in pleaſant Innes
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinnes*,
But that the mealie Mountaines (late vnſeene)
Change their white garments into luſtie greene,
The Gardens pranke them with their Flowerie buds,
The Meads with graſſe, with leaues the naked Woods,
Sweet *Zephirus* begins to buſſe his *Flora*,
Swift-winged Singers to ſalute *Aurora*,
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Vniuerſe,
With pleaſing wounds, all Creatures hearts to pierce.

A pleaſant and liuely deſcription of the foure ſeaſons of the yeare.

The ſpring.

When, back-ward bent, *Phlegon* thy fierie ſteed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Mayde*, doth feed;
Th'Earth cracks with heat, & Summer crowns his *Ceres*
With guilded Eares, as yellow as her haire-is:
The Reaper, panting both for heat and paine,
With crooked Raſor ſhaues the tufted Plaine,
And the good Husband, that due ſeaſon takes,
Within a Month his yeares Prouiſion makes.

The Summer.

When

When from the mid-Heau'n thy bright flame doth fly
Harueſt. Toward the *Croſſe-Starres* in th' *Antartike* Skie,
To be three Monthes, vp-riſing, and downe-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying;
Th'Earth by degrees her louely beautie bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Oſiar basket both,
With daintie fruits for her deere *Autumnes* tooth,
(Her health-les ſpouſe) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the Iuice of *Bacchus* cluſters out.
And laſt of all, when thy proud-trampling Teeme
For three Monthes more, to ſoiourne ſtill doth ſeeme
With *Capricorne*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fiſhes*
(While we in vaine reuoke thee with our wiſhes)
The Winter. Inſteed of Flowers, chill ſhiu'ring Winter dreſſes
With Iſicles her (ſelfe-bald) borrowed treſſes:
About her browes a Periwig of Snow,
Her white Freeze mantle freng'd with Ice below,
A payre of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth ſhe march *Orythias* loue to meet,
Who with his briſtled, hoarie, bugle-beard,
Comming to kiſſe her, makes her lips affeard,
Whear-at, he ſighes a breath ſo cold and keene,
That all the Waters Criſtallized beene;
While in a furie, with his boyſtrous wings
Againſt the *Sythian* ſnowie Rocks hee flings.
All lusks in ſloath, and till theſe Months doo end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* muſt vs both beffrend.
O ſecond honour of the Lampes ſupernall,
Of the Moone & her alterations. Sure Kalender of Feſtiuals eternall,

Sea

Seas Sou'rainteſſe, ſleepe-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-louing Queene: what ſhall I ſay beſide?
What ſhall I ſay, of thine inconſtant brow,
Which makes my braine wauer I woat not how?
But, if by th'eye, a mans intelligence
May gueſſe of things diſtant ſo farre from hence,
I thinke thy body, Round as any Ball,
Whoſe ſuperfice nigh equall ouer all,
As a pure Glaſſe, now vp, and downe anon,
Reflects the bright beames, of thy ſpouſe, the Sunne.
For as a Husbands Nobleſſe doth illuſter
A mean-borne wife: ſo doth the glorious luſtre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beames em-bright
Thy gloomie Front, that ſelfly hath no Light.
Yet 'tis not alwaies after one ſelfe ſort,
For, for thy Carr doth ſwifter thee tranſport
Then doth thy brothers, diuerſly thou ſhineſt
As more or leſſe thou from his ſight declineſt.
Thearfore each month, when *Hymen* bleſt, aboue
In both your bodies kindles ardent loue;
And that the Starres-King all inamour'd on thee,
Full of deſire, ſhines downe direct vpon-thee
Thy neather halfe-Globe toward th'Earthly Ball,
After it's Nature, is obſcured all.
But, him a-ſide thou haſt no ſooner got,
But on thy ſide a ſiluer file we noat,
A halfe-bent Bow, which ſwells, the leſſe thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy ſpouſe approach,
And Fils his Circle, when th'Imperiall Starre
Beholds thee iuſt in one Diameter.

Of her roundnes, and brightneſſe borrowed of the Sunne.

Simile.

Of her waxing & wayning whē ſhe is in her laſt Quarter, & whē ſhe renues, & cōmeth to her full.

Then

Then, by degrees thy Full face falls away,
And by degrees Weſtward thy Hornes diſplay:
Till fall'n againe betwixt thy Louers armes,
Thou wink'ſt againe, vanquiſht with pleaſures charmes.
Thus dooſt thou Waxe and Waine, thee oft renuing;
Delighting change: and mortall things enſuing
(as ſubiect to thee) thy ſelfes tranſmutation,
Feele th'vnfelt force of ſecret alteration.

Of the cauſe of the diuers aſpect of the Moone

Not, but that *Phœbus* alwaies with his ſhine
Cleeres halfe (at leaſt) of thine aſpect deuine;
But 'tſeemes not ſo: becauſe we ſee but heere
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemiſphear:
Though waxing vs-ward, Heau'n-ward thou doſt waine
And waxing vs-ward, Heau'n-ward grow'ſt againe.
Yet it befalles, euen when thy face is *Full*,
When at the higheſt thy pale Courſers pull,
When no thicke maske of Clouds can hide away
From liuing eyes, thy broad, round, gliſt'ring ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are ſeeld,
Cou'red with ſhadow of a ruſtie ſhield.
For, thy Full face, in his oblique deſigne
Confronting *Phœbus* in th'*Ecliptike* ligne,
And th'Earth betweene; thou looſeſt for a ſpace
Thy ſplendor borrowed of thy Brothers grace:
But, to reuenge thee on the Earth, for this

Of the cauſe of the Eclips of the Sunne.

Fore-ſtalling thee of thy kinde Louers kiſſe,
Sometimes thy thicke Orbe thou doo'ſt inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and vs, toward thy later end:
And then, becauſe his ſplendor cannot paſſe
Or pierce the thicknes of thy gloomie Maſſe,

The

The Sunne, as ſubiect to Deaths pangs, vs ſees not,
But ſeemes all Light-les, though indeed he is-not.
Thearfore, farre diff'ring your *Eclipſes* are;
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beautie bright,
His doth not him, but vs bereaue of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures,
It is thy ſhadow, that the Sunne obſcures:
East-ward, thy front beginneth firſt to lacke;
West-ward, his browes begin their frowning blacke:
Thine, at thy *Full*, when thy moſt glorie ſhines,
His, in thy Waine, when beautie moſt declines:
Thine's generall, towards Heau'n and Earth together;
His, but to Earth, nor to all Places neither.

Difference betweene the Eclipſes of the Sunne, and of the Moone.

For, th'hideous Cloud, that cou'red ſo long ſince
With nights blacke vaile th'eyes of the Starrie-Prince,
(When as he ſaw, for our foule ſinfull ſlips,
The match-les Maker of the Light, Eclipſe)
Was farre-farre other: For the ſwartie *Moores*,
That ſweating toile on *Guinnes* wealthie ſhoares:
Thoſe whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noiſe for euer deafe doth make:
Thoſe that ſuruaying mightie * *Caſſagale*,
Within the Circuit of her ſpacious Wall
Doo drie-foot daunce on th'Orientall Seas;
And paſſe, in all her goodly Croſſing waies
And ſtately ſtreets fronted with ſumptuous Bowers,
Twelue thouſand Bridges, & twelue thouſand Towers:
Thoſe that in *Norway*, and in *Finland*, chaſe
The ſoft-skind Martens, for their precious Caſe;

Of the admirable and extraordinarie Eclipſe of the Sunne, on the Day that our Sauiour ſuffered on the Croſſe, for our Redemption. Mat. 27. ver. 45 Mark. 15. v. r. 33 Luke. 23. ver. 44

* Quinzay.

Thoſe

Thoſe that in Iuorie Sleads on *Izeland* Seas
Congeald to Criſtall ſlide about at eaſe:
Wear witnes all of his ſtrange griefe, and gueſt,
That God, or Nature was then deepe diſtreſt.
Moreouer, *Cynthia*, in that fearefull ſtound
Ful-fill'd the compaſſe of her Circle round;
And being ſo farre-off, ſhe could not make
(By Natures courſe) the Sunne to bee ſo blacke:
Nor, iſſuing from the Eaſterne part of Heau'n,
Darken that beautie, which her owne had giuen.
In briefe, mine eye, confounded with ſuch Spectacles,
In that one Wonder ſees a Sea of Miracles.
What could'ſt thou leſſe doo, then thy ſelfe diſhonor
(O chiefe of Planets) thy great Lord to honor?
And for thy Fathers death, a-while to weare
A moorning Roab on th'hatefull *Hemi-ſpheare*?
And at high-noone ſhut thy faire eyes, to ſhunne
A ſight, whoſe ſight did Hell with horror ſtunne?
And, pierſt with ſorrow for ſuch iniuries,
To pleaſe thy Maker, Nature to diſpleaſe?
So, from the South to North to make apparant,
That God reuoak't his Serieant Death's ſad warrant
'Gainſt *Ezechias*: and, that he would giue
The godly King fifteene yeares more to liue:
Tranſgreſſing Heau'ns eternall Ordinance;
Thrice in one day, thou through one path did'ſt prance:
And as deſirous of another nap,
In thy Vermillion ſweet *Aurora's* Lap,
Thy Coachturn'd backe, and thy ſwift, ſweating Horſe
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Courſe.

Of the going backe of the Sun in the time of Ezechias.
2, Kings. 26 verſ. 11
Eſay, 38, ver, 8

Dials

Dials went falſe, and Forreſts gloomie blacke,
Wondred to ſee their mightie ſhades goe backe.
So, when th'incenſed Heau'ns did fight ſo fell
Vnder the Standard of deere *Iſrael*,
Againſt the Hoaſt of odious *Ammorites*;
Among a million of ſwift-Flaſhing-Lights,
Rayning downe Bullets from a ſtormie Cloud,
As thicke as Haile, vpon their Armies proud:
That ſuch as ſcaped from Heau'ns wrathfull thunder,
Victorious ſwords might after heaw in-ſunder,
Coniur'd by *Ioſuah*, thy braue Steeds ſtood ſtill;
In full Career ſtopping thy whirling wheele;
And one whole day, in one degree they ſtaide
In mid'ſt of Heau'n, for ſacred Armies ayde:
Leaſt th'Infidels, in their diſordred Flight,
Should ſaue themſelues vnder the wings of Night.
Thoſe that then liu'd vnder the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lampe which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide ſo long his louely face away,
Thought neuer more to haue re-ſeen the Day:
The wealthie *Indians* and the men of *Spayne*,
Neuer to ſee Sunne Riſe, or Set againe.
In the ſame place Shadowes ſtood ſtill, (as ſtone)
And in twelue houres the Dials ſhow'd but one.

Of the Sunnes ſtanding ſtill in the time of Ioſuah.
Ioſ. 12, 13

So Morne and Euening the Fourth Day conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

The

31 MA 59

The fifth Day of the first Weeke.

The Argvment.

Fish in the Sea, Fowles in the Aire abound:
The Formes of all things in the Waters found:
The various manners of Sea-Citizens,
Whose constant Friendship farre exeeedeeh Mens:
Arions *strange escape. The Fowles attend*
Onth' onely Phœnix, to her End-lesse end:
Their kinds, their customes, and their plumes varietie;
Some presidents of Prudence, some of Pietie:
The gratefull Eagle, burning in the Flame
With her dead Mistresse, the faire Seltian *Dame.*

Atonian Lamps, conducting diuers wayes,
About the World, successiue Nights and Dayes;
Parents of winged Time, hast, hast your Carres,
And passing swiftly both th'opposed Barres
Of *East* and *West*, by your returning Ray,
Th'imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Yee *Fish*, that brightly in Heau'ns Baldrike shine,
If you would see the Waters wauing brine

After a Poetical manner he craueth time and oportunitie to discourse in This Day of the Creation of Fishes and of Fowles.

Abound with Fiſhes, pray *Hyperion*
T'abandon ſoone his liquid Manſion;
If he expect, in his prefixt Careere
To hoaſt with you a Month in euery Yeere.

To which purpoſe, eſpecially he calleth on the true God.

And thou (eternall Father) at whoſe winke
The wrathfull Oceans ſwelling pride doth ſinke:
And ſtubborne ſtormes of bellowing Winds be dumb;
Their wide mouthes ſtopt, & their wild pinions numm
Great Soueraigne of the Seas, whoſe hookes can draw
A man a-liue from the Whales monſtrous mawe:
Prouide me (Lord) of Steeres-man, Starre, and Boat,
That through the vaſte Seas I may ſafely float:
Or rather, teach me dyue, that I may view
Deepe vnder water all the Scalie criew;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with ſpoiles, extoll thy mighty hand.

The firſt part of this Booke, wherin he handleth how by the Commaundement of the Lord, the Fiſhes began to moue in the Waters.

IN VAINE had God ſtor'd Heau'n with gliſtring ſtuds,
The Plaine with with graine, the Mountaine tops with woods,
Seuer'd the Aire frõ Fire, the Earth frõ Water;
Had he not ſoone peopled this large Theater
With liuing Creatures: Therefore he began
(*This Day*) to quicken in the Ocean,
In ſtanding Pooles, and in the ſtragling Riuers
(Whoſe folding Channell fertile Champion ſeuers)
So many Fiſhes of ſo many features,
That in the Waters one may ſee all Creatures;
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deepes were drown'd.

The Seas no leſſe ſtored with priuiledges and pre-

Seas haue (as well as Skies) Sunne, Moone, & Starres:
(As well as Aire) Swallowes, and Rookes, and Stares,

As

(As well as Earth) Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
Pincks, Gilliflowers, Muſhromes, and many millions?
Of other Plants (more rare and ſtrange then theſe)
As very Fiſhes liuing in the Seas:
And alſo Rammes, Calfes, Horſes, Hares, and Hoggs,
Wolues, Lyons, Vrchins, Elephants, and Doggs,
Yea Men and Maydes: and (which I more admire)
The Mytred Biſhop, and the Cowled Fryer:
Whereof, Examples but a few yeeres ſince,
Were ſhowne the *Norwayes*, and *Polonian* Prince.
You deuine wits of elder Dayes, from whom
The deepe inuention of rare Works hath come,
Tooke you not patterne of your chiefeſt Tooles
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*, *Lakes*, and *Pooles*?
Which partly in the Waues, part on the edges
Of craggie Rocks, among their ragged ſedges,
Bring forth abundance of Pinnes, Pincers, Spoakes,
Pikes, Piercers, Needles, Mallets, Pipes, and Yoakes,
Oares, ſayles, & ſwords, ſawes, wedges, Razors, rãmers,
Plumes, Cornets, Kniues, Wheeles, Vices, Hornes, and
And, as if *Neptune*, and faire *Panope*, (Hammers.
Palæmon, *Triton*, and *Leucothoe*,
Kept publike Roules, there is the *Calamarie*
Who ready Pen-knife, Pen and Inke doth carie.
As a rare Painter, drawes for pleaſure, heere
A ſweet *Adonis*, a foule *Satyre* there,
Heere a huge *Cyclope*, there a *Pigme* Elfe;
Sometimes, no leſſe buſying his skilfull ſelfe,
Vpon ſome vgly Monſter (ſeeldome ſeene)
Then on the Picture of faire *Beauties Queene*:

ſidents of Gods glorious power then Heauen and Earth? and of the ſtrange Fiſhes that liue therein.

Why God created ſo many ſorts of ſtrange Fiſhes.

Euen ſo the Lord, that in his Workes varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie.
And that we might diſcerne by differing features
The various kindes of the vaſt Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty Frame, he euery Kind
With diuers and peculiar Signet ſign'd.
Examples. Some haue their heads groueling betwixt their feet
The Pour-Cuttle. (As th'inkie Cuttles, and the *Many-feet*)
Cuttle. Some in their breaſt (as Crabs) ſome head-leſſe are,
Crab. Foot-leſſe, and finn-leſſe (as the bane-full Hare,
Sea-Hare. And heat-full Oyſter) in a heape confuſed,
Oyſter. Their parts vnparted, in themſelues diffuſed.
The *Tirian* Marchant or the *Portuguez*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
The Tortoiſe. But of one Tortoiſe, when he liſt to floate,
Th' *Arabian* Fiſher-man can make a Boate,
And one ſuch Shell, him in the ſteed doth ſtand
Of Hulke at Sea, and of a Houſe on land.
Shall I omit the monſtrous Whirle-about
Which in the Sea another Sea doth ſpout,
Where-with huge Veſſels (if they happen nigh)
Are ouer-whelm'd and ſunken ſodainlie?
Shall I omit the Tunnies, that durſt meet
The Tonnye. Th' *Eoan* Monarchs neuer daunted Fleet,
And beard more brauely his victorious Powers
Then the Defendants of the *Tirian* Towers,
Or *Porus*, conquered on the *Indian* Coaſt;
Or great *Darius*, that three Battailes loſt?
When on the Surges I perceaue from farre,
Diuers kindes of Whales. Th'Ork, Whirle-poole, Whale, or huffing Phyſeter,

Me

Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* againe
(*Ortygian Delos*) floating on the Maine.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters crosse,
Me seemes some Tempest all the Sea doth tosse.
Our feare-lesse Saylers, in farre Voyages
(More led by Gaine's hope then their Compasses)
On th' *Indian* shoares, haue sometimes noted some
Whose bodies couered two broad Acres roome:
And in the *South-Seas* they haue also seene
Some like high-topped and huge-armed Treen,
And other-some whose monstrous backs did beare
Two mighty wheeles with whirling spokes, that weare
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayles
Of any Wind-mill turn'd with merry gales.

Of their monstrous shape, and huge greatnes.

But God, who Nature in her nature holds,
Not onely cast them in so sundry molds:
But gaue them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weake eyes to bring
In admiration; that men euermore,
Praising his Works, might praise their Maker more.
Some, loue fresh Waters, some the salt desire,
Some from the Sea, vse yeerely to retire
To the next Riuers, at their owne contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting.
Hauing (like Lords) two houses of receipt,
For Winter th' one, th' other for Sommers heat.

Of the diuers qualities of Fishes.

As Citizens, in some intestine braull
Long cooped vp within their Castle wall;
So soone as Peace is made, and siedge remoued,
Forsake a while their Towne so strong approued,

Simile. Describing the custome of certaine Sea-Fishes

frequenting the freſh Waters in ſome ſeaſons of the yeare.

And tir'd with toyle, by Leaſhes and by payres,
Crowned with Garlands, goe to take the ayres:
So dainty Salmons, Cheuins thunder-ſcar'd,
Feaſt-famous Sturgeons, Lampreyes ſpeckle-ſtarr'd,
In the Spring Seaſon the rough Seas forſake,
And in the Riuers thouſand pleaſures take:
And yet the plentie of delicious foods,
Their pleaſant Lodging in the Criſtal floods,
The fragrant ſents of flowerie banks about,
Cannot their Countries tender Loue wipe out
Of their remembrance, but they needs will home,
In th'irefull Ocean to goe ſeeke their Tombe:
Like Engliſh Gallants, that in Youth doo goe
To viſite Rhine, Sein, Iſter, Arne, *and* Po;
Where though their Sence be dandled Dayes and Nights
In ſweeteſt choiſe of changeable Delights,
They neuer can forget their Mother-Soyle,
But hourely Home their hearts and eyes recoyle,
Long languiſhing with an extreame Deſire
To ſee the ſmoake of their deere Natiue Fier.

Compariſon.

One (like a Pirate) onely liues of prizes
That in the Deepe he deſperatly ſurpriſes;
Another haunts the ſhoare, to feed on foame:
Another round about the Rocks doth roame,
Nibbling on Weeds; another hating thieuing,
Eates nought at all, of liquor onely liuing;
For the ſalt humour of his Element
Serues him (alone) for perfect nouriſhment.
Some loue the cleare ſtreames of ſwift tumbling Torrents
which throgh the rocks ſtraining their ſtrugling corrẽts

The Fiſhes feeding.

Breake

Breake Banks and Bridges; and doo neuer ſtop
Till thirſtie Sommer come to drinke them vp:
Some almoſt alwaies pudder in the mud
Of ſleepie Pooles, and neuer brooke the flood
Of Criſtall ſtreames that in continuall motion
Bend towards the boſome of their Mother Ocean:
As the moſt part of the Worlds Peeres, preferre
Broiles before Reſt, and place their Peace in Warre:
And ſome againe (of a farre differing humour)
Hold Reſt ſo deere, that but the onely rumour
Of Warre farre off, affrights them at the firſt,
And wanting *Peace* they count their States accurſt.
O waterie Citizens, what Vmpeere bounded
Your liquid Liuings? O what Monarch mounded
With walls your Citie? What ſeuereſt Lawe
Keepes your huge Armies in ſo certaine awe;
That your encroach not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your ſwim-brethren? as (againſt all Orders)
Men daily practiſe, ioyning Land to Land,
Houſe vnto Houſe, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountaine to Mountaine, and (moſt-moſt inſacible)
World vnto World, if they could worke it poſſible.
And you (wiſe Fiſhes) that for recreation,
Or for your ſeeds ſecurer propagation,
Doo ſometimes ſhift your ordinarie Dwelling;
What learned *Chalde* (skill'd in Fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit Time doth ſhow?
What Herralds Trumpet ſummons you to goe?
What Guide conducteth Day and Night your Legions
Through path-leſſe pathes in vnacquainted Regions?

Of the prouidence of God in their diuers and notable manner of liuing: affording many Leſſons to Man-kinde.

What, Captaine ſtout? what Loadſtone, Steele, and
Meaſures your courſe in your Aduentures farre? (Starre,
Surely, the ſame that made you firſt of Nought,
Who in your Natures ſome *Ideas* wrought
Of Good and Euill; to the end that wee
Following the Good, might from the Euill flee.

Strange nature of the Fiſh Sargus.

Th'adulterous *Sargus* doth not onely change
Wiues euery day, in the deepe ſtreames; but (ſtrange)
As if the honey of Sea-loues delights
Could not ſuffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the graſſie ſhoare,
Would horne their Husbands that had hornes before.

Of Cantharus.

Contrarie to the conſtant *Cantharus*,
Who, euer faithfull to his deareſt Spouſe
In Nuptiall Duties, ſpending all his life,
Loues neuer none but his owne onely wife.

Of the Mullet.

But, for her Loue, the *Mullet* hath no Peere;
For if the Fiſher haue ſurpriz'd her Pheere,
As mad with woe, to ſhoare ſhe followeth,
Preſt to conſort him, both in life and death:

Simile.

As yerſt thoſe famous, louing *Thracian Dames*
That leapt aliue into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands, who deceaſt and gone,
Thoſe loyall Wiues hated to liue alone.

O who can heere ſufficiently admire
That *Gaping Fiſh* whoſe gliſtering eyes aſpire
Still toward Heau'n, as if beneath the skies

The Vrano-Scopus.

He found no Obiect worthy of his eyes?
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill
Out of the clouen pipe of his hornie bill,

To catch the Emmets; when beguil'd with-all
Their buſie ſwarmes vpon it creepe and crawle:
Th'*Vranno-ſcope*, ſo hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Moſt like vnto a little Worme, at ſight,
Whereat eft-ſoones many ſmall Fiſhes bite,
Which there-withall this Angler ſwallowes ſtraight,
Alwayes ſelfe-armed with hooke, line, and bait.
The ſuttle *Smell-ſtrong-Many-foote* that faine *The Ozena.*
A dainty feaſt of *Oyſter-fleſh* would gaine,
Swimmes ſoftly downe, and to him ſlily ſlippes,
Wedging with ſtone his yet wide-yawning lips,
Leaſt elſe, before that he haue had his pray
The *Oyſter* cloſing, clip his limbes away,
And where he thought t'haue ioy'd his victories,
Himſelfe become vnto his prize a prize.
The *Cramp-fiſh*, knowing that ſhe harboureth *The Torpedo.*
A plague-full humour and fell banefull breath,
A ſecret *Poppie*, and a ſence-leſſe Winter,
Benumming all that dare too-neere her venter:
Poures forth her poyſon, and her chilling Ice
On the next Fiſhes, charm'd ſo in a trice,
That ſhe not onely ſtayes them in the Deepe,
But ſtunnes their ſence, and lulls them faſt a-ſleepe,
And then (at fill) ſhe with their fleſh is fed,
Whoſe frozen limbes (ſtill liuing) ſeeme but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when ſhe hath tooke
Into her throat the ſharpe deceitfull hooke,
Doth not as other Fiſh, that wrench and wriggle,
When they be prickt, and plunge, & ſtriue, & ſtruggle,

And by their ſtirre, thinking to ſcape the Angle,
Faſter and faſter on the hooke doo tangle:
But wily, claſping cloſe the Fiſhing Line,
Sodainly ſpewes into the ſiluer Brine
Her ſecret-ſpreading, ſodaine-ſpeeding bane
Which vp the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creepes to the hand of th'Angler, who with-all
Benumm'd and ſenceleſſe, ſodainly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:
Simile. Becomne like one that as in bed he lies,
Seemes in his ſleepe to ſee ſome gaſtly Ghoſt;
In a cold ſweat, ſhaking, and ſwelt almoſt,
He calls his Wife for ayde, his friends, his folkes,
But his ſtuft ſtomack his weake clamour choakes:
Then would he ſtrike at that he doth behold,
But ſleepe and feare his feeble hands doo hold:
Then would he runne away; but as he ſtriues,
He feeles his feete fetter'd with heauie Gyues.
The Scolopẽdra. But if the *Scolopendra* haue ſuckt in
The ſower-ſweet morſell with the barbed Pinne,
She hath as rare a trick to ridd her from-it:
For inſtantly, ſhe all her guts doth vomit,
And hauing clear'd them from the danger, then
She faire and ſoftly ſups them in againe,
So that not one of them within her wombe
Changeth his Office or his wonted roome.
The Amia. The thriuing *Amia* (neere *Abydus* breeding)
The Sea-Foxe. And ſuttle *Sea-Foxe* (in Seeds-loue exceeding)
Without ſo vent'ring their deare life and lyning.
Can frõ the Worme-claſpe compaſſe their vntwining:

For ſucking in, more of the twiſted haire,
Aboue the hooke they it in ſunder ſheare,
So that their foe, who for a Fiſh did looke,
Lifts vp a bare line, rob'd of bait and hooke.
But timorous *Barbels* will not taſte the bit — *The Barbel.*
Till with their tayles they haue vnhooked it,
And all the baytes the Fiſher can deuiſe
Cannot beguile their warie iealouſies.
Euen ſo almoſt, the many ſpotted *Cuttle* — *The Cuttle.*
Wel-neere inſnared, yet eſcapeth, ſuttle;
For when ſhe ſees her ſelfe within the Net,
And no way left but one, from thence to get,
She ſodainly a certaine Inke doth ſpew
Which Dies the Waters of a ſable hew,
That, dazling ſo the Fiſhers greedie ſight,
She through the Clouds of the blacke Waters night,
Might ſcape with honour the black ſtreames of *Stix*,
Whereof already, almoſt loſt, ſhe licks.
And, as a Priſ ner, of ſome great tranſgreſſion — *Simile.*
Conuict by Witneſſe and his owne Confeſſion,
Kept in darke Durance full of noyſome breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;
Spies euery corner and pries round about
To finde ſome weake place where he may get out:
The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-Eye* — *The Golden-eye, or Guile-head.*
Kept in a Weyre; the wideſt ſpace doth ſpie,
And thruſting in his taile, makes th'Oſiars gape,
With his oft flapping, and doth ſo eſcape:
But if his fellow finde him thus beſted,
He lends his taile to the impriſoned,

That

That thereby holding faſt, with gentle iawe,
Him from his Durance he may friendly drawe.
Or if (before that he were Captiuate)
He ſee him hooked on the biting baite,
Haſting to helpe, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth ſnaps-off the hairie twine.

Sundry inſtructions that Fiſhes giue to Men.

You ſtonie hearts, within whoſe ſtubborne Center
Could neuer touch of ſacred friendſhip enter,
Looke on theſe Seas my Songs haue calmed thus,
Heere's many a *Damon*, many a *Theſeus*.

The Sparlings.

The gilden *Sparlings*, when colde Winters blaſt
Begins to threat; themſelues together caſt
In heapes like balls, and heating mutuallie,
Liue; that alone, of the keene colde would die.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayde they be created
Of th'Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelues a praye
Expoſ'd in euery Water-Rouers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold
Combine thẽſelues, that their ioint ſtrength doth hold
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-thieues ſallies,
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.

Simile.

As a great Carrake, cumbred and oppreſt
With her ſelfes-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Starr-boord and Larr-boord, with ſo quicke Careers,
As a ſmall *Fregate*, or ſwift Pinnaſſe ſteeres:

Another.

And as a large and mighty-limbed Steed,
Either of *Friſeland*, or of *Germane* breed;
Can neuer mannage halfe ſo readilie
As *Spaniſh* Iennet, or light *Barbarie*:

So

So the huge *Whale* hath not so nimble motion,
As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean,
But sometimes rudely 'gainst a Rock he brushes,
Or (blind) into some roaring Straight he rushes,
And scarce could liue a Twelue-month to an end,
But for the little *Musculus* (his friend)
A little Fish that swimming still before,
Directs him safe from Rocke, from shelfe, and shoare.
Much like a Childe that louing leads about
His aged Father when his eyes be out,
Still wafting him through euery way so right,
That reft of eyes he seemes not reft of sight.

Of the Whale & his friend Musculus.

Simi'en

Waues-Mother *Thetis*, though thine armes embrace
The World about, within thine ample space
A firmer League of friendship is not seene
Then is the *Pearle-Fish* and the *Prawne* betweene;
Both haue but one repast, both but one Pallace,
But one delight, one death, one sorrow, and one solace:
That, lodgeth this; and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindnes with all needfull Cates:
For, while the *Pearle-Fish* gaping wide doth glister,
Much Frye (allur'd with the bright siluer luster
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*,
Then with a prick the *Prawne* a signe doth make-her
That instantly her shining shell she close
(Because the Praye worthy their paine he knowes)
Which gladly done, she eu'nly shareth out
The pray betwixt her and her faithfull scout.

Strange League betweene the Pearle-Fish and the Prawne.

And so the *Sponge-Spye*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull sence, when repast it takes.

Also betweene the Sponge and his Spye.

But

The Galley-Fiſh.
The Sayle-Fiſh.
Boat-Crab.
Sea-Vrchin.

But O what ſtile can worthily declare
(O *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Vrchin*) your dexteritie
In Saylors Art, for ſafenes and celeritie?
If *Iaffa* Marchants, now Comburgers ſeeme
With *Portingalls*, and *Portingalls* with them,
If Worlds of wealth, borne vnder other Skie,
Seeme borne in Ours: if without wings we flie
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundrie way-leſſe wayes adreſt:
If (to be briefe) this World's rich compaſſe round
Seeme as a Common, without hedge or Mound,
Where (at his choice) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruites; you may we thanke therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that Pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden Fleece*,
Or *Belus* Sonne, firſt builded floating bowers
To mate the Windes, ſtormes, & the Waters ſtowers:
What e're he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sayling too.

Heere would I ceaſe, ſaue that this humorous ſong,
The Hermit. The *Hermite-Fiſh* compells me to prolong:
A man of might that builds him a Defence
'Gainſt Weathers rigour and Warres inſolence,
Firſt dearely buies (for what good is good-cheape)?
Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanſhip:
But without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone,
Or hiring men to build his Manſion,
Or borrowing Houſe, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth ſafe: for finding on the ſhoare

Some

Some handsome shell, whose Natiue Lord, of late
Was dispossessed by the Doome of Fate:
Therein he enters, and he takes possession
Of th'emptie Harbour, by the free concession
Of Natures Law; who Goods that Owner want
Alwayes alots to the first Occupant.
In this new Case, or in this Cradle (rather)
He spends his Youth: then growing both together
In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell
Wherein at Sea his latter Dayes to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou tedious
In numbring *Neptunes* busie Burgers thus?
If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soueraigne, bring but onely forth
One little *Fish*, whose admirable Storie
Sufficeth sole to show his might and glorie.
Let all the Winds in one Wind gather them,
And seconded with *Neptunes* strongest streame,
Let all at once blow all their stiffest gales
A-sterne a Galley vnder all her sailes;
Let her be holpen with a hundred Owers,
Each liuely handled by fiue lustie Rowers:
The *Remora* fixing her feeble horne
Into the tempest-beaten Vessels sterne,
Stayes her stone-still: while all her stout Consorts
Saile thence at pleasure to their wished Ports.
Then lose they all the sheates, but to no boot,
For the charm'd Vessell bougeth not a foot;
No more then if three fadome vnder ground
A score of Anchors held her fastly bound:

The strange and secret property of the Remora, or Stop-ship.

No

No more then doth an Oake, that in the Wood
Hath thouſand Tempeſts thouſand times with-ſtood,
Spreading as many maſſie rootes below
As mightie Armes aboue the ground doo grow.
O *Stop-Ship* ſay, ſay how thou canſt oppoſe
Thy ſelfe alone againſt ſo many foes?
O tell vs where thou doo'ſt thine Anchors hide,
Whence thou reſiſteſt Sayles, Owers, Wind, and Tide?
How on the ſodaine canſt thou curbe ſo ſhort
A Ship whom all the Elements tranſport?
Whence is thine Engine and thy ſecret force
That fruſtrates Engines, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heau'd mine Anchor o're,
And euen already ſet one foote a-ſhoare,
The Dolphin. When lo, the *Dolphin* beating 'gainſt the banke
'Gan mine obliuion moodily miſ-thanke:
Peace Princely Swimmer, ſacred *Fiſh* content-thee,
For, for thy praiſe th'end of this Song I meant-thee.
Braue Admirall of the broad brynie Regions,
The ſtrange aduenture of Arion, ſaued by a Dolphin. Tryumphant Tamer of the ſcalie Legions,
Who liuing, euer liu'ſt (for neuer ſleepe
(Deaths liuely Image) in thine eyes doth creepe)
Louer of Shipps, of Men, of Melodie,
Thou vp & downe through the moyſt World do'ſt plie
Swift as a ſhaft; whoſe ſalt thou loueſt ſo,
That lacking that, thy life thou do'ſt forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fiſh) weart th'happie Boat, of yore
Which ſafely brought th'*Amyclean* Harp a-ſhoare.
Arion, match-leſſe for his Muſikes skill,
Among the *Latines* hauing gain'd his fill

Of

Of gold and glory; and exceeding faine
To re-ſalute his learned *Greece* againe:
Vnwares, imbarks him in a Pyrats ſhip,
Who loath to let, ſo good a Bootie ſlip,
Soone waighes his Anchors, packs on all his ſayle,
And Windes conſpiring with a proſperous gale,
His winged Fregate made ſo ſpeedie flight,
That ſoone *Terentum* Towers were out of ſight;
And all ſaue Skies, and Seas on euery ſide,
Where, th'onely Compaſſe is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Falſer then Seas, and fiercer then the Winde)
Fall ſtraight to ſtrip him, ryfling at their pleaſure
In euery corner to finde out his treaſure,
And hauing found it, all with one accord
Hoiſt th'Owner vp, to heaue him ouer-boord:
Who weeping ſaid, O *Nereus* noble iſſue,
Not, to reſtore my little gold, I wiſh you,
For my chiefe Treaſure in my Muſike lyes,
(And all *Apollo's* ſacred Pupills, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnaſſus* ſo,
That vnder-foot all worldly wealth they throw.)
No (braue Tryumphers ouer Winde and Waue,
Who in both Worlds your habitation haue,
Who both Heau'ns Hookes in your aduentures view)
'Tis not for that, with broken ſighes I ſue:
I but beſeech you, offer no impieties
Vnto a perſon deere vnto the Deities:
So may *Meſſenian Syrens*, for your ſake,
Be euer mute when you your voyage make,

And *Trytons* Trumpet th'angrie Surges ſwage,
When (iuſtly) *Neptune* ſhall againſt you rage:
But if (alas) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reades in your frownes too-plaine)
Suffer (at leaſt) to my ſad dying voice,
My dolefull fingers to conſort their noiſe:
That ſo, the Sea-Nimphes rapt in admiration
Of my deuine, ſweet, ſacred lamentation;
Dragging my corps to ſhoare, with weeping ſhowers
May deaw the ſame: and it entoombe in flowers.
Then play (ſaid they) and giue vs both together
Treaſure and pleaſure by thy comming hether.
His ſweeteſt ſtrokes then ſad *Arion* lent
Th'inchanting ſinnewes of his Inſtrument,
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean ſo,
That crook-tooth'd Lampreyes and the Congers rowe
Friendly together, and their natiue hate
The Pike and Mullet (for the time) forgat,
And Lobſtars floated feare-leſſe all the while
Among the Polypes, prone to theft and guile.
But, among all the Fiſhes that did throng
To daunce the Meaſures of his mournfull ſong,
There was a Dolphin did the beſt accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Cord:
Who, gently ſliding neere the Pinnaſſe ſide,
Seem'd to inuite him on his backe to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had eſſayd
To heaue him o're, yet twice himſelfe he ſtayd,
And now the third time ſtroue they him to caſt,
Yet by the ſhrowdes the third time held he faſt:

But laſtly, ſeeing Pyrats paſt remorce,
And him too-feeble to withſtand their force,
The trembling Dolphins ſhoulders he beſtrid;
Who on the Oceans azure ſurges ſlid
So, that farre-off (his charge ſo cheared him)
One would haue thought him rather flie, then ſwim:
Yet feares he euery ſhelfe and euery ſurge,
(Not for himſelfe, but for his tender charge)
And, ſloaping ſwiftly ouerthwart thoſe Seas,
(Not for his owne but for his Riders eaſe)
Makes double haſt to finde ſome happie ſtrand
Where his ſweet *Phœbus* he may ſafely land.
Meane while, *Arion* with his Muſike rare,
Payes his deere Pylot his delightfull fare;
And heauing eyes to Heau'n (the Hau'n of Pittie)
To his ſweet Harp he tunes this ſacred Dittie:
O thou Almightie! who mankind to wrack,
Of thouſand Seas, did'ſt whilome one Sea make,
And yet didſt ſaue from th'vniuerſall Doome,
One ſacred Houſhold, that in time to come
From Age to Age ſhould ſing thy glorious praiſe:
Looke downe (O Lord) from thy ſupernall rayes;
Looke, looke, (alas) vpon a wretched man,
Halfe Toomb'd alreadie in the Ocean:
O be my Steeres-man, and vouchſafe to guide
The ſtern-leſſe Boat, and bit-leſſe Horſe I ride,
So that eſcaping Windes and Waters wrath,
I once againe may tread my natiue path:
And hence-forth, heere with ſolemne vowes I ſacre
Vnto thy glory (O my God and Maker)

For this great fauours high Memoriall,
My heart, and Art, my voice, hand, Harpe, and all.
Here-with, the Seas their roaring rage refraine,
The Cloudie Welkin waxed cleere againe,
And all the Windes did ſodainly conuert
Their mouthes to eares to heare his wondrous Art.
The Dolphin then, diſcrying Land at laſt,
Stormes with himſelfe, for hauing made ſuch haſt,
And wiſht *Laconia* thouſand Leagues from thence,
T'haue ioy'd the while his Muſikes excellence;
But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring farre
Th'vnhoped ſafety of the Minſtrell rare,
Sets him a ſhoare, and (which moſt ſtrange may ſeeme)
Where life he tooke, there life reſtoreth him.
But now (deere *Muſe*) with *Ionas* let vs hie
From the Whales belly; and from ieopardie
Of ſtormfull Seas, of wreakfull Rocks and Sand,
Come, come (my Darling) let vs haſt to Land.

The ſecond part of this book, treating of Fowles.

While buſie, poaring downward in the Deepe,
I ſing of Fiſhes (that there Quarter keepe)
See how the Fowles are from my fancie fled;
And their high praiſes quight out of my head;
Their flight out-flies me, and my Muſe almoſt
The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath loſt.
But cheere ye Birds, your ſhadowes (as ye paſſe)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turnes,
Both what my duty, and your due concernes.
But firſt I pray (*for meed of all my toile*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)

Vouchſafe

Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes
The sence-lesse sences of those drowsie Sots,
Whose eye-lids laden with a waight of Lead
Shall fall a-sleepe the while these Rimes are read.
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
Among the Water's silent Colonies;
How can they sleepe among the Birds, whose sound
Through Heau'n & Earth and Ocean doth rebound?
The Heau'nly Phœnix, first began to frame
The Earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus*, circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such forme, such feathers, and such Fate he gaue-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing brauer.
Two sparkling eyes; vpon her Crowne, a Crest
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent then the rest)
A golden doune about her dainty neck,
Her brest deepe purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and traine of feathers mixed fine
Of orient azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheere,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her heere
Her life againe, which neuer shall expire
Vntill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, hauing passed vnder diuers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes,
Worne-out with yeeres, wishing her end-lesse end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend:
Dies to reuiue, and goes into her Graue
To rise-againe more beautifull and braue.

Of the admirable and Onely Phœnix.

Her description.

Her life.

Perched therefore, vpon a branch of Palme,
With Incenſe, Caſſia, Spikenard, Mirrhe, and Balme,
By breake of Day ſhe builds (in narrow roome)
Her Vrne, her neſt, her Cradle, and her Toombe:
Where, while ſhe ſits all gladly-ſad, expecting
Some flame (againſt her fragrant heape reflecting)
To burne her ſacred bones to ſeed-full Cinders
Her death. (Wherein, her age, but not her life, ſhe renders)
The *Phrigian* Skincker with his lauiſh Ewer,
Drownes not the Fields with ſhower after ſhower;
The ſhiuering *Coach-man* with his ycie Snow,
Dares not the Forreſts of *Phœnicia* ſtrow.
Auſter vouchſafes not *Lybian* ſhoares to paſſe
With his moiſt wings, and gray-beard *Boreas*
(As the moſt boiſtrous and rebellious ſlaue)
Is pril'ned cloſe in the *Hyper-Borean* Caue:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T'her liuing Death a helping hand doth lend:
And ſtopping all thoſe mouthes, doth mildly ſted
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himſelfe, glauncing his golden eyes
On th'odoriferous Couch wherein ſhe lies,
Kindles the Spice, and by degrees conſumes
Th'immortall *Phœnix*, both her fleſh and plumes.
But inſtantly, out of her aſhes ſprings
Her re-generation. A Worme, an Egge then, then a Bird with wings,
Iuſt like the firſt (rather the ſame indeed)
Which re-ingendred of it's ſelfly ſeed)
By noblely dying a new Date begins,
And where ſhe loſeth, there her life ſhe winnes:

End.

End-leſſe by'r End, eternall by her Toombe;
While by a proſperous Death, ſhe doth become,
Among the Cinders of her ſacred Fire,
Her owne ſelfes Heire, Nurſe, Nurſeling, Dam, & Sire:
Teaching vs all, in *Adam* heere to die, *The beſt application.*
That we in *Chriſt* may liue eternallie,
The *Phœnix*, cutting th'vnfrequented Aire,
Forth-with is followed by a thouſand paire *Birds that follow the Phœnix and their natures.*
Of wings, in th'inſtant by th'Almighty wrought,
With diuers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.
The ſent-ſtrong Swallow ſweepeth too and fro, *The Swallow.*
As ſwift as ſhafts flie from a *Turkiſh* Bow,
When (vſe, and Art, and ſtrength confedered)
The skilfull Archer drawes them to the head,
Flying ſhe ſings, and ſinging ſeeketh where,
She more with cunning, then with coſt, may reare
Her round-front Pallace in a Place ſecure,
Whoſe Plot may ſerue in rareſt Arch'titure:
Her little beake ſhe loads with brittle ſtrawes,
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her clawes,
Whereof ſhe Morter makes, and there-with-all,
Aptly ſhe builds her ſemi-circled Wall.
The prettie *Larke*, climbing the Welkin cleere, *The Larke.*
Chaunts with a cheere, heere peere-I neere my Deere;
Then ſtooping thence (ſeeming her fall to rew)
Adiew (ſhe ſaith) adiew, Deere, Deere adiew.
The Spinck, the Linote, and the Gold-Finch fill *The Linot.* *The Finch.*
All the freſn Aire with their ſweet warbles ſhrill.
But all this's nothing to the *Nightingale*, *The Nightingale.*
Breathing ſo ſweetly from a breſt ſo ſmall,

So many Tunes, whoſe Harmonie excells
Our Voice, our Violls, and all Muſike els.
Good Lord! how oft in a greene Oken Groue,
In the coole ſhadow haue I ſtood, and ſtroue
To marrie mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers?
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick Thorne I heare
A Nightingale to warble ſweetly cleere:
One while ſhe beares the Baſe, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Trebble, then the Counter-Tenor,
Then, all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rareſt voyces with her ſelfe to ſing:
Thence thirty ſteps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another Nightingale repeates her Layes,
Iuſt Note for Note, and adds ſome ſtraine at laſt,
That ſhe had conned all the Winter paſt:
The firſt replies, and deſcants there-vpon
With diuine warbles of Diuiſion,
Redoubling Quauers; And ſo (turne by turne)
Alternately they ſing away the Morne:
So that, the Conqueſt in this curious ſtrife
Doth often coſt the one her voice and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the reſt admire,
And after count her Miſtreſſe of the Quire.
At breake of Day, in a delicious ſong
She ſets the *Gammut* to a hundred young;
And when as, fit for higher Tunes ſhe ſees-them,
Then learnedly ſhe harder Leſſons giues-them,
Which ſtraine by ſtraine they ſtudiouſly recite,
And follow all their Miſtreſſe Rules a-right.

The *Colchian* Pheasant, and the Partridge rare,
The lustfull Sparrow, and the fruitfull Stare,
The chattering Pye, the chasteſt Turtle-Doue,
The grizell Quoiſt, the Thruſh that Grapes doth loue,
The little Gnat-ſnap, worthy Princes Boords,
And the greene Parrot, fainer of our words,
Waite on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themſelues in her blew-golden plumes.

Diuers other delicate and gentle Birds.

The rau'ning Kite, whoſe traine doth well ſupplie
A Rudders place; the Falcon mounting high,
The Marline, Lanar, and the gentle-Tercell,
Th'Oſpray, and Saker, with a nimble Sarcell
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almoſt)
At once diſcouering many an vnknowne Coaſt:
In the ſwift Ranke of theſe fell Rouers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the gliſtring eyes,
Beake *Eagle-like*, backe ſable, Sanguine breſt,
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce tallents, alwaies preſt
For bloody Battailes; for, with theſe he teares
Boares, Lyons, Horſes, Tigres, Bulls, and Beares:
With theſe, our Grandames fruitfull panch he pulls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floore his proud neſt, builded ſtrong and ſteepe
On a high Rock, better his theſts to keepe:
With theſe, he guards againſt an Armie bold,
The hollow Mines where firſt he findeth gold,
As wroath, that men vpon his right ſhould roue,
Or theeuiſh hands vſurp his *Treſor-troue*.

Rauenous Birds.

O! euer may'ſt thou fight ſo (valiant Foule)
For this dire bane of our ſeduced ſoule,

Deteſtation of Auarice, for her execrable & dangerous effects.

And

And (with thee) may the *Dardane* Ants, ſo ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard, (her
That hope-leſſe hence-forth, mans fraile mind may reſt-
From ſeeking that, which doth it's Maiſters maiſter:
O odious poyſon, for the which we dyue
To *Plutos* darke Den: for the which we riue
Our Mother Earth, and not contented with
Th'abundant gifts ſhe outward offereth,
With ſacrilegious Tooles we rudely rend-her,
And ranſake deeply in her boſome tender,
While vnder ground, we liue in hourely feare
When the fraile Mines ſhall ouer-whelme vs there:
For which, beyond rich *Taprobane*, we roule
Through thouſand Seas to ſeeke another Pole;
And maugre Winds and Waters enmitie,
We euery Day new vnknowne Worlds deſcrie:
For which (alas) the brother ſells his brother,
The Sire his Sonne, the Sonne his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheere,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not ſell we heere,
Sithence to ſatiate our Gold-thirſtie gall,
We ſell our ſelues, our very ſoules and all?

Night-Fowles and ſolitarie Birds.

Neere theſe, the Crow his greedy wings diſplayes,
The long-liu'd Rauen, th'infamous Bird that layes
His baſtard Egges within the neſts of other,
To haue them hatch't, by an vnkindly Mother,
The Skritch-Owle, vſ'd in falling Towers to lodge,
Th'vnluckie Night-Rauen, and thou laſie Madge
That fearing light, ſtill ſeekeſt where to hide,
The hate and ſcorne of all the Birds beſide.

But (gentle *Muſe*) tell me what Fowles are thoſe *Water-Fowles.*
That but euen-now from flaggie Fennes aroſe?
'Tis th'hungry Hearn, the greedy Cormorant,
The Coote and Curlew, which the Moores doo haunt,
The nimble Teale, the Mallard ſtrong in flight,
The Di-Dapper, the Plouer and the Snight:
The ſiluer Swanne, that dying ſingeth beſt,
And the Kings-Fiſher, which ſo builds her neſt
By the Sea-ſide in midſt of Winter Seaſon,
That man (in whom ſhines the bright Lamp of Reaſon)
Cannot deuiſe with-all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raiſe or raze:
So long as, there her quiet Couch ſhe keepes,
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmely ſleepes;
For *Æolus*, fearing to drowne her brood,
Keepes home the while, and troubles not the Flood.
The Pirate (dwelling alwayes in his Barke)
In's Calender her building Dayes doth marke:
And the rich Marchant, reſolutely venters,
So ſoone as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Meane-while, the *Langa* skimming (as it were)
The Oceans ſurface, ſeeketh euery where,
The hugie Whale, where ſlipping in (by Art)
In his vaſte mouth, ſhe feedes vpon his hart.

NEW-SPAYNES Cucuio, in his forhead brings *Strange admirable Birds.*
Two burning Lamps, two vnderneath his wings:
Whoſe ſhining Rayes ſerue oft in darkeſt night,
Th'Imbroderer's hand in Royall Works to light:
Th'ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To poliſh faire his pureſt Iuorie:

The

The Vſurer, to count his gliſtring treaſures:
The learned Scribe, to limne his golden meaſures.
But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Thoſe paſſing ſtrange and wondrous (birds) *Mamuques*,
(Wond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Skie,
Saw euer wonder, ſwim, or goe, or flie) (them,
Non knowes their neſt, non knows the dam that breeds
Food-leſſe they liue, for th'Aire alonely feeds them,
Wing-leſſe they flie, and yet their flight extends,
Till with their flight, their vnknowne lyues-date ends.

Charitable Birds. The *Storke*, ſtill eying her deere *Theſſalie*,
The *Pelican* conſorteth cheerefullie:
Praiſe-worthy Payer; which pure examples yield
Of faithfull Father, and officious Child.
Th'one quites (in time) her Parents loue exceeding,
From whom ſhe had her birth and tender breeding;
Not onely brooding vnder her warme breſt
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the neſt;
Nor onely bearing them vpon her back (lack;
Through th'emptie Aire, when their owne wings they
But alſo, ſparing (this let Children note)
Her daintieſt food from her owne hungry throate,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heauie Gyues of Eld.
The other, kindly for her tender Brood
Teares her owne bowells, trilleth out her blood
To heale her young, and in a wondrous ſort
Vnto her Children doth her life tranſport:
For, finding them by ſome fell Serpent ſlaine,
She rents her breſt, and doth vpon them raine

Her vitall humour; whence, recouering heat,
They by her death, another life doo get:
A Type of *Christ*, who, sinne-thrall'd man to free,
Became a Captiue; and on shamefull Tree
(Selfe-guiltlesse) shed his blood, by's wounds to saue-vs,
And salue the wounds th'old Serpent firstly gaue-vs:
And so became, of meere immortall, mortall;
Thereby to make, fraile mortall man, immortall.
Thus doo'st thou print (O Parent of this All)
In euery brest of brutest Animall
A kinde Instinct, which makes them dread no lesse
Their Childrens danger, then their owne decease:
That so each Kinde, may last immortallie,
Though th'*Indiuiduum* passe successiuelie.
So fights a Lyon (not for glory then)
But for his deere Whelps taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kills; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes in, dread-lesse of Speares, and Darts,
Swords, shafts, & staues, though hurt in thousand parts;
And braue-resolued, till his last breath lack,
Neuer giues ouer, nor an inch giues back:
Wrath salues his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)
When ouer-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die; dying, he more bemoanes,
Then his owne death, his Captiue little-Ones.
So for their young our Mastie Curres will fight,
Eagerly barke, bristle their backs, and bite.
So, in the *Deepe*, the Dogge-Fish for her frie
Lucina's throwes a thousand times doth trie:

Lessons for mankinde out, of the Consideration of the natures of diuers creatures.

For

For ſeeing when the ſubtle Fiſher followes-them,
Againe aliue into her wombe ſhe ſwallowes-them,
And when the perill's paſt, ſhe brings them thence,
As from the Cabines of a ſafe defence:
And (thouſand lyues to their deere Parent owing)
As ſound as euer in the Seas are rowing:
So doth a Hen make of her wings a Targe
To ſhield her Chickins that ſhe hath in charge:
And ſo the Sparrow with her angry bill
Defends her brood from ſuch as would them ill.

The Crane.

I heare the Crane (if I miſtake not) crie,
Who, in the Clouds forming the forked Y,
By the braue orders practiz'd vnder her,
Inſtructeth Souldiars in the Art of Warre.
For when her Troopes of wandring Cranes forſake
Froſt-firmed *Strymon*, and in *Autumne*, take
Truce with the *Northern Dwarfes*, to ſeeke aduenture
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter;
A-front each Band a forward Captaine flies,
Whoſe pointed Bill cuts paſſage through the skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keepe the Ranks aright,
And with their voice haſten their tardie Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming ſleepe
Sweetly begins through all their vaines to creepe,
One keepes the Watch, and euer carefull-moſt,
Walkes many a Round about the ſleeping Hoaſt,
Still holding in his claw, a ſtonie clod,
Whoſe fall may wake him if he hap to nod:
Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Vntill by turnes, the Night be turned forth.

There

There, the faire Peacock beautifully braue, *The Peacock.*
Proud, portly-ſtrouting, ſtalking, ſtately-graue,
Wheeling his ſtarrie Traine, in pompe diſplayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.
Cloſe by his ſide ſtands the couragious Cock,
Creſt-peoples King, the Peaſants truſtie Clock, *The Cock.*
True mornings Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Aſtronomer,
Who daily riſeth when the Sunne doth riſe,
And when *Sol* ſetteth, then to rooſt he hies,
There, I perceaue amid the flowrie Plaine *The Eſtridge.*
The mighty Eſtridge, ſtriuing oft in vaine
To mount among the flying multitude:
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd)
Whoſe greedy ſtomack ſteely gads diſgeſts,
Whoſe criſped traine adornes tryumphant creſts.
Thou happy Witnes of my happy Watches, *Of Inſects in the Creation whereof the wiſedome of their Maker ſhineth admirably.*
Bluſh not (my Booke) nor think it thee diſmatches,
To beare about vpon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, Butterflies, Gnats, Bees, and all the rables
Of other Inſects (end-leſſe to rehearſe)
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verſe;
Sith theſe are alſo His wiſe Workmanſhips,
Whoſe fame did neuer obſcure Worke eclipſe:
And ſith, in theſe he ſhowes vs euery hower
More wondrous proofes of his Almighty power
Then in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatſoeuer other Monſter haunts
In ſtorme-leſſe Seas, raiſing a ſtorme about,
While in the Sea another Sea they ſpout.

For, if old Times admire *Callicrates*
For Iuorie Emmets; and *Myrmecides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, ſo ſmall;
That with her wings a Bee could hide it all:
Though th'art-full fruites of all their curious paine
(Fit for no vſe) were but inuentions vaine:
Admire we then th'All-wiſe Omnipotence,
Which doth within ſo narrow ſpace diſpence
Of Flies. So ſtiffe a ſting, ſo ſtout and valiant hart,
So loud a voice, ſo prudent wit and Art.
For where's the State beneath the Firmament,
That doth excell the Bees for Gouernment?
Of Bees. No, no, bright *Phœbus*, whoſe eternall Race
Once euery Day about the World doth pace,
Sees heere no Citie, that in Rites and Lawes,
(For Equitie) neere to their Iuſtice drawes:
Not that, which flying from the furious *Hunne*,
In th'*Adrian*-Sea another World begun.
Their well-rul'd State my ſoule ſo much admires,
That, durſt I looſe the Raines of my deſires,
I gladly could digreſſe from my deſigne,
To ſing a while their ſacred Diſcipline:
But, if of all, whoſe skilfull Pencills dare
To counterfait th'Almighties Models rare,
None yet durſt finiſh that faire Peece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Loues* wanton Queene,
Shall I preſume *Hymetus* Mount to climbe,
And ſing the Bees praiſe in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince,
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

Yet

Yet may I not, that little Worme paſſe by, *The ſilk worme.*
Of Flye turn'd Worme, and of a Worme a Flye:
Two births, two deathes, here Nature hath aſſign'd-her,
Leauing a Poſt-hume dead-liue ſeed behind-her:
Which ſoone transformes the freſh and tender leaues
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to thoſe ſlender ſleaues
(On ouall clewes) of ſoft, ſmoath, Silken Flaxe,
Which more for vs, then for her ſelf ſhe makes.
O precious Fleece which onely did adorne
The ſacred loynes of Princes heretoforne:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuſe,
Hath ſo profan'd th'old honourable vſe,
That Shifters now, who ſcarce haue bread to eate,
Diſdaine plaine Silke, vn-les it bee beſet
With one of thoſe deere mettals, whoſe deſire
Burnes greedie ſoules with an immortall fire.
Though laſt, not leaſt: braue Eagle, no contempt
Made me ſo long thy ſtorie hence exempt:
Nor IESS-EX*told ſhall thy true vertues bee,*
For th'Eyries ſake that owes my Muſe and mee;
Whear Ioues *and* Iunos *ſtately Birds bee billing,*
Thear azure Field with faireſt Æglets *filling*
(Azure *they beare three* Æglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin 'grailed Or betweene*)
WItt, CHieftie, RICHes, *to* THem *all I wiſh*
In Earth, In Heau'n th'immortall Crowne of Bliſſe.
For well I know, thou holdeſt worthily
That place among the Aerie flokes that fly,
As doth the Dragon or the Cocatrice
Among the banefull creeping companies:

Yet

The noble Lyon among ſauage Beaſtes:
And gentle Dolphin 'mong the dyuing gueſts.
I know thy courſe, I know thy conſtant ſight
Can fixly gaze againſt Heau'ns greateſt Light.
But as the Phœnix on my Front doth gliſter,
Thou ſhalt the Finials of my Frame illuſter.

A ſtrange and notable ſtorie of the loue and death of an Eagle.

On *Thracian* ſhoare of that ſame ſtormie Streame
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Siſter; and not farre from thence,
Whear loue-blind *Heros* hap-leſſe diligence,
In ſteed of Loues lampe, lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft *Leanders* naked limbes to land:
Thear dwelt a Maide, as noble, and as rich,
As faire as *Hero*, but more chaſt by much:
For her ſteele breſt ſtill blunted all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eſchewed his arts.

One day, this Damſel through a Forreſt thicke
Hunting among her Friends (that ſport did ſeeke)
Vpon a ſteep Rockes thornie-thrummed top
(Whear, one (almoſt) would feare to clamber vp)
Two tender Æglets in a neſt eſpies,
Which 'gainſt the Sunne ſate trying of their eyes;
Whoſe callow backs and bodies round about
With ſoft ſhort quils began to briſtle out,
Who yawning wide, with emptie gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their parents rape.
Of theſe two Foules the faireſt vp ſhe takes
Into her boſome, and great haſt ſhe makes
Downe from the Rocke, and ſhiuering yet for feare
Tripps home as faſt as her light feet can beare:

Euen

Euen as a Wolfe, that hunting for a pray,
And hauing ſtolne (at laſt) ſome Lambe away;
Flies with downe-hanging head, and leereth backe
Whether the Maſtie doo purſue his tracke.
In time, this Ægle was ſo throughly man'd,
That from the Quarrie, to her Miſtres hand
At the firſt call 't would come; and faune vpon her,
And bill, and bow, in ſigne of loue and honour:
On th'other ſide, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deere Bird, ſtroaking with gentle touch
Her wings and traine, and with a wanton voice
It wantonly doth cheriſh and reioyce:
And (prettie-fondling) ſhe doth prize it higher
Then her owne beauties; which all elſe admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our ſingle ioyes,
With bitter gall of infinite anoyes)
An extream Feuer vext the Virgins bones
(By one diſeaſe to cauſe two deaths at once)
Conſum'd her fleſh, and wanly did diſplace
The Roſe-mixt Lillies in her louely face.
Then far'd the Foule and Faireſt both a-like,
Both like tormented, both like ſhiuering ſick,
So that, to note their paſſions, one would gather
That *Lacheſis* ſpun both their liues together.
But oft the Ægle, ſtriuing with her fitt,
Would fly abroad to ſeek ſome dainty bitt,
For her deere Miſtres, and with nimble wing,
Some Raile, or Quaile, or Partridge would ſhe bring:
Paying with food, the food receiu'd ſo oft,
From thoſe faire, Iuory, Virgin-fingers ſoft,

During her nonage, yer ſhe durſt eſſay
To cleaue the skye, and for her ſelf to prey.
The Feuer now with ſpitefull fitts had ſpent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life reſign'd to cruell Death her Right,
Who three daies after, doth the Eagle cite.
The fearefull Hare durſt now frequent the Downe,
And round about the Walles of *Heros* Towne,
The Tercel-gentle, and ſwift Falcon flew,
Dreadles of th'Eagle that ſo well they knew:
For ſhe (alas) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still ſadly moorning; though a-liue, yet dead:
For, O how ſhould ſhe liue, ſith Fatall knife
Hath cut the threed of her lyues deereſt life?
O're the deer corps ſometimes her wings ſhe houers,
Sometimes the dead breſt with her breſt ſhe couers,
Sometimes her necke doth the pale necke embrace,
Sometimes ſhe kiſſes the cold lips and face;
And with ſad murmurs ſhe lamenteth ſo
That her ſtrange moane augments the Parents woe.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot runne
Paſt the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* ſonne,
Since the faire Virgin paſt the fatall Ferrie
Whear (laſtly) mortals leaue their burthens wearie,
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her teares,
All comfort-les, Reſt and Repaſt forbears:
Somuch (alas) ſhe ſeemeth to contend,
Her life and ſorrowes both at once to end.
But laſtly, finding all theſe meanes too-weake,
The quicke diſpatch that ſhe did wiſh, to wreake;

With

With ire and anguiſh both at once enraged,
Vnnaturally her proper breſt ſhe gaged,
And teares her bowells, ſtorming bitterly
That all theſe deaths could yet not make her die.
But, lo the while, about the lightſome dore
Of th'hap-les houſe, a mournfull troop, that bore
Blacke on their backe, and Tapers in their fiſts,
Teares on their cheeks, and ſorrow in their breſts:
Who, taking vp the ſacred Load (at laſt)
Whoſe happie ſoule alreadie Heau'n embra'ſt;
With ſhrill, ſad cries, march't toward the fatall Pile
With ſolemne pace: The ſillie Bird the while,
Following farre off, her bloodie entrailes trailes,
Honoring with conuoy, two ſad Funerals.
No ſooner had the Ceremonious Flame
Embra'ſt the Bodie of her tender Dame,
But ſodainly, diſtilling all with blood,
Downe ſouſt the Eagle on the blazing wood,
Nor bootes the Flamine, with his ſacred wand
A hundred times to beat her from her ſtand;
For, to the midſt ſtill of the *Pyle* ſhe plies,
And ſinging ſweet her Ladies Obſequies,
There burnes her ſelfe: and blendeth happily
Her bones with hers ſhe lou'd ſo tenderly.
O happie Payer vpon your ſable Toombe,
May *Mel* and *Manna* euer ſhowring come;
May ſweeteſt Mirtles euer ſhade your Herſe,
And euermore liue you within my Verſe.

So Morne and Euening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

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The ſixth Day of the firſt Weeke.

The Argvment.

Inuiting all, which through this World, aſpire
Vnto the next, Gods glorious Workes t'admire:
Heere, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beaſts of the Earth, Cattell, and Creeping things:
Their hurt and helpe to vs: The ſtrange euents
Betweene Androdus, *and the Forreſt-Prince.*
The little-World (*Commander of the greater*)
Why formed laſt: His admirable Feature:
His Heauen-borne Soule: her wondrous operation:
His deereſt Ribb. All Creatures Generation.

YOu Pilgrims, which throngh this worlds city wend
Toward th'happie Citie, whear withouten end
True ioyes abound; to Anchor in the Port
Whear Death's vale horrors neuer doo reſort:
If you would ſee the faire Amphitheaters,
Th'Arkes, Arcenalls, Towers, Temples and Theaters,
Coloſſes, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Pallaces
Proudly diſperſed in your Paſſages;

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, ted towards the euerlaſting Citie, to conſider well the excellent workes of God, heere repreſented by our Poet.

Come, come with me: For thear's not any part
In this great Frame, where ſhineth any Arte,
But I will ſhow't you. Are you wearie ſince?
What! tyr'd ſo ſoone? Why, will you not (my friends)
Hauing-alreadie vent'red forth ſo farre
On *Neptune's* backe, (through Windes & Waters war)
Row yet a ſtroake, the Habour to recouer,
Whoſe ſhoares alreadie my glad eyes diſcouer?
Almightie, Father, guide their Guide along
Invocation. And poure vpon my faint vn-fluent tongue
The ſweeteſt hunnie of th' *Hyantian* Fount,
Which freſhly purleth from the Muſes Mount.
With the ſweet charme of my Victorious Verſe,
Tame furious Lyons, Bears, and Tigers fierce,
Make all the wilde Beaſts, laying furie by,
To come with Homage to my Harmonie.
The Elephant. Of All The Beaſts which thou *this day* did'ſt build,
To haunt the Hills, the Forreſt, and the Field,
I ſee (as vice-Roy of their brutiſh Band)
The Elephant, the Vaunt-guard doth commaund:
Worthie that Office; whether we regard
His Tow'red Back, whear many Souldiers ward;
Or elſe his Prudence, whearwithall he ſeemes
T' obſcure the wits of human-kinde ſometimes:
As ſtudious Scholer, he ſelf-rumineth
His leſſons giu'n, his King he honoreth,
Adores the Moone: mooued with ſtrange deſire,
He feeles the ſweet flames of th' *Idalian* fire,
And pier'ſt with glance of a kinde-cruell eye,
For humane beautie, ſeemes to ſigh and die.

Yea (if the *Gracians* doo not miſſ-recite)
With's crooked trumpet he doth ſometimes write.
But his huge ſtrength, nor ſubtle witt, can not
Defend him from the ſly Rhinocerot:
Who neuer, with blinde furie led, doth venter
Vpon his Foe, but yer the Liſts he enter,
Againſt a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous Pike vpon his armed-ſnout;
Then buckling cloſe, doth not at randon, hack
On the hard Cuiraſſe on his Enemies back
But vnder's bellie (cunning) findes a skinne,
Whear (and but thear) his ſharpned blade will in.
The ſcalie Dragon, being elſe too low
For th'Elephant, vp a thicke Tree doth goe,
So, cloſely ambuſh't almoſt euerie day,
To watch the Carrie-Caſtell, in his way:
Who once approaching, ſtraight his ſtand he leaues,
And round about him he ſo cloſely cleaues
With's wrything bodie; that his Enemie
(His ſtinging knots vnable to vn-tie)
Haſts to ſome Tree, or to ſome Rocke, whearon
To ruſh and rub-off his deteſted zone,
The fell embraces of whoſe diſmall claſp:
Haue almoſt brought him to his lateſt ghaſp:
Then ſodainly, the Dragon ſlips his hold
From th'Elephant, and ſliding downe, doth fold
About his fore-legs fetter'd in ſuch order,
That ſtocked thear, he now can ſtir no furder:
While th'Elephant (but to no purpoſe) ſtriues
With's winding Trunck t'vndoo his wounding gyues,

His Combat with the Rhinocerot.

His combat with the Dragon.

The true Image of Ciuill warre.

Yea

His

His furious foe, thruſts in his noſe, his noſe;
Then head and all; and thear-withall doth cloſe
His breathing paſſage: but his victorie
Hee ioyes not long, for his huge Enimie
Falling downe dead, doth with his waightie Fall
Cruſh him to death, that cauſ'd his death withall:
Like factious *French-men*, whoſe fell hands purſue
In their owne breſts their furious blades t'imbrew,
While pittie-les, hurried with blinded zeale,
In her owne bloud they bathe, their Common-weale;
When as at *Dreux*, S. *Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their parricidiall bloodie ſwords incounter;
Making their Countrie, as a Tragike Tombe,
T'interr th'Earths terror in her haples wombe.
Or, like our owne (late) YORKE *and* LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-Warre,
Which did the wombe of their owne Dam deuoure,
And ſpoyl'd the freſheſt of faire ENGLAND'S *Flower,*
When WHITE *and* RED, ROSE *againſt* ROSE, *they ſtood*
Brother 'gainſt Brother to the knees in blood:
While WAKE-FIELD, BARNET *&* S. ALBONS *ſtreates*
Weare drunke with deere blood of PLANTAGENETS:
Whear either Conquer'd, and yet neither Wonne,
Sith by them both, was but their owne vndone.

Neere th'Elephant, comes th'horned * Hirable,
Streame-troubling Cammell, and ſtrong-necked Bull,
The lazie-paced (yet laborious) Aſſe,
The quicke, proud Courſer, which the reſt doth paſſe
For apt addreſſe; *Mars*, and his Maiſter louing,
After his hand with readie lightnes mouing:

* *alias*, Giraffe.

The Hirable
Cammell.
Bull.
Aſſe.
Horſe.

This

This, out of hand, will ſelf-aduance, and bound,
Coruet, pace, manage, turne, and trot the round:
That, followes loſe behind the groome that keeps-him,
This, kneeleth downe the while-his Maiſter leapes him:
This, runnes on Corne-Eares and ne'r bends their quills,
That, on the Water and ne'r wets his heeles.
In a freſh Troupe, the fearefull Hare I note, *The Hare.*
Th'obliuious Conney, and the brouzing Goat, *The Connie. Goat.*
The ſloathfull Swine, the golden-fleeced Sheepe, *Sheepe. Swine.*
The light-foot Hart, which euerie yeare doth weepe *Deere.*
(As a ſad recluſe) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time hee before hath ſhed.
O what a ſport, to ſee a Heard of them
Take ſoile in Sommer in ſome ſpacious ſtreame:
One ſwimmes before, another on his chine,
Nigh halfe vpright doth with his breſt incline,
On that another; and ſo all doo ride
Each after other: and ſtill, when their guide
Growes to be wearie, and can lead no more,
He that was hindmoſt comes and ſwims before:
Like as in London, *ſtill one Magiſtrate*
Beares not the Burthen of the common State,
Nor alwaies doth one learned Billingſley,
Or one rich Spencer, *the Rules bridle ſway;*
But hauing borne their Yeere, they doo diſcharge
On others ſhoulders their ſweet-bitter Charge.
But of all Beaſtes, none ſteedeth man ſo much
As doth the Dogg; his diligence is ſuch:
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull puruayor, that with perfect ſmell,

Prouides

Prouides great Princes many a daintie meſſe,
A friend till death, a helper in diſtreſſe,
Dread of the Wolfe, Feare of the fearefull Thiefe,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chiefe.

Squirel. Thear skips the Squirrell, ſeeming Weather-wiſe,
Without beholding of Heau'ns twinckling eyes,
For, knowing well which way the winde will change,
He ſhifts the portall of his little Grange.

Weaſell. Thear's th'wanton Weazell, and the wily Foxe,
Foxe. The wittie Monkey, that mans action mocks:
Monkey- The ſweat-ſweet Ciuet, deerly fetcht from farre
Ciuet Cat. For Courtiers nice, paſt *Indian Tarnaſſar.*

Bezar. Thear, the wiſe Beuer, who purſued by foes,
Tears-off his Codlings and among them throwes;
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath,
Doo more deſire that ranſome, then his death.

Hedgehog Thear, the rough Hedgehog, who, to ſhun his thrall
Shrinks vp himſelfe as round as any Ball,
And faſtning his ſlow feet vnder his chinne,
On's thiſtly briſtles rowles him quickly in.

But th'Eye of Heau'n beholdeth nought more ſtrange
Then the Cameleon, who with various change

Cameleon Receiues the cullour that each obiect giues,
And (food-les elſe) of th'Aire alonely liues.

My blood congeales, my ſodaine ſwelling breſt
Can hardly breath, with chill cold cakes oppreſt;
My haire doth ſtare, my bones for feare do quake,
My cullour changes, my ſad heart doth ſhake;
And round about, Deaths Image gaſtly-grim
Before mine eyes all-readie ſeemes to ſwim.

O who is hee that would not be aſtound,
To be (as I am) heere enuiron'd round
With cruel'ſt Creatures, which for Maiſterie,
Haue vow'd againſt vs end les Enmitie?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcydes* ſelf would dread,
Although the firſt drad *Python* conquered,
And th'other vanquiſh't th'*Erymanthian* Boare,
The *Nemean* Lyon and a many more.
What ſtrength of arme, or art-full ſtratagem
From *Nile's* fell Rouer could deliuer them,
Who runnes, and rowes, warring by Land and Water
'Gainſt Men and Fiſhes, ſubiect to his ſlaughter?
Or from that furious Dragon, which alone
Set on a Roman Armie; whearupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines ſpent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* walls haue rent?
What ſhot-free Corſlet, or what counſaile craftie,
'Gainſt th'angrie *Aſpic* could aſſure them ſafetie,
Who (faithfull husband) ouer hill and plaine
Purſues the man that his deere Pheere hath ſlaine:
Whom he can finde amid the thickeſt throng,
And in an inſtant venge him of his wrong?
What ſhield of *Aiax* could auoid their death
By th'*Baſilisk*, whoſe peſtilentiall breath
Doth pierce firme Marble, and whoſe banefull eye
Wounds with a glance, ſo that the ſoundeſt dye?
Lord, if ſo bee, thou for mankinde didſt reare
This rich round Manſion (glorious euerie whear)
Alas, why didſt thou on *this day* Create
Theſe harmefull Beaſts, which but exaſperate

Creatures venomous, and offenſiue to man.

The Crocodile.

Dragon.

Aſpick.

Baſilisk.

Why God created ſuch noyſome and dangerous creatures: Sin the occaſion of the hurt they can do vs.

Our

Our thorny life? O, weart thou pleaſ'd to forme
Th'innammel'd Scorpion, and the Viper-worme,
Th'horned *Ceraſtes*, th'*Alexandrian* Skink,
Th'Adder, and *Drynas* (full of odious ſtinke)
Th'Eft, Snake, and *Dipſas* (cauſing deadly thirſt)
Why haſt thou arm'd them with a rage ſo curſt?
Pardon, good God, pardon me, 't was our pride,
Not thou, that troubled our firſt happy tide,
And in the childhood of the world, did bring
Th' *Amphisbena* her double banefull ſting.
Before that *Adam* did reuolt from thee,
And (curious) taſted of the ſacred Tree,
He liued King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was neuer blanck't with pallid feare, as now:
The fierceſt Beaſts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoake their ſelf-obedient neck,
Simile. As now the readie Horſe is at command
To the good Riders ſpurr, or word, or wand,
And doth not wildly his owne will performe,
But his that rules him with a ſtedy arme.
God hath giuen vs wiſedome to auoid and vanquiſh them. Yea, as forgetfull of ſo foule offence,
Thou left'ſt him yet ſufficient wiſdom, whence
He might ſubdue, and to his ſeruice ſtoupe
The ſtubborn'ſt heads of all the ſauage troupe.
Of all the Creatures through the welkin gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters ſliding,
Th'haſt armed ſome with poyſon, ſome with pawes,
Some with ſharp antlers, ſome with griping clawes
Some with keene tuſhes, ſome with crooked Beaks,
Some with thick Cuirets, ſome with skaly necks.

But

But mad'ſt man naked, and for weapons fitt,
Thou gau'ſt him nothing but a pregnant Witt,
Which ruſts and duls, except it ſubiect find
VVorthy it's worth, wheron it ſelf to grinde:
And (as it were) with enuious armies great,
Be round about beſieged and beſet.
For what boote *Milo's* brawny ſhoulders broad,
And ſinnewie armes, if but a common load
Hee alwaies beare? what Bayes, or Oliue boughes
Parſely, or Pine, ſhall crowne his warlike browes,
Except ſome other *Milo*, entring Liſts
Couragiouſly his boaſted ſtrength reſiſts?
In deepeſt perils ſhineth wiſedoms prime:
Through thouſand deaths true valour ſeeks to clime:
VVell knowing, Conqueſt yeelds but little Honour;
If bloodie danger doo not wait vpon-her.
O gracious Father! th'haſt not only lent
Prudence to man, the Perils to preuent,
VVhearwith theſe foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his ſake) haſt ſet at mutuall ſtrife
Serpents with Serpents, and haſt raiſ'd them foes
VVhich vnprouoked, fellie them oppoſe.
Thou mak'ſt th'ingratefull Viper at his birth,
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:
Thou mak'ſt the Scorpion, greedie after food;
Vnnaturally deuoure his proper brood;
VVhereof, one ſcaping from the Parents hunger,
With's death doth vengeance on his brethrēs wronger
Thou mak'ſt the VVeazel, by a ſecret might
Murder the Serpent with the murdering ſight;

God hath ſet them at enmitie among themſelues.

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

The Weazell againſt the Baſiliske.

who

Who ſo ſurpriſ'd, ſtriuing in wrathfull maner,
Dying himſelf, kills with his baen his Baener.

The Ichneuman againſt the Aſpick

Thou mak'ſt th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphes* adore)
To rid of Poyſons *Nile's* manured ſhoare,
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
Somuch by ſtrength as ſubtile ſtratagem.
As he that vrg'd with deepe indignitie,
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie;
Premeditates his poſture and his play,
And armes him ſelf ſo complet euerie way
(With warie hand guided with watchfull eye,
And readie foot to trauerſe skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaohs* Rat yer he begin the fray
'Gainſt the blinde *Aſpick*, with a cleauing Clay,
Vpon his coat hee wraps an Earthen Cake,
Which afterward the Sunnes hot beames doo bake:
Arm'd with this Plaiſter, th' *Aſpick* he approacheth,
And in his throat, his crooked tooth he broacheth,
While th'other boot-les ſtriues to pierce and pricke
Through the hard temper of his armour thicke.
Yet, knowing himſelf too-weake (for all his wile)
Alone to match the skalie Crocodile,
Hee, with the Wren, his Ruine doth conſpire,
The Wren, who ſeeing, preſt with ſleepes deſire,

The Ichneumon and the Wren againſt the Crocodile

Nile's poyſ'nie Pirate preſſe the ſlimie ſhoare,
Sodainly comes, and hopping him before,
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth hee pickles
Clenſeth his Palate, and his throat ſo tickles,

That

That charm'd with pleaſure, the dull Serpent gapes
Wider and wider with his vgly chaps:
Then, like a ſhaft, th' *Ichneumon* inſtantly
Into the Tirants greedie gorge doth flie,
And feeds vpon that Glutton, for whoſe Riot
All *Niles* fat Margents could ſcarce furniſh diet.
Nay more (good Lord) th'haſt taught Mankind a Reaſõ
To draw life out of Death, and Health from Poyſon:
So that in equall Ballance ballancing
The good and euill which theſe Creatures bring
Vnto mans life, we ſhall perceiue, the firſt
By many graines to ouer-waigh the worſt.
From Serpents ſcap't, yet am I ſcarce in ſafetie,
Alas, I ſee a Legion fierce and loftie
Of Sauvages, whoſe fleet and furious pace,
Whoſe horrid roaring, and whoſe hideous face,
Make my ſence ſenceleſſe, and my ſpeech reſtraine,
And caſt me in my former feares againe.
Alreadie howles the waſte-Fold Wolfe, the Boare
Whetts foamie Fangs, the hungrie Beare doth roare,
The Catt-face't Ounce, that doth me much diſmay,
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
The light-foot Tigre, ſpotted Leopard,
Foaming with furie doe beſiege me hard;
Then th'Vnicorne, th'Hyena tearing-tombes,
Swift Mantiger, and *Nubian* Cephus comes,
Of which laſt three, each hath (as heere they ſtand)
Man's voice, Man's viſage, and Mans foot and hand.
I feare the Beaſt, bred in the bloodie Coaſt
Of *Canibals*, which thouſand times (almoſt)

God hath taught vs to make great vſe of them.

Fierce and vntameable beaſts.

The VVolfe
Boare
Beare.
Ounce
Tigre
Leopard
Vnicorne
Hyæna
Mantiger and Cephus.

Chiurca

Re-whelpes her whelpes, and in her tender wombe,
She doth as oft her liuing brood re-toomb:
But O, what Monſter's this that bids me battail,
On whoſe rough backe an Hoaſt of Pikes dooth rattle:
The Porcupine. Who ſtring-les ſhoots ſo many arrowes out,
Whoſe thornie ſides are hedged round about
With ſtiffe ſteele-pointed quils, and all his parts
Briſtled with bodkins, arm'd with Aules and Darts
Which aye fierce darting, ſeeme ſtill freſh to ſpring,
And, to his ayde, ſtill new ſupplies to bring?
O fortunate, Shaft-neuer-wanting Bow-man,
Who, as thou fly'ſt canſt hit thy following foe-man,
And neuer miſſeſt (or but verie narrow)
Th'intended marke of thy ſelfs-kindred Arrow:
Who, ſtill ſelf-furniſh't, needeſt borrow neuer
Diana's ſhafts, nor yet *Appollos* quiuer,
Nor Bow-ſtrings fetch from *Carian Aleband*,
Brazell from *Peru*, but haſt all at hand
Of thine owne growth; for in thy Hide do grow
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiuer, and thy Bow.
The Lion King of Beaſts. But courage now, heere comes the valiant Beaſt,
The noble Lyon, King of all the reſt;
Who brauely-minded, is as mild to thoſe
That yeeld to him, as fierce vnto his foes:
To humble ſuitors, neither ſterne nor ſtatefull,
To benefactors neuer found ingratefull.
A memorable Hiſtorie of a Lion acknow- I call to record that ſame *Roman* Thrall,
Who (to eſcape from his Mecanicall,
And cruell Maiſter, that for lucre, vſ'd-him
Not as a Man, but as Beaſt, abuſ'd-him)

Fled

Fled through the desart, and with trauaile tired,
At length into a Mossie caue retired:
But thear, no sooner gan the drowzie wretch
On the soft grasse his wearie limbes to stretch,
But comming swift into the caue he seeth
A ramping Lyon gnashing of his teeth.
A thiefe, to shamefull execution sent
By *Iustice*, for his faults iust punishment,
Feeling his eye's clout, and his elbowes cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword,
Dies yer his death, he lookes so certainly
Without delay in that dread place to Die:
Euen so the Slaue, seeing no meanes to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Hauing no way to flie, nor armes to fight,
But sighes and teares, prayers, and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death, abiding for a stownd
Pale, cold, and sence-les, in a deadly sownd.
At last, againe his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiu'd no rage (but pittie rather)
In his new Hoast, who with mild lookes and meeke
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seeke,
Showing him oft one of his pawes, wherein
A festering thorne for a long time had been:
Then (though still fearefull) did the Slaue draw neigher,
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the Bryer,
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th'hott impostume runne vpon the ground.
Thenceforth, the Lyon seeks for Booties best,
Through Hill and Dale, to cheere his new-come Guest,

ledging the kindneshe had receiued of Androdus *a Romane Slaue.*

His new Phiſition, who, for all his coſt,
Soone leaues his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoaſt,
And once more wanders through the wildernes,
Whether his froward Fortune would addreſſe,
Vntill (re-taen) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle vnto Imperiall *Rome*:
To be (according to their barbarous Lawes)
Bloodily torne with greedie Lyons pawes.
Fell *Caniball*! Flint-hearted *Polyphem*!
If thou would'ſt needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monſter, hatefull *Leſtrigon*,)
Why from thine owne hand haſt thou let him gone
To Beares and Lyons to be giuen for prey,
Thy ſelfe more fell a thouſand-fold then they?
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lyons, and *Panonian* Beares,
Bee not ſo cruell as who Violates
Sacred Humanitie, and cruciates
His loyall ſubiects; making recreations
Of Maſſacres, Combats, and ſharpe Taxations.
'Boue all the Beaſts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With bloud and ſlaughter, one was moſt beheld,
One valiant Lyon, whoſe victorious fights
Had conquered hundreds of thoſe guiltie wights,
Whoſe feeble skirmiſh had but ſtriuen in vaine
To ſcape by combat from their errors paine.
That verie Beaſt, with faint and fearefull feet
This Runnagate (at laſt) is forc't to meet,
And beeing entred in the bloodie Liſt,
The Lyon rowz'd, and ruffles-vp his Creſt,

Shortens

Shortens his bodie, sharpens his grim eye,
And staring wide, he roareth hideously:
Then often swindging with his sinnewie traine,
Sometimes his sides, sometimes the dustie Plaine,
He whets his rage, and strongly rampeth on
Against his foe; who nigh alreadie gon
To drinke of *Lethe*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vowes, not for his life, but soule.
After the Beast had marcht some twentie pace,
He sodaine stops, and viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with ioy)
That this was he that eased his anoy:
Wherefore, conuerting from his hatefull wildnes,
From pride to pittie, and from rage to mildnes,
On his bleake face he both his eyes doth fixe,
Fawning for homage, his leane hands he licks.
The Slaue, thus knowing, and thus being knowne;
Lifts to the heau'ns his front now hoarie growne,
And now no more fearing his tearing pawes,
He stroakes the Lyon, and his poule he clawes,
And learnes by proofe, that *a good turne at need,*
At first or last shall be assur'd of meed.

THEAR'S vnder Sunne (as *Delphos* God did show)
No better Knowledge then *Our selfe do Know:*
Thear is no Theame more plentifull to scanne,
Then is the glorious goodly frame of MAN:
For in Man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth, and Sea,
Man's (in a word) the World's Epitome,
Or little Map, which heere my Muse doth trie
By the grand Patterne to exemplifie,

The second part of this sixt book. Wherein is discourſed at large of the creation of Man.

A wittie Maſon, doth not (with rare art)
and of the wonders of Gods wiſedome, appearing both in his bodie and Soule.
Into a Pallace, *Paros* Rocks conuert,
Seele it with gold, and to the Firmament
Raiſe the proud Turrets of his Battlement,
And (to be briefe) in euerie part of it,
Beautie to vſe, vſe vnto beautie fit,
To th'end the Skrich-Owle & the Night-Rauen ſhould
In thoſe faire walles their habitations hold:
But rather, for ſome wiſe and wealthie Prince
Able to iudge of his arts excellence:
Euen ſo, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
The world made for Man.
For the rude gueſtes of Aire, and Woods and Water,
But all for him, who (whether he ſuruey
The vaſt ſalt kingdomes, or th'Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or caſt his eyes vp to thoſe twinckling Eyes
That with diſord'red order guild the Skies)
Can euerie-where admire with due reſpect
Th'admired Art of ſuch an Architect.

Now, of all Creatures which his word did make,
Man was created laſt, and why.
Man was the laſt that liuing breath did take,
Not that he was the leaſt; or that God durſt
Not vndertake ſo noble a Worke at firſt:
Rather, becauſe he ſhould haue made in vaine
So great a Prince, without on whom to Raigne.
Fit compariſon.
A wiſe man neuer brings his bidden gueſt
Into his Parlour, till the Roome be dreſt,
Garniſht with Lights, and Tables neatly ſpred,
Be with full diſhes well-neere furniſhed:
So our great God, who bounteous, euer keepes
Heere open Court, and th'euer boundles Deepes

Of

Of ſweeteſt *Nectar* on vs ſtill diſtills
By twentie-times ten thouſand ſundrie quils,
Would not our Grandſier to his Boord inuite,
Yer he with Arras his faire houſe had dight,
And vnder ſtarrie State-Cloathes, place't his plates
Fill'd with a thouſand ſugred delicates.
All th'admirable Creatures made beforne,
Which Heau'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorne,
Are but Eſſaies, compar'd in euerie part,
To this deuineſt Maiſter-Piece of Art.
Therefore the ſupreme peer-les Architect,
When (of meere nothing) he did firſt erect,
Heau'n Earth and Aire, and Seas; at once his thought
His word, and deed all in an inſtant wrought.
But, when he would his owne ſelfs Type create,
Th'honour of Nature, th'Earths ſole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold, he cyteth
His ſacred Power, his Prudence he inuiteth,
Summons his Loue, his Iuſtice he adiournes,
Calleth his Goodnes, and his Grace returnes,
To (as it were) conſult about the birth
And building of a ſecond God of Earth:
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Some excellence vnto ſo rare a thing.
Or rather, he conſults with's only Sonne,
(His owne true Pourtrait) what proportion,
What gifts, what grace, what ſoule he ſhould beſtow
Vpon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realme below.
When th'other things God faſhion'd in their kind,
The Sea t'abound in Fiſhes he aſſign'd

All other creatures nothing in reſpect of Man made to the Image of God, with (as it wear) great preparation, not all at once, but by interims, firſt his Bodie, and then his reaſonable Soule.

Gen. 1. 26

The Earthin flocks: but hauing Man in hand,
His verie selfe he seemed to commaund.
He both at-once both life and bodie lent
To other things; but, when in man he meant
In mortall limbes immortall life to place,
Hee seem'd to pawse, as in a waightie case:
And so at sundrie moments finished
The Soule and Bodie of Earth's glorious Head.

Invocation.

Admired Artist, Architect deuine,
Perfect and peer-les in all Works of thine,
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy works beside,
That graue Spectators, in his face may spie
Apparant marks of thy Deuinitie.

Mans bodie created of the dust of the Earth.

Almighrie Father, as of waterie matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water:
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball:
To th'end each creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his owne Element.
Thearfore, to forme thine Earthly Emperour
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempred'st it, that of the verie same
Dead shape-les lumpe, did'st *Adams* bodie frame.
Yet, not his face downe to the Earthward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their bellie, ending
For euer all) but toward th'azure Skies
Bright golden Lampes lifting his louely Eyes;
That through their nerues, his better part might looke
Still to that Place from whence her birth she tooke.

Also

Alſo thou planted'ſt th'Intellectuall Power
In th'higheſt ſtage of all this ſtately Bower,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Againſt his Rule: and that our Reaſon, there
Keeping continuall Garriſon (as 't were)
Might Auarice, Enuie, and Pride ſubdue,
Luſt, Gluttonie, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that ſtill ſtriue to gaine
The golden Scepter from their Soueraigne.

His head the ſeat of underſtäding.

Th'Eyes (Bodies guides) are ſet for Sentinell
In nobleſt place of all this Cittadell,
To ſpie farre-off, that no miſſe-hap befall
At vnawares the ſacred Animal.
In forming theſe, thy hand (ſo famous held)
Seemed almoſt to haue it ſelfe excell'd,
Them not tranſpiercing, leaſt our eyes ſhould bee
As theirs; that Heau'n through hollow Canes do ſee,
Yet, ſee ſmall circuit of the welkin bright,
The Canes ſtrict Compaſſe doth ſo claſpe their Sight:
And leaſt ſo many open holes diſgrace
The goodly forme of th'Earthly Monarch's face. (ning,
Theſe louely Lamps, whoſe ſweet ſparks liuelie tur-
With ſodaine glaunce ſet coldeſt hearts a-burning,
Theſe windowes of the Soule, theſe ſtarrie Twinnes,
Theſe *Cupids* quiuers, haue ſo tender skinnes
Through which (as through a paire of ſhining glaſſes)
Their radiant point of piercing ſplendor paſſes,
That they would ſoone be quenched and put out,
But that the Lord hath Bulwark't them about;

The Eyes full of infinite admiration.

By

By ſeating ſo their wondrous Orbes, betwix
The front, the Noſe, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleaſantly incloſed
With prettie Mountaines orderly diſpoſed:
The Browes and Eye lids And as a Penthouſe doth preſerue a Wall
From Raine and Haile, and other Stormes that fall:
The twinckling Lids with their quick-trembling haires
Defend the Eyes from thouſand dang'rous feares.
Who faine would ſee, how much a humane face
A comely Noſe doth beautifie and grace;
Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut off his Noſe
The Noſe For's Princes ſake, to circumuent his foes.
The Noſe, no leſſe for vſe then beautie makes;
For, as a Conduit, it both giues and takes
Our liuing breath: it's as a Pipe put vp,
Whereby the moiſt Braines ſpongie bone doth ſup
Sweet ſmelling fumes: it ſerueth as a gutter
To void the Excrements of groſſeſt matter,
As by the Skull-ſeames, and the Porie Skinne
Euaporate thoſe that are light and thinne:
As through blacke Chimneys flies the bitter ſmoake,
Which but ſo vented would the Houſhold choake.
The Mouth. And, ſith that Time doth with his ſecret file
Frett and diminiſh each thing euerie-while;
And whatſoeuer heere begins and ends,
Weares euerie hower and it's ſelf-ſubſtance ſpends:
Th'Almightie made the Mouth, to recompence
The Stomacks penſion, and the Times expence
(Euen as the greene Trees, by their rootes reſume
Sap for the ſap, that howerly they conſume)

And

And place't it ſo, that alwaies by the way,
By ſent of meates the Noſe might take Eſſay,
The watchfull Eye might true diſtinction make
'Twixt Hearbs and Weeds, betwixt an Eele and Snake,
And then, th'impartiall Tongue might (at the laſt)
Cenſure their goodnes by their ſauorie taſte.

The Tongue

The Teeth

Two equall rankes of Orient Pearles impale
The open Throat: which (Quern-like) grinding ſmall
Th'imperfect foode, ſoone to the Stomack ſend-it
(Our Maiſter-Cooke) whoſe due concoctions mend-it.
But, leaſt the Teeth, naked and bare to light,
Should in the Face preſent a ghaſtly ſight;
With wondrous art, ouer that Mill doo meete
Two moouing Leaues of Corrall ſoft and ſweet.

The Lipps

O mouth! by thee, our ſauage Elders, yerſt
Through way-les Woods, and hollow Rocks diſperſt,
With Akornes fed, with Fells or Fethers clad,
When neither Traffike, Loue, nor Law they had,
Themſelues vniting, built them Townes, and bent
Their willing necks to ciuill Gouernment.
O mouth! by thee, the rudeſt wits haue learned
The noble Artes, which but the wiſe diſcerned.
By thee, we kindle in the coldeſt Spirits
Heroike flames affecting glorious merits.
By thee, we wipe the teares of wofull Eyes,
By thee, wee ſtop the ſtubborne mutinies
Of our rebellious Fleſh, whoſe reſtles Treaſon
Striues to diſ-Throne and to diſ-Scepter Reaſon:
By thee, our Soules with Heau'n haue conuerſation,
By thee, wee calme th'Almighties indignation.

Of the excellent vſe and end of ſpeach.

When

When faithfull sighes from our soules Center flie
About the bright Throne of his Maiestie:
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings;
Our Tong's the Bow, our Teeth the trembling strings;
Our hollow Nostrils with their double vent,
The hollow bellie of the Instrument;
Our Soule's the sweet Musition, that plaies
So deuine lessons, and so Heau'nly layes,
As in deepe passion of pure burning zeale,
Ioues forked lightnings from his fingers steale.
But O what member hath more maruailes in't,
Then th'Eares round-winding double laberinth:
The Bodies scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
The Eares Doores of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers
Of deuine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends vs th'Embassage of his sacred Word?
And, sith all sound seemes alwaies to ascend,
God place't the Eares (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailing their hollow entries so a-sloape,
That while the voice about those windings wanders,
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Meanders*
(As, from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,
Sundrie Similes expressing the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Eare Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or, as a noise extendeth farre and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Riuers; or with broken trouble
Betweene the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double)
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Piercing direct the Organs of this Sence,

Should

Should ſtun the Braine, but through theſe Mazie holes
Conueigh the voice more ſoftly to our Soules:
As th' Ouſe, *that crooking in and out, doth runne*
From Stonie-Stratford *towards* Huntington,
By Royall Amptill; *ruſheth not ſo ſwift,*
As our neere Kennet, *whoſe Trowt-famous Drift*
From Mar'eborow, *by* Hungerford *doth haſten*
Through Newberie, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermarſton,
Her Siluer Nymphes (*almoſt*) *directly leading,*
To meet her Miſtreſſe (*the great* Thames) *at* Reading
But, will my hands, in handling th'humane Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids vnto *Nature,*
Th'Almightie's Apes, the Inſtruments of Artes,
The voluntarie Champions of our hearts,
Mindes Miniſters, the Clarkes of quicke conceipts,
And bodies Victuallers, to prouide it meats?
Will you the Knees and Elbowes ſprings omit,
Which ſerue th'whole Bodie by their motions fit?
For, as a Bow, according as the ſtring
Is ſtiffe or ſlacke, the ſhafts doth farther fling:
Our Nerues and Griſtles diuerſly diſpence
To th'humane Frame, meet Motion, Might, and Sence:
Knitting the Bones, which bee the Pillars ſtrong,
The Beames and Rafters, whoſe firme Ioynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice: till our Maker calles)
Support the Fabrike of theſe Fleſhly walles?
Can you conceale the Feetes rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Baſes of this glorious Creature?
But is't not time now in his Inner Parts,
To ſee th'Almightie's admirable Artes?

Another compariſon to that purpoſe.

The hands.

Ioyntes.
The Knees and Armes.

The Sinewes Griſles and Bones.

The feete.

First

First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twinne Braines deuision:
The treasurer of Artes, the Source of Sence:
The seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence
Our Sinews flow: whom Natures prouidence
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings, fence
The Braines cold moisture from it's bonie Armor,
Whose hardnes else might hap to bruise or harme-her:
A Register, where (with a secret touch,)
The Studious, daily some rare Knowledge couch?
O, how shall I on learned Leafe forth-sett
That curious Maze, that admirable Nett,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise and fall,
Making it's powers, of *Vital*, *Animal*:
Euen as the Blood and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Of the Hart. Shall I the Harts vn-equall sides explaine,
Which equall poize doth equally sustaine?
Whereof, th'one's fill'd with bloud, in th'other bides
The vitall Spirit which through the bodie slides:
Whose rest-les panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witnesse health; or if that take repulse,
And shift the dance and wonted pace it went,
It shewes that Nature's wrong'd by Accident.

Of the Lungues. Or, shall I cleaue the Lungs, whose motions light,
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:
Like Summer gales wauing with gentle puffes,
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes

Light

Light, ſpungie Fannes, that euer take and giue
Th'ætheriall Aire, whereby wee breath and liue:
Bellowes, whoſe blaſt (breathing by certaine pawſes,)
A pleaſing ſound through our ſpeech-Organs cauſes?
Or, ſhall I rip the Stomaches hollownes, *Of the Stomach.*
That readie Cooke, concocting euerie Meſſe,
Which in ſhort time it cunningly conuerts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then, the ſame doth faithfully deliuer *Of the Liuer.*
Into the *Port-Vaine* paſſing to the Liuer,
Who turnes it ſoone to Blood, and thence againe
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow vaine*,
Through all the members doth it duly ſcatter:
Much like a fountaine, whoſe deuided Water
It ſelf diſperſing into hundred Brooks, *An apt Similitude.*
Bathes ſome faire Garden with her winding Crooks.
For, as theſe Brooks thus branching round about
Make heere the Pincke, there th'Aconite to ſprout,
Heere the ſweet Plumb-tree, the ſharpe Mulbery there,
Heere the low Vine, and thear the loſtie Peare,
Heere the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Heere bitter Wormwood, there ſweet-ſmelling Spike:
Euen ſo, the Blood (bred of good nouriſhment) *Of the Blood and Nouriſhment.*
By diuers pipes to all the Body ſent,
Turns heere to Bones, thear changes into Nerues,
Heere is made Marow, thear for Muſcles ſerues,
Heer Skin becomes, thear crooking Vaines, thear Fleſh,
To make our Limbes more forcefull and more freſh.
But, now me liſt no neerer view to take
Of th'Inward Parts, which God did ſecret make;

Nor

Nor pull in peeces all the Humane Frame :
That worke, wear fitter for thoſe men of Fame,
Thoſe skillfull ſonnes of *Æſculapius* :
Hipocrates; or deepe *Herophilus* :
Or th'eloquent and artificiall Writt
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T ſufficeth me, in ſome ſort, to expreſſe
By this Eſſay, the ſacred mightines,
Not of *Iapetus* wittie-fained ſonne,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begunne
Of the Creation of the Soule. And finiſh't with inimitable art,
The famous Image, I haue ſung in part.
Now, this moſt peer-les learned Imager,
Life to his louely Picture to conferre,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certaine ſecret Chymike Quint-eſſence :
But breathing, ſent as from the liuely Spring
Of his Diuineſſe ſome ſmall Riuerling
It ſelf diſperſing into euerie pipe
Of the fraile Engine of this earthen Type.
Of her Eſſence and Subſtance Not, that his owne Selfs-Eſſence bleſt he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Vnitie* pertake
Vnto his worke : but, without Selfs-expence,
Inſpir'd it richly with rare excellence :
And by his power ſo ſpread his Rayes thereon,
That euen as yet appeares a portion
Of that pure Luſtre of Cœleſtiall Light
Whearwith at firſt it was adorn'd and dight.
This *Adam's* Spirit did from that Spirit deriue
Whence it proceeded. Which made the World : yet did not thence depriue

Of

Of Gods ſelfe-ſubſtance any part at all,
As in the courſe of Nature doth befall,
That from the Eſſence of an Earthly Father, *Diuers Similes.*
An earthly Sonne eſſentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time, from one ſappie twigg
There ſprouts another conſubſtantiall ſprigg.
In briefe, it's but a breath; now though the breath
Out of our Stomacks Concaue iſſueth,
Yet of our ſubſtance it tranſporteth nought,
Onely it ſeemeth to be ſimply fraught
And to retaine the purer qualities
Of th'inward place whence it deriued is.
Inſpired by that Breath; this breath, deſire
I to deſcribe: who ſo doth not admire
His ſpirit, is ſpright-leſſe; and his ſence is paſt,
Who hath no ſence of that admired Blaſt. *Of the excellence of Mans ſoule.*
Yet wote I well, that as the Eye perceaues
All but it ſelfe, euen ſo our Soule conceaues
All ſaue her owne ſelfes Eſſence; but the end
Of her owne greatnes cannot comprehend.
Yet as a ſound Eye, voyd of vicious matter,
Sees (in ſome ſort) it ſelfe, in Glaſſe, or Water:
So in her ſacred Works (as in a Glaſſe) *How ſhee may know her ſelfe.*
Our Soule may (almoſt) ſee her glorious face.
The boiſterous Wind that rents with roaring blaſtes *Three fit compariſons to that purpoſe.*
The loftie Pines, and to the Welkin caſts
Millions of Mountaines from the waterie World,
And proudeſt Turrets to the ground hath whorld:
The pleaſing fume that fragrant Roſes yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyre*, ſighing on the field,

Enammells all; and to delight the Skie,
The Earth puts on her richeſt Lyuorie:
Th'accorded Diſcords that are ſweetly ſent
From th'Iuorie ribs of ſome rare Inſtrument,
Cannot be ſeene: but he may well be ſaid
Of Fleſh, and Eares, and Noſe intirely voyd,
Who doth not feele, nor heare, nor ſmell (the powers);
The ſhock, ſound, ſent; of ſtormes, of ſtrings, of flowers.

The Soule not onely vitall, but alſo deuine and immortall.

Although our Soules pure ſubſtance, to our ſight
Be not ſubiected: yet her motion light
And rich diſcourſe, ſufficient proofes doo giue,
We haue more ſoule then to ſuffice to liue;
A Soule deuine, pure, ſacred, admirable,
Immortall, end-leſſe, ſimple, vnpalpable.

The Seate of the Soule.

For whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in euery part:
Whether the Braine or Heart doo lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca*, where, where could'ſt thou enroule
Thoſe many hundred words (in Proſe or Verſe)

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

Which at firſt hearing thou could'ſt back-reherſe?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table ſhut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thouſands wander'd,
After the Fortunes of his famous Standard?
In what deepe veſſell did th'Embaſſader
Of *Pyrrus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracler
Deluded by his double-meaning Meaſures)
Into what Ceſternes did he poure thoſe treaſures
Of learned ſtore, which after for his vſe
In time and place, he could ſo fit produce?

The Memorie, is th'Eyes true Regiſter,
The Peaſants Booke, Times wealthy Treaſorer,
Keeping Records of Acts and accidents
Whatſoeuer, ſubiect vnto humane ſence,
Since firſt the Lord, the Worlds foundations laid;
Or *Phœbus* firſt his golden locks diſplaid,
And his pale Siſter, from his beaming light
Borrow'd her ſplendor to adorne the Night.
So that our Reaſon, ſearching curiouſlie
Through all the Rowles of a good memorie,
And faſt'ning cloſely with a *Gordian* knot
To Paſt euents, what Preſent Times alot,
Fore-ſees the Future, and becomes more ſage,
More happily to leade our later age.
And, though our Soule liue as impriſon'd here
In our fraile fleſh, or buried (as it were)
In a darke Tombe; Yet at one flight ſhe flies
From *Calpe* t'*Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much ſwifter then the Chariot of the Sunne
Which in a Day about the World doth runne.
For ſometimes, leauing theſe baſe flymie heapes,
With cheerefull ſpring aboue the Clouds ſhe leapes,
Glides through the Aire, and there ſhe learnes to know
Th'Originalls of Wind, and Haile, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-ſtarres, and Stormes,
Of Raine, and Ice, and ſtrange Exhaled Formes.
By th'Aires ſteepe ſtaires, ſhe boldly climbes aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heau'n ſhe viſites oft
Stage after Stage: ſhe marketh all the Spheares,
And all th'harmonious, various courſe of theirs:

Of the quicke ſwiftnes, and ſodaine motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heauen and Earth.

With ſure account, and certaine Compaſſes,
She counts their Starres, ſhe meates their diſtances,
And differing paces; and as if ſhe found
No Subiect faire enough in all this Round,
She mounts aboue the Worlds extreameſt wall,
Farre, farre beyond all things corporeall;
Where ſhe beholds her Maker face to face,
(His frownes of *Iuſtice*, and his ſmiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeale, the chaſte and ſober Port,
And ſacred Pompe of the Celeſtiall Court.

Of learned, curious, pleſant, marvellous, and more then humane inventions of mans wit.

What can be hard to a ſloath-ſhunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with deſire of Fames eternall merit?
Looke (if thou canſt) from Eaſt to Occident,
From *Iſland* to the *Moores* hot Continent;
And thou ſhalt nought perfectly faire behold,
But Pen, or Pencill, Grauing-Toole, or Mould,
Hath ſo reſembled, that ſcarce can our eye
The counterfait from the true thing diſcrie.

Of Caruing and Painting.

The brazen Mare that famous *Myron* caſt,
Which Stallions leapt and for a Mare imbraſt:
The liuely picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilome *Zeuxis* limm'd ſo rarely fine
That ſhoales of birds, beguiled by the ſhapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with ſtrangeſt fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths deſire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neere
As many Loues, as *Venus* ſelfe had heere:
Are proofes enough that learned Painting can
Can Goddeſſe-like another Nature frame.

But th'Art of Man, not onely can compack
Features and formes that life and motion lack;
But alſo fill the Aire with painted ſhoales
Of flying Creatures (artificiall Fowles).
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord
Archytas, made a wooden Doue, that ſoar'd
About the Welkin, by th'accorded ſleights
And counterpoize of ſundry little waights.
Why ſhould I not that wooden Eagle mention
(A learned *Germanes* late-admir'd inuention)
Which mounting from his fiſt that framed her,
Flew farre to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And hauing met him, with her nimble Traine,
And warie wings, turning about againe,
Follow'd him cloſe vnto the Caſtle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hang'd with Arras, Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columnes richly guilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantiſe,
Grac't not ſo much, as onely this deuiſe.
Once as this Artiſt (more with mirth then meat)
Feaſted ſome friends that he eſteemed great,
From vnder's hand an iron Flie flew out,
Which hauing flowne a perfect Round about,
With wearie wings, return'd vnto her Maiſter,
And as iudicious, on his arme ſhe plac'd-her.
O deuine wit, that in the narrow wombe
Of a ſmall Flie, could finde ſufficient roome
For all thoſe ſprings, wheeles counterpoize, & chaines,
Which ſtood in ſteed of life, and ſpurre, and raines.

The ſubtle concluſions of the Mathematikes, witnes Archytas Doue.

The Eagle & the Flie, of Iohn de Monte-Regio: or Regi-Montanus.

Aſtronomie.

Yea, you your ſelues, ye bright Celeſtiall Orbes,
Although no ſtop your reſt-leſſe Daunce diſturbes,
Nor ſtayes your Courſe; yet can ye not eſcape
The hands of men (that are but men in ſhape).

The King of Perſia his Heauen of Glaſſe.

A *Perſian* Monarch, not content, wel-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Emperie:
To raigne in Heau'n, raiſ'd not with bold defiance
(Like brauing *Nemrod*, or thoſe boiſt'rous *Giants*)
Another *Babel*, or a Heape of *Hilles*:
But, without mouing from the Earth, he builds
A Heau'n of Glaſſe, ſo huge, that there-vpon
Sometimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he ſaw
The ſhyning Lamps of th'other Heau'n, to draw
Downe to the *Deepe*, and thence againe aduance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had that Heau'n no wondrous excellence,
Saue Greatnes, worthie of ſo great a Prince.

Admirable Dialls and Clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg.

But who would think, that mortall hands could mold
New Heau'ns, new ſtars, whoſe whirling courſes ſhould
With conſtant windings, though contrary wayes,
Marke the true mounds of Yeares, & Months, & Dayes?
Yet 'tis a Storie that hath oft been heard,
And by graue Witnes hundred times auerr'd,
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore
(As ſelfly arm'd with thouſand hands and more)
Maintain'd ſo long the *Syracuſian* Towers
'Gainſt great *Marcellus* and his *Romane* Powers:

The Engines of Archimedes, and his Spheare.

Who fier'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glaſſe:
Who hugeſt Veſſells that did euer paſſe

The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his onely hand
From ſhoare to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:
Framed a *Spheare*, where euery *Wandring Light*
Of lower Heau'ns, and th'vpper *Tapers* bright,
Whoſe gliſtering flames the Firmament adorne,
Did (of themſelues) with ruled motion turne.
Nor may we ſmother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heau'n of Siluer, that was ſent (but lately)
From *Ferdinando* (as a famous Worke)
Vnto *Bizantium* to the Greateſt *Turke*:
Wherein, a Spirit ſtill mouing to and fro,
Made all the Engine orderly to goe;
And though th'one Spheare did alwaies ſlowly ſlide,
And (oppoſite) the other ſwiftly glide;
Yet ſtill their Starres kept all their Courſes euen
With the true Courſes of the Starres of Heau'n:
The Sunne, there ſhifting in the *Zodiake*
His ſhining Houſes, neuer did forſake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Siſter
Fullfill'd her courſe, and changing oft her luſtre
And forme of Face, now larger, leſſer ſoone;
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moone*.
O complet Creature! who the ſtarrie Spheares
Canſt make to moue, who, boue th'Heau'nly Beares
Extend'ſt thy power, who guideſt with thy hand
The Dayes bright Chariot, and the Nightly Brand:
This curious Luſt to imitate the beſt
And faireſt Works of the Almightieſt,
By rare effects beares record of thy Linage
And high diſcent; and that his ſacred Image

The Heauen of Siluer ſent by the Emperour Ferdinand, *to* Soly-man *the Great* Turk.

Of Mans reſemblance to his firſt Patterne, which is God.

Was in thy Soule ingrau'n, when firſt his Spirit
(The ſpring of life) did in thy limbes inſpire-it.
For, as his Beauties are paſt all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and faire:
As he's immortall, and is neuer idle:
Thy Soule's immortall; and can brooke no bridle
Of ſloath, to curbe her buiſie Intellect:
He ponders all; thou peizeſt each effect:
And thy mature and ſetled Sapience,
Hath ſome aliance with his Prouidence:
He works by Reaſon, thou by Rule: He's glorie
Of th'Heau'nly Stages, thou of th'Earthly Storie:
He's great High-Prieſt; thou his great Vicar heere:
He's Soueraigne Prince, and thou his Vice-Roy deere.

Other teſtimonies of the excellencie of Man, conſtituted Lord of the World.

For, ſoone as euer he had framed thee,
Into thy Hands he put this Monarchie:
Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,
And come before thee of their owne accord:
And gaue thee power (as Maiſter) to impoſe
Fit ſence-full Names vnto the Hoaſt that rowes
In waterie Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forreſt people; and the painted Birds:
O too-too happy! had that Fall of thine
Not cancell'd ſo the Caracter deuine.

Wherein conſiſteth Mans Felicitie.

But, ſith our Soules now-ſinne-obſcured Light
Shines through the Lanthorne of our Fleſh ſo bright:
What ſacred ſplendor will this Starre ſend forth,
When it ſhall ſhine without this vaile of Earth?
The Soule, heere lodg'd, is like a man that dwells
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noyſome ſmells;

In

Excellent comparisons.

In an olde Houſe, open to winde and weather;
Neuer in Health not halfe an houre together:
Or (almoſt) like a Spider, who, confin'd
In her Webs center, ſhak't with euery wind;
Moues in an inſtant, if the buzzing Flie
Stirre but a ſtring of her Lawne Canapie.

Of the Creation of Woman, made for an ayde to Man, and without whom Mans life were miſerable.

You, that haue ſeene within this ample Table,
Among ſo many Models admirable,
Th'admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Come, come and ſee the Womans rapting features:
Without whom, heere, man were but halfe a man,
But a wilde Woolfe, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moodie, melancholike,
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could like:
Borne ſolely for himſelfe, bereft of ſence,
Of heart, of loue, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to ſeeme leſſe liberall
To man, then elſe to euery animall,
For perfect patterne of a holy Loue,
To *Adams* halfe another halfe he gaue,
Taen from his ſide, to bind through euery Age
With kinder bonds the ſacred Mariage.

Simile.

Euen as a Surgion, minding off to cut
Some cure-leſſe limbe; before in vre he put
His violent Engines on the vicious member,
Bringeth his Patient in a ſence-leſſe ſlumber,
And griefe-leſſe then (guided by vſe and Art)
To ſaue the whole; ſawes off th'infected part:
So, God empal'd our Grandſires liuely looke,
Through all his bones a deadly chilneſſe ſtrooke,

Siel'd

Siel'd-vp his ſparkling Eyes with iron bands,
Led downe his feet (almoſt) to *Lethe* ſands,
In briefe, ſo numb'd his Soules and Bodies ſence,
That (without paine) opening his ſide; from thence
He tooke a Ribb, which rarely he refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankind:
Grauing ſo liuely on the liuing Bone
All *Adams* beauties; that but hardly, one
Could haue the Louer from his Loue diſcride,
Or knowne the Bridegroome from his gentle Bride:
Sauing that ſhe had a more ſmiling Eye,
A ſmoother Chinne, a Cheeke of purer Die,
A fainter Voice, a more inticing Face,
A deeper Treſſe, a more delighting Grace,
And in her boſome (more then Lilly-white)
Two ſwelling Mounts of Iuorie panting light.
Now, after this profound and pleaſing Traunce,
Their Mariage. No ſooner *Adams* rauiſht eyes did glaunce
On the rare beauties of his new-come Halfe,
But in his heart he gan to leape and laugh,
Kiſſing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Loue, his Stay, his Reſt, his Weale, his Wife,
His other-Selfe, his Helpe (him to refreſh)
Bone of his Bone, Fleſh of his very Fleſh.
Source of all ioyes! ſweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-One
Their Epithalamie, or Wedding-Song. Thy ſacred Birth I neuer thinke vpon,
But (rauiſht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two againe,
O bleſſed Bond! O happy Mariage!
Which dooſt the match twixt Chriſt and vs preſage!

O chaſteſt friendſhip, whoſe pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Harts into one Hart!
O holy knot, in *Eden* inſtituted
(Not in this Earth with blood and wrongs poluted,
Prophan'd with miſchiefes, the pre-Scæne of Hell
To curſed Creatures that 'gainſt Heau'n rebell)
O ſacred Cou'nant which the ſinne-leſſe Sonne
Of a pure Virgine (when he firſt begun
To publiſh proofes of his drad Power *Deuine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At leſſer *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did with his preſence ſanctifie and honour!
By thy deere Fauour, after our Deceaſe
We leaue behind our liuing Images:
Change Warre to Peace, in kindred multiplie,
And in our Children, liue eternallie.
By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fiers,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* ſhot inſpires:
And taught (by thee) a Loue more firme and fitter
We finde the Mel more ſweet, the Gall leſſe bitter,
Which heere (by turnes) heape vp our humane Life
Euen now with ioyes, anon with iarres and ſtrife.
This done; the Lord commaunds the happy Paire,
With chaſte Embraces to repleniſh faire
Th'vnpeopled World, that while the World endures,
Heere might ſucceed their liuing Pourtraitures.
He had impoſ'd the like precept before,
On th'irefull Droues that in the Deſarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, and fruitfull-ſpawning Legions
That liue within the liquid Chriſtal Regions.

The commodities of Mariage.

Propagation, by the bleſſing of God.

Thence-

Thence-forth therefore, Beares, Beares ingendered;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vultures, Vultures bred;
Men, Men: and Nature with a change-lesse Course,
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors.
Though since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Siluer pale betwixt-them
Another Mettle (like to neither) make,
Which yet of eithers riches doth partake:
So oft, two Creatures of a diuers kinde,
Against the common course through All assign'd,
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,
Beget an Elfe, not like in all to either,
But (bastard-Mongrell) bearing marks apparant
Of mingled members, taen from either Parent.

Vnnaturall Coniunctions produce monstrous Birthes.

God, not contented, to each Kind to giue
And to infuse the Vertue Generatiue:
Made (by his wisedome) many Creatures breed
Of liue-lesse bodies, without *Venus* deed.

Of Things ingendred without seed or commixion of Sexes.

So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births-Commaunder,
With-Childe with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r so much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs
The Flie *Pyrausta* with the flaming wings:
Without the Fire, it dies; within it, ioyes;
Liuing in that, which each thing else destroyes.
So, slow *Bootes* vnderneath him sees
In th'ycie *Iles*, those Goslings hatcht of Trees,
Whose fruitfull leaues falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they say) to liuing Fowles soone after.

So,

So, rotten sides of broken Shipps doo change
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation strange!
'Twas first a greene Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Mushrum, now a flying Gull.

So Morne and Euening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceau'd that All his Workes were good.

The

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The ſeauenth Day of the firſt Weeke.

The Argvment.

In ſacred Reſt, vpon this ſacred Day,
Th'Eternall doth his glorious Works ſuruay:
His onely Power and Prouidence perſeuer
T'vphold, maintaine, and rule the World for euer:
Maugre Mens malice, and Hells raging mood,
God turneth all things to his Childrens good:
Sabaoths *right vſe; From all Worlds-Works to ceaſe;*
To pray (not play) and heare the Word of Peace:
Inſtructions drawne from dead and lyuing things,
And from our ſelues; for all Eſtates; for Kings.

THe cunning Painter, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-ſcape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath ſet a Worke in all and euery part,
Inuention, Iudgement, Nature, Vſe, and Art;
And hath at length (t'immortalize his name)
With wearie Pencill perfected the ſame;
Forgets his paines; and inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his Picture gazeth greedilie.

By an excellent Similitude of a Painter delighted with the ſight of a curious table which hee hath lately finiſhed: our Poet ſhoweth how God Reſteth the ſeauenth

First,

Day: and ſaw (as ſaith the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

First, in a Mead he marks a frisking Lambe,
Which ſeemes (though dumb) to bleat vnto the Dam:
Then he obſerues a Wood, ſeeming to waue:
Then th'hollow boſome of ſome hideous Caue:
Heere a High-way, and there a narrow Path:
Heere Pines, there Oakes, torne by tempeſtuous wrath:
Heere, from a craggie Rocks ſteep-hanging boſſe
(Thrumb'd halfe with Iuie, halfe with criſped Moſſe)
A ſiluer Brooke in broken ſtreames doth guſh,
And head-long downe the horned Cliffe doth ruſh;
Then winding thence aboue and vnder ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee, behind a Box-Tree ſhrinking,
A skilfull Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Leuells directly at an Oake hard by,
Whereon a hundred groaning Culuers crie;
Downe falls the Cock, vp from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddie flaſh that in a moment dies,
Off goes the Gunne, and through the Forreſt rings
The thundering bullet borne on fierie wings.
Heere, on a Greene, two Striplings, ſtripped light,
Runne for a prize with labourſome delight;
A duſtie Cloud about their feet doth floe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all doo goe)
They ſwelt in ſweat; and yet the following Rout
Haſtens their haſt with many a cheerefull ſhout.
Heere, ſixe pyed Oxen vnder painfull yoake
Rip vp the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloake.
Heere, in the ſhade, a prettie Sheppardeſſe
Brings ſoftly home her bleating happineſſe;

Still

Still as ſhe goes, ſhe ſpinnes; and as ſhe ſpinnes,
A man would thinke ſome Sonnet ſhe beginnes.
Heere runnes a Riuer, there ſprings forth a Fountaine,
Heere vailes a Valley, there doth riſe a Mountaine,
Heere ſmoakes a Caſtle, there a Citie fumes,
And heere a Shipp vpon th'Ocean Loomes.
In briefe, ſo liuely, Art hath Nature ſhap't,
That in his Worke the Work-mans ſelfe is rapt,
Vnable to looke off; for looking ſtill,
The more he lookes, the more he findes his skill:
So th'Architect (whoſe glorious Workmanſhips,
My cloudie Muſe doth but too-much eclipſe)
Hauing, with pain-leſſe paine, and care-leſſe care,
In theſe *Sixe Dayes*, finiſht the Table faire
And infinite of th'*Vniuerſall Ball*,
Reſteth *This Day*, t'admire himſelfe in All:
And, for a ſeaſon, eying nothing els,
Ioyes in his Worke, ſith all his Worke excells.
(If my dull, ſtutting, frozen eloquence
May dare coniecture of his high Intents).
One while, he ſees how th'ample Sea doth take
The liquid homage of each other Lake:
And how againe the Heau'ns Exhale from it,
Abundant vapours (for our benefit).
And yet it ſwells not for thoſe tribute ſtreames,
Nor yet it ſhrinks not for thoſe boyling beames.
There ſees he th'Ocean-peoples plenteous broods;
And ſhifting courſes of the Ebbs and Floods,
Which, with inconſtant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth ſway.

God reſted the ſeauenth Day, and contemplates on his Works.

A briefe recapitulation and conſideration of the Works of God in the whole World: and a learned Expoſicion of the words of Moſes. Gen. 1, 31. God ſaw that all that he had, was perfectly Good.

Anon, vpon the flowerie Plaines he lookes,
Laced about with ſnaking ſiluer brookes.
Now, he delights to ſee foure Brethrens ſtrife
Cauſe the Worlds peace, and keepe the World in life:
Anon, to ſee the whirling Spheares to roule
With reſt-leſſe Courſes about either Pole;
Whereby, their Creſſets caried diuers wayes,
Now viſite vs, anon th' *Antipodes*.
It glads him now, to note how th'Orbe of Flame
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the frame:
How th' Aires glib-gliding, firme-leſſe body beares
Such ſtore of Fowles, Haile-ſtormes, & Floods of teares:
How th'heauie Water, proneſt to deſcend,
'Twixt Aire and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earths prop-leſſe maſſie Ball
Stands ſteddie ſtill, iuſt in the mid'ſt of All.
Anon his noſe is pleaſ'd with fragrant ſents
Of Balme, and Baſil, Mirrhe, and Frankincenſe,
Thime, Spikenard, Hyſope, Sauourie, Cinamon,
Pinck, Violet, Roſe, and Cloue-Carnation.
Anon, his eare's charm'd with the melodie
Of winged Conſorts curious Harmonie;
For though each Bird, guided with Art-leſſe Art,
After his kinde, obſerue a ſong a-part,
Yet the ſole burdon of their ſeuerall Layes
Is nothing but the Heau'n-Kings glorious praiſe.
In briefe, th' Almighties eye, and noſe, and eare,
In all his Works, doth nought ſee, ſent, or heare,
But ſhowes his greatnes, ſauours of his grace,
And ſounds his glory ouer euery place.

But aboue all, Mans many beauteous features
Detaine the Lord more then all other Creatures:
Man's his owne Minion; Man's his ſacred type,
And for Mans ſake, he loues his Workmanſhip.
Not, that I meane to faine an idle God,
That lusks in Heau'n and neuer lookes abroad,
That crownes not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,
Blind to our ſeruice, deafe vnto our ſighes;
A Pagan Idol, void of power and pietie,
A ſleeping Dormouſe (rather) a dead Deitie.
For though (alas) ſometimes I cannot ſhunne,
But ſome prophane thoughts in my minde will runne,
I neuer thinke on God but I conceaue
(Whence cordiall comforts Chriſtian ſoules receaue)
In God, Care, Counſaile, Iuſtice, Mercie, Might,
To puniſh wrongs, and patronize the right:
Sith Man (but Image of th'Almightieſt)
Without theſe gifts is not a Man, but Beaſt.
Fond *Epicure*, thou rather ſlept'ſt thy ſelfe,
When thou did'ſt fancie ſuch a ſleepe-ſicke Elfe
For lifes pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent,
(Not ſhunning th' *Atheiſts* ſinne, but puniſhment)
Imaginedſt a God ſo perfect-leſſe,
In Works defying, whom thy words profeſſe.
God is not ſitting (like ſome Earthly State)
In proud Theater, him to recreate
With curious Obiects of his eares and eyes,
(Without diſpoſing of the Comodies)
Content t'haue made by his great Word to moue
So many radiant Starres as ſhine aboue;

Of the Prouidence of God.

Epicurus *and his followers, denying the ſame, confuted by ſundrie Reaſons.*

And on each thing with his owne hand to draw
The ſacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, boſoming his hand, to let them ſlide
With raynes at will, whether that Law ſhall guide:
Like one that hauing lately forc't ſome Lake,
Through a new Channell a new courſe to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to thoſe effects,
But lets the ſtreame runne where his Ditch directs.

The Lord our God, wants neither diligence,
1. Gods power, goodnes, & wiſdome, ſhine gloriouſly in gouerning the world.
Nor loue, nor care, nor power, nor prouidence.
He prou'd his Power, by Making All of nought:
His Diligence, by Ruling All he wrought:
His Care, by Ending it in ſixe Dayes ſpace:
His Loue, in Building it for *Adams* Race:
His Prouidence (maugre Times waſtfull rages)
Preſeruing it ſo many Yeares and Ages.

For, O how often had this goodly Ball
By his owne Greatnes cauſ'd his proper fall?
How often had this World deceaſt, except
Gods mighty armes had it vpheld and kept?

God is the ſoule, the life, the ſtrength, and ſinnew,
2. In him and through him, all things liue and moue, and haue their Beeing.
That quickens, moues, and makes this Frame continue.
God's the maine ſpring, that maketh euery way
All the ſmall wheeles of this great Engine play.
God's the ſtrong *Atlas*, whoſe vnſhrinking ſhoulders
Haue beene and are Heau'ns heauie Globes vpholders.

God makes the Fountaines runne continually,
3. All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and Power, working continually.
The Dayes and Nights ſucceed inceſſantly,
The Seaſons in their ſeaſon he doth bring,
Sommer and Autumne, Winter, and the Spring:

God

God makes th'Earth fruitfull, and he makes the Earths
Large ſides not yet faint for ſo many birthes.
God makes the Sun & Starres, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heate themſelues inflameth not;
And that their ſparkling beames preuent not ſo,
With wofull flames, the *Laſt* great *Day* of woe:
And that (as mou'd with a contrary wreſt)
They turne at-once both North, and Eaſt, and Weſt:
Heau'ns conſtant Courſe, his heaſt doth neuer breake:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th'Aire's at his Call, the Fier at his Commaund,
The Earth is his: and there is nothing fand
In all theſe Kingdomes, but is mou'd each hower
With ſecret touch of his eternall Power.

God is the Iudge, who keepes continuall Seſſions,
In euery place, to puniſh all tranſgreſſions;
Who, void of ignorance and auarice,
Not wonne with bribes, nor wreſted with deuice,
Sans feare, or fauour; hate, or partiall zeale;
Pronounceth Iudgements that are paſt appeale.
Himſelfe is Iudge, Iurie, and Witnes too,
Well knowing what we all think, ſpeake, or doo:
He ſounds the deepeſt of the doubleſt hart,
Searcheth the reines, and ſifteth euery part:
He ſees all ſecrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye,
(Yer it be thought) doth euery thought deſcrie:
His Sentence giuen, doth neuer proue in vaine;
For, all that Heau'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea containe,
Serue him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions
That ſoare aboue the bright Star-ſpangled Regions

4. God is the Iudge of the World: hauing all Creatures viſible and inuiſible, ready armed to execute his Iudgements.

Are euer preſt his powerfull Miniſters;
And (laſtly) for his Executioners,
Sathan aſſiſted with th'infernall band,
Stands readie ſtill to finiſh his Commaund.

Yea, he maketh euen the wicked his inſtruments, to puniſh the wicked, and to proue his Choſen.

God (to be briefe) is a good Artizan
That to his purpoſe aptly mannage can
Good or bad Tooles: for, for iuſt puniſhment,
He armes our ſinnes vs ſinners to torment;
And to preuent th'vngodlie's plot, ſometime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

Yet true it is, that humane things ſeeme ſlide
Vnbrideledly with ſo vncertaine tide,
That in the Ocean of Euents ſo many,
Sometimes Gods Iudgements are ſcarce ſeene of any:

Againe, againſt Epicures, who hold that all things happen in the World by Chaunce.

Rather, it ſeemes that giddie *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the ſiluer Moone betideth.
Yet, art thou euer iuſt (O God) though I
Cannot (alas) thy iudgements depth deſcrie:
My wit's to ſhallow for the leaſt Deſigne
Of thy drad Counſailes, ſacred, and deuine:
And thy leaſt ſecret Secrets, I confeſſe
Too deepe for vs, without thy ſpirits addreſſe.

2. Gods Iudgements paſt our ſearch: yet euer iuſt in thẽſelues.

Yet oftentimes, what ſeemeth (at firſt ſight)
Vniuſt to vs, and paſt our reaſon quite;
Thou mak'ſt vs (Lord) acknowledge, in due ſeaſon,
To haue beene done with equity and reaſon.

Gen. 45 v. 6. 7. and Gen. 50. ver. 20.

So, ſuff'ring th' *Hebrew* Tribes to ſell their brother,
Thy eternall Iuſtice thou did'ſt ſeeme to ſmother.
But *Ioſeph* (when through ſuch rare hap, it chaunced
Him of a ſlaue to be ſo high aduaunced,

To

To Rule the Land where *Nylus* fertile flood
Drie Heau'ns defects endeuours to make good)
Learn'd, that his enuious brethrens treacherous drift,
Him to the sterne of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there prouide Reliefe and Roome
For *Abrahams Seed*, against (then) time to-come.

Whē thy strong arme, which plagues the reprobate,
The World and *Sodome* did exterminate,
With flood and flame: because there liued then
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst vniust: but when thou sauedst *Lot*
From Fire, from Water *Noah* and his Boat,
'Twas plainly seene, thy Iustice stands propitious
To th'Innocent, and smiteth but the vicious.

2. In executing his iudgements on the rebellious, he showeth mercie on his Seruants.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sunne,
That sees not *Pharao*, as a meane begunne
For th'*Hebrewes* good; and that his hardned hart
Smoothed the passage for their soone depart:
To th'end the Lord, when Tirants will not yield,
Might for his Glory finde the larger field.

3. Hee showes his power in the confusion of the Mightiest: and in the deliuerance of his Church.

Who sees not also, that th'vniust Decree
Of a proud Iudge, and *Iudas* treacherie,
The Peoples furie, and the Prelates gall,
Serued as meanes for to repaire the Fall
Of *Edens* olde Prince, whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sinne for euer slide?

Th'Allmighties Care doth diuersly dispearse
O're all the parts of all this Vniuerse:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The Race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.

4. He turneth the malice of Satha and his instruments, to his owne glory, and the good of

hit: of whom hee hath alwaies ſpeciall care.

For aye, he watcheth for his Children choice,
That lift to him their hearts, and hands, and voice;
For them, he built th'aye-turning Heau'ns Theater;
For them, he made Fire, Aire, and Earth, and Water:
He counts their haires, their ſteps he meaſureth,
Handles their hands, and ſpeaketh with their breath;
Dwells in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angells round about their Tents.

A remedy for temptation of the godly, ſeeing the proſperity of the wicked: and the affliction of Gods Children.

But heere, what heare I? (faith-leſſe, God-leſſe men,
I meruaile not, that you impugne my pen)
But O it grieues me, and I am amazed,
That thoſe, whoſe faith like gliſtering Stars hath blazed
Amid our darke nights; ſhould ſo much obiect
Againſt a Doctrine of ſo ſweet effect.
Becauſe (alas) with weeping eyes they ſee
Th'vngodly-moſt in moſt proſperitie,
Cloathed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold and Iems,
Croucht-too, and Courted with all kinde affection,
As priuiledged by the Heau'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceed their appetites:
And oppoſite, the godly, in the ſtormes
Of this Worlds Sea toſt in continuall harmes:
In Earth, leſſe reſt they then *Euripus* find,
Gods heauie Rods ſtill hanging them behind:
Them, ſhame, and blame, trouble and loſſe purſues;
As ſhadowes bodies, and the night the deawes.

The ſame comforted in diuers ſorts: with apt

Peace, peace (deere freinds) I hope to cancell quite
This prophane thought from your vnſetled Sprite.

Know

Similitudes, confirming the reason and declaring the right end of Gods diuers dealing with men.

Know then, that God (to th'end he be not thought
A power-lesse Iudge) heere plagueth many a fault,
And many a fault leaues heere vnpunished,
That men may also his last Iudgement dread.
On th'other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A Ladder leading to Heau'ns glorious roomes:
A royall path, the Heau'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Ioues* high Court conuay.
O see you not how that a Father graue,
Curbing his Sonne much shorter then his slaue,
Doth th'one but rare, the other rife reproue,
Th'one but for lucre, th'other all for loue?
A skilfull Quirie, that commaunds the Stable
Of some great Prince, or person honourable,
Giues oftest to that Horse the teaching spurre,
Which he finds fittest for the vse of Warre.
A painfull Schoole-maister that hath in hand
To institute the flower of all a Land,
Giues longest Lessons vnto those, where Heau'n
The ablest wits and aptest wills hath giu'n.
And, a wise Chiefetaine, neuer trusts the waight
Of th'execution of a braue Exploit,
But vnto those whom most he honoureth,
For often proofe of their firme force and faith:
Such sends he first t'assault his eager foes,
Such 'gainst the Canon, on a Breach bestowes,
Such he commaunds naked to scale a Fort,
And with small number to re-gaine a Port.
God beates his Deere from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,

Afflictions profitable to the Faithfull.

To

To draw deuout ſighes from calamitie,
And by the touch to trie their Conſtancie,
T'awake their ſloath, their mindes to exerciſe
To trauaile cheerely for th'immortall Prize.

They are neceſſarie to cure the diſeaſes of the ſoule.

A good Phiſition, that Arts excellence
Can helpe with practiſe and experience,
Applies diſcreetly all his *Recipes*,
Vnto the nature of each fell diſeaſe;
Curing this Patient with a bitter Potion,
That, with ſtrict Diet, th'other with a Lotion,
And ſometimes Cutteth off a legge or arme,
So (ſharply ſweet) to ſaue the whole from harme:
Euen ſo, the Lord (according to th'ill humors
That vexe his moſt-Saints with ſoule-tainting tumors)
Sends ſometimes Exile, ſometimes lingring Languor,
Sometimes Diſhonour, ſometimes pyning Hunger,
Sometimes long Law-ſuites, ſometimes Loſſe of good,
Sometimes a Childs death, or a Widow-hood:
But aye he holdeth (for the good of his)
In one hand rodds, in th'other remedies.

Without them, Gods children decline.

The Souldier, ſlugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decreaſe:
The ruſt doth fret the blade hang'd-vp at reſt:
The Moath doth eate the garment in the Cheſt:
The ſtanding Water ſtinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.
All that is faireſt in the World, we finde
Subiect to trauaile; ſo, with ſtormes and winde
Th'Aire ſtill is toſt: the Fire and Water tend,
This, ſtill to mount; that, euer to deſcend:

The ſpirit is ſpright-leſſe if it want diſcourſe,
Heau'n's no more Heau'n if it once ceaſe his Courſe.
The valiant Knight is knowne by many skarres,
But he that ſteales home wound-leſſe from the Warres,
Is held a Coward, voide of Valours proofe,
That for Deaths feare, hath fled, or fought a-loofe.
The Lord therefore, to giue humanitie
Rare preſidents, of daunt-leſſe Conſtancie,
And crowne his deere Sonnes with victorious Laurels
Wonne from a thouſand foes in glorious quarrels:
Poures downe more euills on their hap-leſſe head,
Then yerſt *Pandora's* odious Box did ſhead.
Yet, ſtrengthning ſtill their harts with ſuch a plaiſter,
That though the Fleſh ſtoope, ſtill the Spirit is Maiſter.
But, wrongly I theſe euills euill call,
Sole vice is ill; ſole vertue good: and all
Beſides the ſame, is ſelfdie, ſimply, had
And held indifferent, neither good nor bad.
Let enuious Fortune all her forces wage
Againſt a conſtant Man, her felleſt rage
Can neuer change his godly reſolution,
Though Heau'n it ſelfe ſhould threaten his confuſion.
A conſtant man is like the Sea, whoſe breſt
Lyes euer open vnto euery gueſt,
Yet all the Waters that ſhe drinks, can not
Make her to change her qualities a iot.
Or, like a good ſound ſtomack, not ſoone caſting
For a light ſurfet, or a ſmall diſ-taſting;
But that, vntroubled, can incontinent
Conuert all meates to perfect nouriſhment.

The Croſſe an honorable marke.

God will be glorified in the conſtant ſufferings of his Seruants.

There is nothing euill in Mans life but ſinne: & vertue is but perceaued in the prooſe.

True conſtancie liuely repreſented by two compariſons.

Though

God, Reſting on the ſeuenth Day, and bleſſing it: teacheth vs that in reſting one day of the Weeke, we ſhould principally imploy it in his ſeruice: that is to ſay, to ceaſe from our worldly & wicked works, to giue place to his grace, and to ſuffer his Spirit to worke in vs by the Inſtrument of his holy word.

Though then, the Lords deepe wiſedome to this day,
Worke in the Worlds vncertaine-certaine ſway:
Yet muſt we credit that his hand compoſed
All in ſixe Dayes, and that he then Repoſed:
By his example giuing vs beheaſt,
On the Seauenth Day for euermore to Reſt.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of Stone, or Steele, or Braſſe *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our ſoule in a fraile Earthen Maſſe,
Thinner then Water, britteler then Glaſſe:
He knowes our life is by nought ſooner ſpent,
Then hauing ſtill our minds and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for ſome few Yeares, will yield
The richer Crop when it againe is till'd:
A Riuer, ſtopped by a ſluce a ſpace,
Runnes (after) rougher and a ſwifter pace:
A Bowe, a while vnbent, will after caſt
His ſhafts the farther, and them fixe more faſt:
A Souldier, that a ſeaſon ſtill hath layne,
Comes with more furie to the Field againe:
Euen ſo, this body, when to gather breath,
One Day in Seau'n at Reſt it ſoiourneth;
It re-collects his Powers, and with more cheere,
Falls the next morrow to his firſt Careere.
But, the chiefe end this precept aimes at, is
To quench in vs the coales of Couetize,
That taking truce with all prophaner Arts,
Gods ſpirit may worke in our retired hearts:
That we, downe-treading earthly cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to heau'nly meditations:

Following good Archers guiſe, who ſhut one eye,
That they the better may their marke eſpie.
For, by th'Almightie this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to daunce, and maske, and play,
To ſlugg in ſloath, and languiſh in delights,
And looſe the Raines to raging appetites:
To turne Gods Feaſts to filthy *Lupercales*,
To frantike *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnales*:
To dazle eyes with our vaine-glorious ſplendor,
To ſerue ſtrange Gods, or our Ambition tender,
As th'irreligion of looſe Times hath ſince
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaſter innocence.
God would, that men ſhould in a certaine place
This Day aſſemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and an attentiue eare
To learne his great Names deere-dread louing-feare
He would that there the faithfull Paſtor ſhould
The Scriptures marrow from the bones vnfold,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The ſacred ſecrets that are hidden there.
For though the reading of thoſe holy lines
In priuate Houſes, ſome-what moue our mindes,
Doubtleſſe, the Doctrine preacht doth deeper pierce,
Proues more effectuall, and more waight it beares.
He would, that there in holy Pſalmes we ſing
Shrill praiſe and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he beſtow'th
On vs and ours in ſoule and body both:
He would, that there we ſhould confeſſe his Chriſt
Our onely Sauiour, Prophet, Prince, and Prieſt;

Simile.

Againſt prophaners of the Sabaoth.

We ought on the Lords Day, attend his ſeruice and meditation on the euerlaſting Reſt, and on the Workes of God.

The practiſe of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches on the Sabaoth Day.

Solemnizing

Solemnizing (with ſober preparation)
His bleſſed Seales of Reconciliation:
And, in his name, begge boldly what we need
(After his will) and be aſſur'd to ſpeed;
Sith in th'Exchequer of his Clemencie
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body lie.
He would, this Sabaoth ſhould a figure be
The Corporall Reſt a figure of the ſpirituall.
Of the bleſt Sabaoth of Eternitie.
But th'one (as legall) heeds but outward things;
Th'other to Reſt both Soule and Body brings:
Th'one but a Day endures; the others Date
Eternitie ſhall not exterminate:
Shadowes the one, th'other doth Truth include,
This ſtands in freedome, that in ſeruitude,
With cloudie cares th'one's muffled vp ſome-whiles;
The others face is full of pleaſing ſmiles;
For, neuer griefe, nor feare of any Fit
Of the leaſt care, ſhall dare come neere to it.
'Tis the grand *Iubile*, the Feaſt of Feaſts,
Sabaoth of Sabaoths, end-leſſe Reſt of Reſts,
Which, with the Prophets, and Apoſtles zealous,
The conſtant Martirs, and our Chriſtian fellowes,
Gods faithfull ſeruants, and his choſen Sheepe,
In Heau'n we hope (within ſhort time) to keepe;
Meditation of the workes of God: eſpecially on the day of Reſt.
He would, This Day, our ſoule (ſequeſtered
From buſie thoughts of worldly cares) ſhould read
In Heau'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-leſſe Bountie, Power, and Prouidence:
That euery part may (as a Maiſter) teach
Th'illiterate, Rules paſt a vulgar reach.

Come

Come (Reader) ſit, come ſit thee downe by mee
Thinke with my thoughts, and ſee what I doo ſee:
Heare this dumbe Doctor, ſtudie in this Booke,
Where day and night thou mai'ſt at pleaſure looke,
And thereby learne vprightly how to liue:
For euery part doth ſpeciall Leſſons giue,
Euen from the guilt ſtuds of the Firmament,
To the baſe Center of our Element.

Exhortation to this Meditation, with the vſe and profit thereof.

Seeſt thou thoſe Starres we (wrongly) wandring call,
Though diuers wayes they daunce about this Ball,
Yet euermore their manifold Careere
Followes the Courſe of the *Firſt Mouing* Spheare?
This teacheth thee, that though thine owne Deſires
Be oppoſite to what Heau'ns will requires,
Thou muſt ſtill ſtriue to follow (all thy dayes)
God (the firſt Mouer) in his holy wayes.

The Planets teach vs to follow the will of God.

Vaine puffe of winde, whō vaunting pride bewitches
For Bodies beauties, or Mindes richer Riches:
The Moone, whoſe ſplendor frō her Brother ſprings,
May by Example make thee vaile thy wings;
For thou, no leſſe then the pale Queene of Nights,
Borrow'ſt all goodnes from the Prince of Lights.

The Moone teacheth that wee haue not any thing that we haue not receiued

Wilt thou from Orbe to Orbe to th'Earth deſcend,
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neere to Heau'n, the ſame is cleere and pure;
Ours heere below, ſad, ſmoakie, and obſcure:
So, while thy Soule doth with th'Heau'ns conuerſe,
It's ſure and ſafe from euery thought peruerſe,
And though thou wonne here in this World of ſinne,
Thou art as happy as Heau'ns Angells beene:

The Elementary fire and ours, where our happineſſe, and where our miſery conſiſts.

But

But, if thy mind be alwaies fixed all
On the foule dunghill of this darkſome vale,
It will partake in the contagious ſmells
Of th'vncleane houſe wherein it droopes and dwells.

The Aire, that afflictions are profitable for vs.

If enuious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doe toſſe thee to and fro,
Remember, th'Aire corrupteth ſoone, except
With ſundry Winds it be oft ſwing'd and ſwept.

The Sea, that we ought for no reſpect to tranſgreſſe the Law of God.

The Sea, which ſometimes downe to Hell is driu'n,
And ſometimes heaues a froathie Mount to Heau'n,
Yet neuer breakes the bounds of her precinckt,
Wherein the Lord her boiſterous armes hath linckt:
Inſtructeth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,
Ambitions winde, nor golden vaſſallage
Of Auarice, nor any loue, nor feare,
From Gods command ſhould make thee ſhrink a haire.

The Earth, that we ſhould be cõſtant.

The Earth, which neuer all at once doth moue,
Though her rich Orbe receaued from aboue,
No firmer baſe her burden to ſuſtent,
Then ſlipperie props of ſofteſt Element,
By her example doth propoſe to thee
A needfull Leſſon of true conſtancie.

The Eares of Corne, that wee ſhould be humble.

Nay, there is nought in our deere Mother found,
But pythilie ſome vertue doth propound:
O let the noble, wiſe, rich, valiant,
Be as the baſe, poore, faint, and ignorant;
And looking on the fields when *Autumne* ſheares,
There let them learne among the bearded eares,
Which, ſtill the fuller of the flowerie graine,
Bow downe the more their humble heads againe:

And aye, the lighter and the leſſe their ſtore,
They lift aloft their Chaffie Creſts the more.
Let her that (bound-les in her wanton wiſhes)
Dares ſpot the Spouſe-bed with vnlawfull kiſſes,
Bluſh (at the leaſt) at Palme-Trees loyaltie,
Which neuer beares, vnleſſe her Male be by.
Thou, thou that pranceſt after Honors prize,
While by the way thy ſtrength and ſtomach dies:
Remember, Honor is like Cinamon
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thornie prickes, that none may danger-les
Approach the Plant, much leſſe the Fruit poſſeſſe.
Canſt thou the ſecret Sympathie behold
Betwixt the bright Sunne and the Marigold,
And not conſider, that we muſt no leſſe
Follow in life the Sunne of Righteouſnes?
O Earth! the treaſures of thy hollow breſt
Are no leſſe fruitfull Teachers then the reſt.
For, as the Lime doth breake and burne in Water,
And ſwell, and ſmoake, crackle, and skip, and ſcatter,
Waking that Fire, whoſe dull heat ſleeping was
Vnder the cold Cruſt of a ſtonie Maſſe:
He that (to march amid the Chriſtian Hoaſt)
Yeelds his Hearts Kingdome to the holy-Ghoſt;
And for braue Seruice vnder Chriſt his Banner,
Looks to be crown'd with his braue Championshonor,
Muſt in Affliction wake his zeale, which oft
In Calmer times ſleepes too-ſecurely ſoft.
And oppoſite, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steele doth ſtoutly both withſtand:

The Palme-Tree, that we ſhould be chaſt.

Sinamon teacheth Diligence and Prudence.

The Sunne and the Marigold, direct vs vnto Chriſt, the Sun of Righteouſnes.

Lyme in water, teacheth vs to ſhow our vertue in extremitie.

The Diamond exhorteth to Conſtancie.

So the true Chriſtian ſhould till life expire,
Contemne proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with ſome ruth-les ſmart
A little ſhake the ſinewes of his heart,
Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity, and purity.
He muſt be like the richeſt Minerall,
Whoſe Ingots bow, but neuer breake at all;
Nor in the furnace ſuffer any loſſe
Of waight but Lees, not of the Gold but droſſe.
The precious Stone that beares the Raine-bows name,
The ſtone Iris, to edification of our Neighbour.
Receiues the bright face of *Sols* burniſht flame,
And by reflection, after it diſplaies
On the next obiect all thoſe pointed rayes:
So who ſo hath from the Emperial Pole,
Within the center of his happie Soule
Receiu'd ſome ſplendor of the beames deuine,
Muſt to his Neighbour make the ſame to ſhine:
Not burying Talents which our God hath giuen
To be imployd in a rich trade for Heau'n,
That in his Church he may receiue his Gold,
With thirtie, ſixtie, and an hundred fold.
The needle in the Mariners cõpaſſe ſheweth that we ſhould inceſſantly looke on Chriſt our only load-ſtarre.
As th'Iron toucht by th'Adamants effect
To the North Pole doth euer point direct:
So the Soule toucht once by the ſecret power
Of a true liuely Faith, lookes euery hower
To the bright Lampe which ſerues for *Cynoſure*
To all that ſaile vpon this Sea obſcure.
Leſſons from liuing Creatures.
Theſe preſidents from liue-les things collected
Breed good effects in ſpirits well affected;
But leſſons taken from the things that liue,
Vnto all ſorts a liuelier touch doo giue.

Vp, vp yee Princes, Prince and People riſe,
And runne to Schoole among the Hunnie-Flies:
There ſhall you learne, that an eternall lawe
Subiects the Subiect vnder Princes awe:
There ſhall you learne, that a couragious King,
To vex his humble Subiects hath no ſting.

Bees, to Subiects and to Princes

The *Perſian* Prince, that princely did conclude
So ſeuere lawes againſt Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marline hauing kept her warme
With a liue Larke, remits it without harme,
And leaſt her frend-bird ſhe ſhould after ſlay,
She takes her flight a quite contrarie way.

The Marlin, to the vnthankfull

Fathers, if you deſire, your children ſage
Should by their bleſſings bleſſe your crooked age,
Traine them betimes vnto true Vertues Lore,
By Awe, Inſtruction, and Example more:
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his young to follow him about:
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to vſe their feeble wing,
He leaues them then ſome daies vnfed, wherby
Sharpe hunger may at length conſtraine them flie;
If that preuaile not, then he beats them both
With beake and wings to ſtirre their fearefull ſloath.

The Eagle, to Parents.

You, that to haſte your hated Spouſes end
Blacke deadly poyſon in his diſh doo blend;
O can ye ſee with vn-relenting eyes
The Turtle Doue, ſith when her husband dies
Dies all her ioy, for neuer loues ſhe more,
But on drie Boughes doth her dead ſpouſe deplore?

The Turtle to Wedlocke breakers.

Thou, whom the freedome of a fooliſh tongue
Wilde-geeſe to Babblers Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong,
Diſcreetly ſet a hatch before the doore;
As the wiſe Wild-geeſe when they ouer-ſoar
Cilicean Mountes, within their bills doo beare
A pebble-ſtone both day and night, for feare
Leaſt rauenous Eagles of the North diſcrie
Their Armies paſſage, by their cackling crie.

Diuers Fiſhes, to vnnaturall Mothers that will not nouriſh their owne children. O Mothers, can you? can you (O vnkinde)
Denie your Babes your breſts? and call to minde
That many Fiſhes, many times are faine
Receiue their ſeed into their wombes againe,
Lucinas ſad throes, for the ſelf-ſame birth
Enduring oft (it often bringing forth)?

Dolphins, to the cruell. O why embrace not wee with Charitie
The liuing; and the dead with Pietie,
Giuing theſe ſuccour, ſepulture to thoſe:
Euen as the Dolphins doo themſelues expoſe,
For their liue fellowes, and beneath the Waues
Couer their dead ones vnder ſandie Graues?

The wild Kid, to children. You childrē, whom (paſt hope) the Heau'ns benignitie
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaued vp to dignitie,
Doo not forget your Parents: but behold
Th'officious Kidds, who (when their Parents old,
With heauie Gyues, Elds trembling feuer ſtops
And fetters faſt vpon the Mountaine-tops)
As carefull purueyours, bring them home to brouze
The tendreſt tops of all the ſlendereſt boughes;
And ſip (ſelf-thirſt-les) of the Riuers brinke,
Which in their mouths they bring them home to drink.

For

For houſehold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagarian* (glorie of good wits):
Nor his, whom for his hunnie-ſteeped ſtile,
They Prouerbiz'd the *Attike Muſe* yer-while:
Sith th'onely Spider teacheth euerie one
The Husbands and the Huſwifes function.
For, for their food, the valiant Male doth roame,
The cunning Female tends her worke at home:
Out of her bowels, wooll and yarne ſhe ſpitteth,
And all that els her learned labour fitteth;
Her waight's the ſpindle that doth twiſt the twine:
Which her ſmall fingers draw ſo euen and fine,
Still at the Center ſhe her warpe begins,
Then round (at length) her little threeds ſhe pinnes,
And equall diſtance to their compaſſe leaues,
Then neat and nimbly her new web ſhe weaues
With her fine ſhuttle circularly drawne
Through all the circuit of her open lawne,
Open, leaſt elſe th'vngentle Windes ſhould teare
Hir cipres Tent weaker then any haire;
And that the fooliſh Flie might eaſier get
Within the meſhes of her curious Net:
Which he no ſooner doth begin to ſhake,
But ſtraight the male doth to the Center make,
That he may conquer more ſecurely there
The humming Creature hampred in his ſnare.

The Spiders, to Man & Wife.

You Kings, that beare the ſword of iuſt Hoſtilitie,
Purſue the proud, and pardon true humilitie.
Like noble Lyons that do neuer ſhow
Their ſtrength and ſtomake on a yeelding foe,

The Lyon, to Kings.

But rather, through the ſtouteſt throngs doo forrage,
'Mid thouſand Deaths to ſhow their dauntles courage.

The Emmet and Hedge-Hog to the ſloathfull.

Thou ſluggard (if thou liſt to learne thy part)
Goe learne the Emmets, and the Vrchins art;
In Summer th'one, in Autumne th'other takes
The Seaſons fruits, and thence prouiſion makes,
Each in his Lodging laying vp a hoord
Againſt cold Winter, which doth nought affoord.

Man may finde in himſelf excellent inſtruction.

But (Reader) wee reſemble one that windes
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthie *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To ſeeke farre-off for Incenſe, Spice, and Gold.
Sith wee, not looſing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happie life doth ſtand;
And our owne Bodies ſelf-contayned motions,
Giue the moſt groſe a hundred goodly Notions.

The head teacheth all perſons in Authoritie.

You Princes, Paſtors, and ye Chiefs of Warre,
Doo not your Lawes, Sermons, and Orders marre,
Leaſt your examples banefull leproſies
Infect your Subiects, Flocks, and Companies:
Beware, your euill make not others like,
For no parte's ſound if once the Head be ſicke.

The Eyes inſtruct Princes, and Noble Men.

You Peeres, O doo not through ſelf-partial zeale,
With light-brain'd Counſailes vex your Cõmon-weal:
But as both Eyes doo but one thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good vphold.

The teeth, ſuch as trauaile for others.

You, that for others trauaile day and night,
With much-much labour, and ſmall benefit,
Behold the Teeth, which toule-free grinde the food,
From whence thẽſelues doo reap more griefe then good.

Euen

Euen as the Hart hath not a Moments reſt,
But night and day moues in our panting breſt,
That by his beating it may ſtill impart
The liuely ſpirits about to euerie part:
So thoſe, to whom God doth his Flocke betake,
Ought alwaies ſtudie, alwaies worke, and wake,
To breath (by Doctrine and good Conuerſation)
The quickning Spirit into their Congregation,
And as the Stomach, from the holeſome food
Deuides the groſer part (which is not good)
They ought from Falſe the Truth to ſeparate,
Error from Faith, and Cockle from the Wheat,
To male the beſt receiu'd for nouriſhment,
The bad caſt forth as filthie excrement.
If Batt or Blade doo threaten ſodaine harme
To bellie, breſt, or leg, or head, or arme,
With dreadles dread the hand doth ward the blow,
Taking her ſelf her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then, mid the ſhock of ſacrilegious armes
That fill the world with blood and boiſterous ſtormes,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,
Whō Faith hath made more neer & deer then brothers?
Nor can I ſee, where vnderneath the Skie,
A man may finde a iuſter Policie,
Or truer Image of a calme Eſtate,
Exempt from Faction, Diſcord, and Debate,
Then in th'harmonious Order that maintaines
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall paines:
Where, one no ſooner feeles the leaſt offence,
But all the reſt haue of the ſame a ſence.

The Hart, the Miniſters of the VVord

The ſtomack, the ſame.

The Hands, all Chriſtians, to Charitie.

The whole body, the whole ſociety of mankind, that euerie one ought to ſtand in his owne vocation.

The Foote ſeekes not to ſmell, the Noſe to walke,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talke.
But, without troubling of their Common-weale
With mutinies, they (voluntarie) deale
Each in his Office, and Heau'n-pointed Place,
Bee't vile or honeſt, honored or baſe.
But ſoft my Muſe, what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modelet?
One ſelfly ſubiect twice or thrice to bring
Is tedious, how euer ſweet we ſing.
There-fore a-ſhoare: Mates, let our Anchor fall,
Heere blowes no Winde, heere are we Welcome all.
Beſides, conſider and conceiue (I pray)
W'haue row'd ſufficient for a *Sabbaoth Day*.

FINIS.

31. MA 59

Pibrac. Quadrain. 5.

Say not, my hand This Worke to END *hath brought,*
Or, This my vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus; This, God by mee hath wrought,
God's Author of the little Good I doo.

VARIA DOCTORVM VIRORVM EPIGRAMMATA
In G. Saluſtii *D. Bartaſsij* Poemata.

ΕΙΣ ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΣΑΛΟΥΣΤΙΟΥ ΒΑΡΤΑΣΙΟΥ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΑ ΓΑΛΛΟΥΣΤΙΟΥ ΒΑΡΤΑΣΙΟΥ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΑ.

Οὐρανίῳ σάλπιγξ θεοπνεύστοιο χορείης,
Ὦ θείη κεφαλή, θεῖον ἀποστομίτας,
Οὐράνιον θείοισι παρ' ἀνδράσιν εὗρες ἄοιδος,
Τῆς εὐδαιμονίης τέκμαρ ἐπουρανίου.
Ἦ καὶ ἐπιχθονίων θείου θελχῖνας ἔρωτος
Θεὶς κεφαλίαις, χθονίους θῆκας ἐπουρανίους.
Ἄφθιτον ἦν σοι χθών, Σαλλάστιε, κῦδος ὀπάζει,
Ἄθλον σοι τηρεῖ οὐρανὸς ἀρφνίον.

ΙΟΑΝΝΕΣ ΣΕΡΡΑΝΟΣ.

AD LECTOREM SALVSTIANAE HEBDOMADIS, EPIGRAMMA.

TEmpora qui rapido quæreris labentia fluxu,
Quique annos, menſes, dicis & ire dies:
Hanc vnam excipito non vlla parte fugacem
Hebdomadem, fixo namque ſtat illa gradu,
Manſura æternũ. Quid ita? nam tempus, & orbem,
Orbis & immenſum continet artificem.

A. FAYVS.

IN GVLIELMI SALVSTII HEBDOMADEM.

HEbdomas vna, Deo verbum genitale loquuto,
Naſcente mundo vt extitit,
Sic repetens certo ſeptena volminua gyro,
Menſeſque & annos metiens,
Æuum impartitur mundo, ſeſe hacce fatenti
Hebdomade natum viuere.
Cuius ad exemplar dum nobis, docte Saluſti,
Hebdomada condis alteram,
Non equidem mundus nobis ſic naſcitur alter:
Illum ſed vnum conditum
Sic nobis totum enarras diuinitus, alter
Pene eius vt ſis artifex.
Et prior vt mundi primis natalibus orta
Mundo coæua permanet,
Sic tua poſterior natalibus orta ſecundis,
Nunc te perennet hebdomas.

TH. Beza. V. F.

EPIGRAMMA.

MAgna tulit quondam, ſed in vna ÆNEIDE *cunctas*
Oſtentauit opes Muſa Latina ſuas.
Nunc & in HEBDOMADA, *ſimili certamine cunctas*
Profert diuitias Gallica Muſa ſuas.
Iam dolet amiſſum nec quicquam ESAVS *honorem,*
Cui tamen infœlix non minus offa placet.
At RARTASSVS *ouans Terras perluſtrat & Æquor,*
Celſaque per nubes tollit ad aſtra caput.
Nil ſibi depoſcens: opus admirabile MVNDI
Atque operis tanti dum canat Artificem.
Cætera per cœnum grunni plebs fœda talento
Ad Venerem & nugas nequiter vſa tuo,
En tibi quæ dederat quondam, nunc hoſtis Apollo
Conſcidit impuris munera rapta comis.
At tu Gallorum rex illuſtriſsime vatum,
Aurea iam deinceps laurea ſerta geres.

ANNAS RVLMANVS.

AD G. SALVSTIVM DE HAC HEBDOMADE EPIGRAMMA.

Mæonium ceſſet iactare Pelaſgia vatem:
Ceſſet Roma ſuũ tollere Virgilium.
Gallia Bartaſſum profert ex millibus vnum,
Cui merito laurum cedat vterque libens.
Nam quanto ſuperat Cœlum diſcrimine terras,
Omnibus hic tanto præſtat vtrunque modis:
Seu ſubiecta operiũ, ſeu tu ſpectaueris artem,
Seu collimatũ quem petiere ſcopum.
Hic non ficta canit, vanas vt mulceat aures:
Sed mundi Geneſin, artificemque Deum.
Hebdomas hæc, ſtructa humana ſublimius arte,
Æternum Numen nos celebrare docet.
Cedite Romani Vates, O, cedite Graij:
Eſto Poetarum turba profana procul.
At tu viue diu, Vates diuine, Saluſti:
Hebdomas hæc nullo ſit moritura die.

L. CONSTANS.

ANAGRAMMATISMVS.

Gulielmus Saluſtius. Muſis laus illius viget.

NOn rudibus rudis eſt cui dicta infantia mundi
Verſibus, & quo nunc cultius extat opus:
Quis neget hunc certo fatalis ab omine dictum
Auſpicij, quod ei prouida Parca dedit?
Ergo VIGET MVSIS LAVS ILLIVS *atque vigebit:*
Inque dies maior, clarior inque dies.
Nam creſcente nouo mundo, noua carmina creſcent:
Creſcet & Auctoris gloria ſicut opus.

Io. Auratus, Poëta Regius.

OCTASTICHON.

GAllicus en ſurgit Gallis Saluſtius Orpheus,
Qui ſacra ſcripta ſacro concinat eloquio.
Eſt aliquid Regum res geſtas pangere verſu,
Maius at eſt laudes concelebrare Dei.
Scilicet, illa iuuant mortales carmina Reges,
Æterno Regi hæc ſola placere ſolent.
Threicium ergo polo ſi tollat Græcia vatem,
Saluſti, tua te Gallia in Aſtra feret.

Federicus Morellus P. T. R.

IN APES INNOXIAS QVÆ BARTASSII IN IPSIS DOMVS

penetralibus conſederunt, ibi quotannis melli-
ficantes, dialogiſmus.

Viator. Apes.

Viator. *QVod monſtrũ his oculis video? quibus aduena*
Auſpicijs curſus huc nec opina tulit? (turba
Non etenim ſine mente deum, ſine numine quodam
Huc veſtrum aligeræ caſus adegit iter.
Dicite (progenies ſemper florentis Hymeti)
Quid cauſæ inſolitis ponere tecta locis?
Apes. *Muſarum ſocias magni nos aura Saluſti*
Ingenij teſtes huc operũque vocat.
Sic Xenophontæis labris inſedimus olim,
Melleus vndauit cuius ab ore fluor.
Viator. *Hic ſtipare domos, huic ergo hærere tigillo,*
Hæc placet aſsiduo melle linenda trabes?
Apes. *Dum vitæ ſuperabit amor, dum notus amabit*
Arbiter, hic ſtudium nectere Nectar erit.
Nam geminus nos ardor agit, nos æmula virtus,
Cogimus arte ſacros cogit vt ille fauos.
Diuerſum hoc, tenui nam quæ properamus opella
Linguæ vni, inque breues ſunt ſapitura moras:
Mulcentẽ ille rigans aures, & corda liquorẽ
Sæcula quod relegant poſtera pangit opus.

Viator.

Viator. *Aſt indulgentes latebris, cur cella reducto*
Intentas operi vos capit ima ſinu?
Apes. *Sic puris princeps ſpatijs quaque orbita vatiũ*
Non ijt vlla prior dũ meditatur iter
Seceſſus coluit, ſed non ignobilis oti,
Famaque cæliuagis exijt acta notis:
Eque lare eque focis regniũ pertraxit in aulas
Nactus vbi præſtans Pallade, vtraque decus.
Viator. *Ingenij at cur immemores, neque figitis vlliũ,*
Veſtra nec aſſuetũ corpora virus alunt?
Apes. *Innocuos noſtri mores imitamur Alumni,*
Candidior cui mens cui niue pura magis.
Quẽ non effræni conuitia ad aſpera lingua
Præcipitẽ potuit vertere liuor edax,
Altius inuidia quando populiſque profanis
Elatũ, pennis tũ ſecat aſtra nouis,
Dira ſuſurrantis turbæ non contigit aura,
Quæ decoriũ tantis auctibus atra dolet,
Carpe licet turba æternos impune labores,
Non Leo deiectas impetret vngue feras,
Nempe operæ haud pretium eſt, nec ſi te ruperis, in te
Vox acuet magni quæ canit orbis opes.

FINIS.

GVLIELMO SALVSTIO
C. M. V.

Epicedium.

His, fateor, nemo exuuijs inſcribere honorem,
Aut pater Aonij debuit ipſe chori.
Gratia ſed quoniam taciti prope nulla doloris,
Neu videar mœſtas non maduiſſe genas,
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem,
Ecce meus vano munere peccet amor:
Et titulus ſaltem eſto, BONA SVPER ÆTHERA FAMA
NOTVS, NEGET NVLLO, QVI IACET HIC, TITVLO.

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Iac. Lectius.

D. O. M. S.

GVLIELMO SALVSTIO
POETARVM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIVM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTVTIS DVLCI
DOCTOQ.
CVIVS MONVMENTA DOCVMENTA
POSTERIS FVTVRA SVNT:
QVI MVSAS EREPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBVS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBVS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBVS
IMBVIT,
VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BVS EXVVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI,

A. MM. PP.

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THE Second VVeeke:

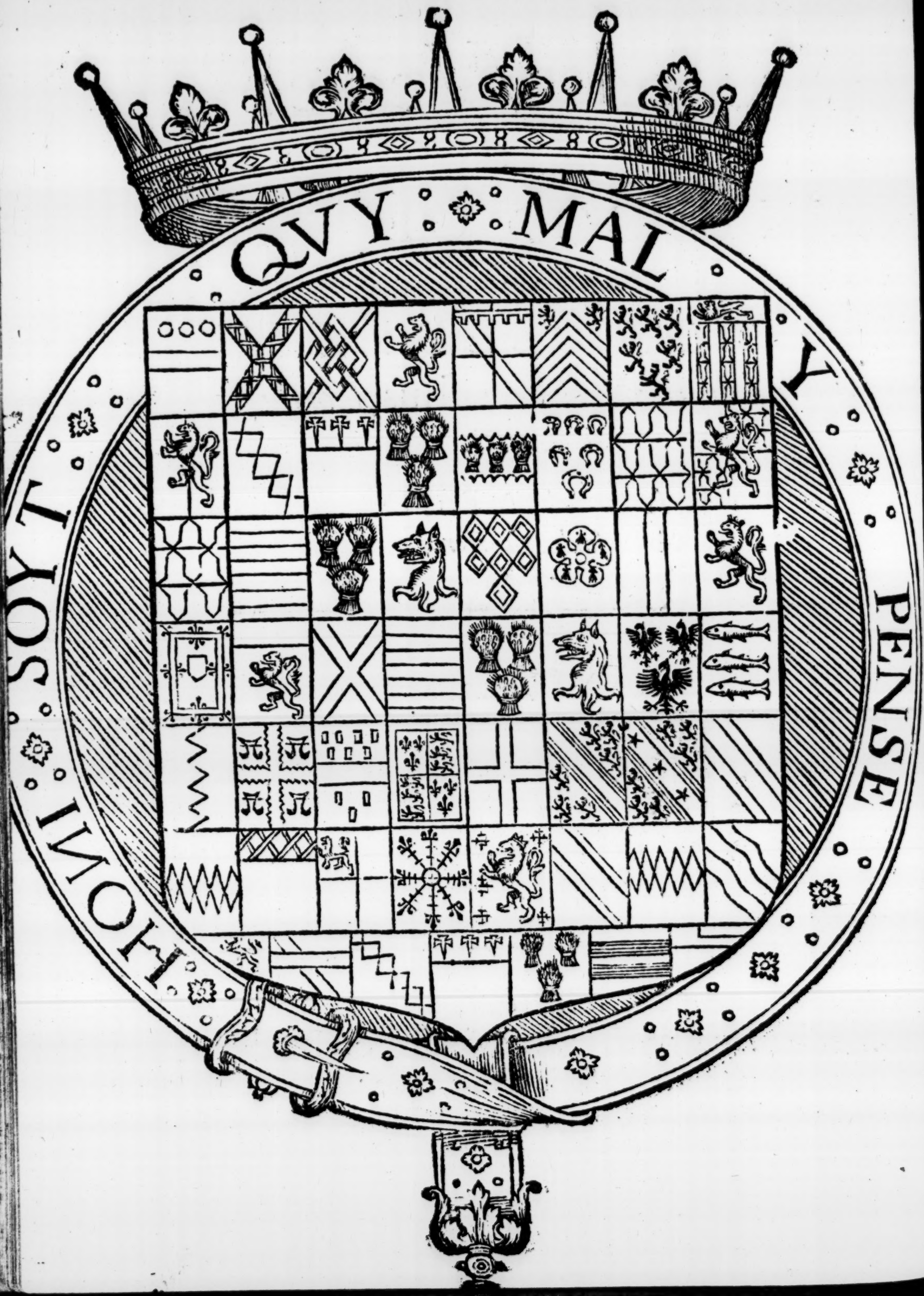
or

CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD.

OF THE NOBLE, LEARned, and diuine VV. Saluſtius, *Lord of* BARTAS.

TRANSLATED
by *Ioſuah Syluester.*

AT LONDON,
Printed by *Humfrey Lownes* dwelling on Bredſtreete hill at the ſigne of the Starre.
1605.


QVY · MAL · Y
PENSE
HONI · SOYT

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

Robert Earle of *Essex* and Ewe, Earle Marshall of England, Viscount Hereford and Bourgcher. Lord Ferrers of Chartley, Bourgcher, and Louein: Knight of the most noble order of the Garter: Master of her Maiesties Horse, and of the Ordinance: and one of her Highnes most Honorable Priuie Counsell.

RIght Honorable, hauing nought else of worth to present your Lordship with, I haue presumed to offer at the shrine of your gracious clemencie, this humble sacrifice of my deuout sincerity: whereby I haue bewrayed rather a will to desire, thē skill to deserue your Honorable Patronage. For (well I wot) this slender Columne is too weake a prop, to beare the *Atlas*-burthen of your renowmed Name, so loued in *England*, so honored in *Belgia*, so admir'd in *France*, & so feared in *Spaine*; and there, so ofted & so deepe with your owne sword ingrauen about the famous Pillers of *Hercules*. Neuertheless (Right Honorable) after your weary trauaile in forreine exploits: & busie trouble in our home-affaires) let it please your Lordship to recreate your selfe a litle, with a few turnes in this delightfull Garden: For (howsoeuer, heere, through my negligence or ignorance, it may seeme, not so seemly drest) it containes a pleasant model of all the exquisit beauties of *Adams* EDEN; fram'd by the admirable hand of the deuine Prince of Modern Poets, *Salustius* Lord of *Bartas*: whose rare worthines, least my rude weaknes wrong too much, I refer to your Honors absolute censure: & sacring all my best abilities to your Lordships seruice, I most humbly kisse your valiant and victorious hand. *London* this 11. of *May*. 1598.

Your Honors euer most humbly deuoted,
IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

To the ſame right Honorable Earle of *Eſſex* and *Ewe*, Earle Marſhall of England, &c.

A Sonnet.

GReat Strong-bow's *heire, no ſelf-conceipt doth cauſe*
Mine humble wings aſpire to you, vnknowne:
But knowing this, that your renowne alone
(As th' Adamant *and as the* Amber *drawes*
That, hardeſt ſteele; this, eaſie-yeelding ſtrawes)
Atters the ſtubborne, and attracts the prone:
I haue preſum'd (O Honors Paragon)
To graue your name (which all Iberia *awes)*
Heere, on the forefrunt of this little Pile;
T'inuite the vertuous to a ſacred feaſt:
And chace away the vicious and the vile;
Or ſtop their lothſome enuious tongues (at leaſt):
If I haue err'd, let my ſubmiſsion ſeuſe:
And daigne to grace my yet vngraced Muſe.

Iosvah Sylvester.

EDEN.

The first Booke, of the first Day, of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

Our Poet, first doth Gods assistance seeke:
The Scope and Subiect of his Second Weeke.
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall Place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life; and Knowledge Tree with-all:
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His exercise, and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreames and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sinnes effect; whereby
Man (els Immortall) mortall now, must Dye.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in Description of the Infancie & first estate of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *Worlds Birth* made me
VNfold his Cradle, shew his infancie: (see,
walk thou, my spirit throgh al the flow'ring alleis,
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding valleys
Foure liuely flouds crauld: tell me what mis-deed
Banisht both *Edens*, *Adam* and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought-vs (vs:
The Balm frõ Heau'n which hoped helth hath wrought

Grant me the ſtorie of thy Church to ſing,
And geſts of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy firſt Sabaoth to his fatall toombe,
My ſtile extending to the day of Doombe.
Lord, I acknowledge and confeſſe before,
This Ocean hath no bottome, nor no ſhoare;
But (ſacred Pilot) thou canſt ſafely ſteere
My vent'rous Pinnaſſe to her wiſhed Peere,
Where once arriu'd, all dropping wet I will
Extoll thy fauors, and my vowes fulfill.

*The Tranſlator conſidering his owne weakenes and inſufficiencie for a Work ſo rare and excellent, as all the World hath worthily admired: craueth alſo the aſſiſtance of the Higheſt, that at the leaſt his endeuour may both ſtir vp ſom abler Spirit to vndertake this Taske: and alſo prouoke all other good Wits to take in hand ſome holy Argument: and with-all, that Him-ſelfe may be for euer ſincerely affected, and (as it were) throughly ſeaſo-

* *And gracious guide, which dooſt all grace infuſe,*
Since it hath pleas'd thee taske my tardy Muſe
With theſe high Theames, that through mine Art-les Pen
This holy Lampe may light my Country-men:
Ah teach my hand, touch mine vnlearned lips,
Leaſt, as the Earths groſſe body doth Eclipſe
Bright Cynthias *beames, when it is interpos'd*
Twixt her and Phœbus: *ſo mine ill-diſpos'd,*
Darke, gloomy Ignorance, obſcure the rayes
Of this diuine Sunne of theſe learned dayes.
O furniſh me with an vn-vulgar ſtile,
That I by this may weane our wanton ILE
From Ouids *heires, and their vn-hallowed ſpell*
Heere charming ſences, chayning ſoules in Hell.
Let This prouoke our modern wits to ſacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee their Maker:
That our myſterious ELFINE *Oracle,*
Deepe, morall, graue, inuentions miracle:
My deere ſweet DANIEL, *ſharpe-conceipted, briefe,*
Ciuill, ſententious, for pure accents chiefe:

And

And our new NASO, *that ſo paſſionates*
Th' heroike ſighes of loue-ſick Potentates:
May change their ſubiect, and aduance their wings
Vp to theſe higher and more holy things.
And if (ſufficient rich in ſelfe-inuention)
They ſcorne (as I) to liue of Strangers Penſion,
Let them deuiſe new Weekes, *new Works, new waies*
To celebrate the ſupreme Prince of prayſe.
And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to a Citie from ſome Conduit-head
Brings holſome waters, yet (ſelfe-wanting ſence)
It ſelfe receaues no drop of comfort thence:
But rather, as the thorough-ſeaſoned Butte
Wherein the teares of preſſed Grapes are put,
Retaines (long after all the wine is ſpent)
Within it ſelfe the liquors liuely ſent:
Let me ſtill ſauour of theſe heauenly ſweets
Till Death fold-vp mine earth in earthen ſheetes,
Leaſt, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory,
To BRVTVS *heyres, bluſh at mine elder Story.*

ned with the ſweet reliſh of theſe ſacred and religious diſcourſes.

Simile.

Simile.

GOD (*Supreme Lord*) committed not alone
T'our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the ſcaly Nation
That in the Ocean haue their habitation:
Thoſe that in horror of the Deſarts lurke:
And thoſe that cap'ring in the welkin worke.
But alſo choſe him for a happy ſeat
A climate temp'rate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paueth ſumptuouſlie
With flowrie VER's inammeld tapiſtrie;

Narration.

God hauing Created and eſtabliſhed Man, Lord of the Creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Gardē of Eden

Pomona

Pomona pranks with fruites, whoſe taſte excels;
And *Zephir* fills with Muske and Amber ſmels.
Where God himſelfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corne couers the hills and vallies,
Summons ſweet ſleepe with noiſe of hundred Brooks,
And Sunne-proofe Arbors makes in ſundry nookes:
He plants, he proines, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th'euer greene beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heere-there the courſe of th'holy Lakes he leads,
With thouſand Dies he motleys all the meads.

The Eliſian Fields of the Heathen Poets, are but Dreames.

Ye Pagan Poets, that audaciouſly
Haue ſought to darken th'euer-Memorie
Of Gods great works; from henceforth ſtill be dumb
Your fabled praiſes of *Eliſium*,
Which by this goodly modell you haue wrought,
Through deafe tradition, that your Fathers taught;
For the Almighty, made his blisfull Bowers
Better indeed, then you haue fained yours.

A large Deſcription of the rich beauties of the Garden of Eden *or earthly Paradice.*

For, ſhould I ſay that ſtill with ſmiling face,
Th'all-claſping Heauens beheld this happy place;
That honey ſweet, from hollow rocks did draine;
That foſtering milke flow'd vp and downe the plaine;
That ſweet as Roſes ſmelt th'ill-ſauorie Rew:
That in all ſoyles, all ſeaſons, all things grew:
That ſtill there dangled on the ſelfe-ſame treen
A thouſand fruites, nor ouer-ripe, nor green:
That egreſt fruites, and bittreſt hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars and the Apricock;
Yeelding more holeſome food then all the meſſes,
That now taſt-curious, wanton Plenty dreſſes,

Diſguiſing

Diſguiſing in a thouſand coſtly diſhes,
The various ſtore of dainty Fowles and Fiſhes,
Which farre and neere we ſeeke by Land and Seas,
More to prouoke then hunger to appeaſe,
Or ſhould I ſay, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but *Manna* did abound:
That neuer guttur gorging durty muds,
Defil'd the criſtall of ſmooth-ſliding flouds,
Whoſe waters, paſt in pleaſant taſt, the drinke
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brinke:
That ſhady Groues of noble Palme-tree ſprayes,
Of amorous Mirtles, and immortall Bayes
Neuer vn-leau'd; but euermore, their new
Selfe-arching armes in thouſand Arbors grew;
Where thouſand ſorts of birds, both night and day
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play,
And marrying their ſweet tunes to th'Angels layes,
Sung *Adams* bliſſe, and their great Makers praiſe.
For then, the Crowes, night-Rauens, & Howlets noiſe
Was like the Nightingales ſweet-tuned voice;
And Nightingales ſung like diuine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th'Ayres daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keepe her tongue,
Who neuer askes, but onely anſweres all,
Who lets not any her in vaine to call;
She bore her part, and full of curious skill,
They ceaſing ſung, they ſinging ceaſed ſtill:
There Muſike raign'd, and euer on the Plaine,
A ſweet ſound raiſd the dead-liue voice againe.

Excellent eſtate of the Earth, & eſpecially of Eden *before* Adams *Fall.*

All discommodities far from Eden before Sin.

If there I say the Sunne (the Seasons stinter)
Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoarie Winter,
But louely VER kept still in liuely lustre
The fragrant Valleys smiling Meades and Pásture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrinke
For Northren winds, nor for the Southern winke:
But *Zephyr* did sweet muskie sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gaue bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowers, those flowers sweet sauor yeeld:
That day did gladly lend his sister night,
For halfe her moisture, halfe his shining Light:
That neuer haile did Haruest preiudice,
That neuer frost, nor snow, nor slipp'rie ice
The fields enag'd: nor any stormy stower
Dismounted Mountaines, nor no violent shower
Powerisht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and vse:
I thinke I lie not, rather I confesse
My stammering Muses poore vnlearnednes.

Edens *principall, and most excellent beauty.*

If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 'twas the type of th'vpper Paradice;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange) discourse
With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.

Of the place where the Garden of Eden *was Scituate.*

Yet (ouer-curious) question not the syte,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight.
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountaine neere *Latona's* shine,
Nigh *Babilon*, or in the radiant East.
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)

That

That, that rare, plenteous, pleaſant, happy thing
Whereof th'Almighty made our Grand-ſire King,
Was a choiſe ſoile, through which did rowling ſlide
Swift *Ghion*, *Phiſon*, and rich *Tygris* tyde,
And that faire ſtreame whoſe ſiluer waues doe kiſſe
The Monarch Towers of proud *Semiramis*.

Now, if that roaming round about the earth,
Thou finde no place that anſweres now in worth
This beauteous place, nor Country that can ſhew
Where now-adaies theſe noted flouds doe flow:
Include not all within this Cloſe confind,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth bind.
A certaine place it was (now ſought in vaine)
Where ſet by grace, for ſinne remou'd againe
Our Elders were: whereof, the thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angell Porter.

Nor thinke that *Moſes* paints fantaſtike-wiſe
A miſtike tale of fained Paradice:
('Twas a true Garden, happy plenties horne,
And ſeat of graces) leaſt thou make (forlorne)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantaſticall,
His ſinne ſuppos'd, his paine Poeticall:
Such allegories ſerue for ſhelter fit
To curious Idiots of erronious wit,
And chiefely then when reading Hiſtories,
Seeking the ſpirit, they doe the body leeſe.

But if thou liſt to gueſſe by likelihood,
Thinke that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beauteous place, which formoſt ſaw
The firſt foule breach of Gods eternall law:

It was a certaine materiall Place: howſoeuer now-a-dayes we cannot exactly obſerue neither the Circuit, nor extent of it.

It was no allegoricall nor miſticall Garden.

It was defaced by the generall Flood.

Thinke

Thinke that the moſt part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the ſweeteſt flowers the ſpirits dull'd:
Spoild the faire Gardens, made the fat fields leane,
And chang'd (perchance) the riuers channell cleane:
Why the Seituation of the Garden of Eden *is now hard to find.*
And thinke that Time, whoſe ſlippery wheele doth play
In humane cauſes with inconſtant ſway,
Who exiles, alters, and diſguiſes words,
Hath now transform'd the names of all theſe Fords,
For as through ſinne we loſt that place; I feare
(Forgetfull) we haue loſt the knowledge where
'Twas ſituate, and of the ſugred dainties
Wherewith God fed vs in thoſe ſacred plenties.

Of the two Trees ſeruing as Sacrame ts to Adam.
Now, of the Trees wherewith th'immortall power
Adorn'd the quarters of that bliſfull Bower,
All ſeru'd the mouth, ſaue two ſuſtaind the mind:
All ſeru'd for food, ſaue two for ſeales aſſign'd.

Whereof the Tree of Life was a Sacrament.
God gaue thee firſt for honorable ſtile,
The tree of life, true name (alas the while)
Not for th'effect it had, but ſhould haue kept,
If man from duty neuer had miſ-ſtept.
For as the ayre of thoſe freſh dales and hills,
Preſerued him from *Epidemike* ills,
This fruit had euer-calm'd all inſurrections,
And ciuil quarrels of the croſſe, complexions:
Had barr'd the paſſage of twice-childiſh age,
And euer-more excluded all the rage
Of painefull griefes, whoſe ſwift-ſlow poſting-pace
At firſt or laſt our dying life doth chaſe.

The excellencie of that Tree.
Strong counter-baen! O ſacred plant diuine!
What mettall, ſtone, ſtaike, fruite, flower, roote, or ryne,

Shall

Shall I preſume in theſe rude rimes to ſute
Vnto thy wondrous world-adorning fruit?
The rareſt ſimples that our fields preſent-vs
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torments-vs,
And with the torment, lingering our reliefe,
Our bags of gold void; yer our bulks of griefe.
But thy rare fruits hid power admired moſt,
Salueth all ſores, ſans paine, delay, or coſt:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to ſtay,
Thou didſt not cure, but keepe all ills away.
O holy, peere-leſſe, rich preſeruatiue!
Whether wert thou the ſtrange reſtoratiue
That ſuddainly did age with youth repaire,
And made old *Æſon* yonger then his heire?
Or holy *Nectar*, that in heauenly bowers,
Eternally ſelfe-pouring *Hebe* poures?
Or bleſt *Ambroſia* (Gods immortall fare)?
Or elſe the rich fruite of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as aſſured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or pretious *Moly*, which *Ioues* Purſiuan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or elſe *Nepenthe*, enemie to ſadnes,
Repelling ſorrowes, and repealing gladnes?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Saue men and Angels euery creature els)?
No, none of theſe, theſe are but forgeries;
But toyes, but tales, but dreames, deceipts, and lies.
But thou art true, although our ſhallow ſence
May honour more, then ſound thine excellence.

We cannot ſay what Tree it was.

How he knew Good and Euill before Sinne.

The

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Euill.

The tree of Knowledge th'other Tree behight,
Not, that it ſelfely had ſuch ſpeciall might,
As mens dull wits could whet and ſharpen ſo
That in a moment they might all things know.
'Twas ſure pledge, a ſacred ſigne, and ſeale;
Which, being taen, ſhould to light man reueale
What ods there is, betweene ſtill peace, and ſtrife;
Gods wrath, and loue; drad death, and deereſt life;
Solace, and ſorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, and humble obedience.

Of the excellence of Mans knowleage before Sin.

For, God had not depriu'd that primer ſeaſon
The ſacred lampe and light of learned reaſon:
Mankind was then, a thouſand fold more wiſe
Then now, blind error had not bleard his eyes,
With miſts that make th' *Athenian Sage* ſuppoſe
That *nought he knowes, ſaue this, that nought he knowes.*
That euen light *Pirrhons* wauering fantaſies
Reaue him the skill his vn-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obſcure,
As deepe as darke, the Truth of things immure.

How hee knew good and euill before Sinne.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th'vſe of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proofe as yet:
But as they ſay of great *Hyppocrates*,
Who(though his limbs were numm'd with no exceſſe,
Nor ſtopt his throat, nor vext his fantaſie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th'Angine, and Lunacie,
And hundred elſe-paines, whence in luſtie flower
He liu'd exempt, a hundred yeeres and fower.
Or like the pure Heau'n-prompted Prophets rather,
Whoſe ſight ſo cleerely future things did gather

Becauſe

Becauſe the World's ſoule in their ſoule enſealed
The holy ſtamp of ſecrets moſt concealed.
But our now-knowledge hath for tedious traine,
A drooping life, an ouer-racked braine,
A face forlorne, a ſad and ſullen faſhion,
A reſtleſſe toyle, and cares ſelfe-pyning paſſion.
Knowledge was then, euen the ſoules ſoule for light,
The ſpirits calme Port, and Lanthorne ſhining bright
To ſtraight-ſtept feete, cleere knowledge; not confuſ'd:
Not ſower, but ſweet: not gotten, but infuſ'd.

Of mans knowledge ſince his Fall.

Now Heau'ns eternall all-fore-ſeeing King,
Who neuer raſhly ord'reth any thing,
Thought good that man (hauing yet ſpirits ſound-ſtated)
Should dwell els-where, then where he was created.
That he might know, he did not hold this place
By Natures right, but by meere gift and grace.
That he ſhould neuer taſt fruits vn-permitted,
But keepe the ſacred pledge to him committed.
And dreſſe that Parke which God, without all terme,
On theſe conditions gaue him, as in farme.

Why the Lord put Man in the Garden of Eden.

God would, that (void of painfull labour) he
Should liue in *Eden*, but not idlely,
For idlenes pure innocence ſubuerts,
Defiles our body, and our ſoule peruerts:
Yea ſober'ſt men, it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that firſt trauell had no ſympathie
With our ſince-trauailes wretched crueltie,
Diſtilling ſweat, and panting wanting wind,
Which was a ſcourge for *Adams* ſinne aſſign'd.

Of his exerciſe there.

4. Compariſons. For *Edens* earth was then ſo fertile fat,
That he made onely ſweet Eſſayes in that,
Of skilfull induſtrie, and naked wrought
More for delight, then for the gaine he ſought.
In briefe, it was a pleaſant exercíſe,
A labour like't, a paine much like the guiſe
1. Of cunning dauncers, who although they skip,
Runne, caper, vault, trauerſe, and turne, and trip,
From morne till euen, at night againe full merrie,
Renue their daunce, of dauncing neuer wearie.
2. Or elſe of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rouſing betimes ſome often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds vncouple, (ble,
Wind lowd their horns, their whoops, & hollowes dub-
Spur-on and ſpare not, following their deſire,
Themſelues vn-wearie, though their Hacknies tyre.
But, for in th'end of all their iolitie,
There's found much ſtifneſſe, ſweat and vanitie,
I rather match it to the pleaſing paine
Of Angels pure, who euer ſloath diſdaine:
3: 4 Or to the Sunnes calme courſe, who painleſſe aye
About the welkin poſteth night and day.
Doubtleſſe, when *Adam* ſaw our common ayre
Adam *admireth the beauties of the World in generall.* He did admire the manſion rich and faire
Of his Succeſſors, for froſts keenly cold
The ſhadie locks of Forreſts had not powl'd:
Heauen had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giuen the earth her ſad deuorces Writ.
But moſt eſpecially of the Garden of Eden. But when he once had entred Paradice,
The remnant world he iuſtly did deſpiſe,

Much like a Boore farre in the Country borne,
Who, neuer hauing ſeene but Kine and Corne,
Oxen, and Sheepe, and homely Hamlets thatcht,
(Which fond he counts as Kingdoms hardly matcht.)
When afterward he happens to behold
Our wealthy Londons *wonders manifold,*
The ſilly peaſant thinks himſelfe to be
In a new world, and gazing greedily,
One while he Artleſſe, all the Artes admires,
Then the faire Temples, and their top-leſſe ſpires,
Their firme foundations and the maſsie pride
Of all their ſacred ornaments beſide:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, geſtes, attires, the faſhions and the faces,
Of buſie-buzzing ſwarmes, that ſtill he meets
Ebbing and flowing ouer all the ſtreets:
Then at the ſignes, the ſhops, the waights, the meaſures,
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treaſures;
But of all ſights, none ſeemes him yet more ſtrange
Then the rare, beauteous, ſtately, rich Exchange:
Another while he maruailes at the Theames,
Which ſeemes to beare huge mountaines on her ſtreames
Then at the faire-built Bridge, which he doth iudge
More like a trade-full Citie then a Bridge;
And glancing thence a-long the Northren ſhoare,
That princely proſpect doth amaze him more.
For, in that Garden man delighted ſo,
That rapt he wiſt not if he wak'd or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable:
Or Earth or Heauen, all more then admirable.

In this compariſon my Author ſetteth down the famous Citie of Paris: *but I haue preſumed to applie it to our own Citie of* London, *that it might be more familiar to my meere Engliſh, and vn-trauaild Readers.*

For ſuch exceſſe his extaſie was ſmall;
Not hauing ſpirit ynough to muſe withall,
He wiſht him hundred-fold redoubled ſences,
The more to taſte ſo rare ſweet excellences,
Not knowing whether noſe, or eares, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or ſaw, more ſauors, ſounds, or dies.

Happines of the firſt Man before his Fall.

But *Adams* beſt and ſupreme delectation,
Was th'often haunt and holy conuerſation,
His ſoule and body had ſo many waies
With God, who lightned *Eden* with his rayes.
For ſpirits, by faith religiouſly refin'd,
Twixt God and man retaine a middle kind:
And (vmpires) mortall to th'immortall ioyne;
And th'infinite in narrow clay confine.

Of the viſions of the ſpirit.

Some-times by you, O you all-faining Dreames,
We gaine this good; but not when *Bacchus* ſteames
And glutton vapours ouer-flow the braine,
And drowne our ſpirits, preſenting fancies vaine;
Nor when pale *Phlegme*, or Saffron-coloured *Choler*,
In feeble ſtomacks belch with diuers dolor,
And print vpon our Vnderſtandings Tables,
That, water-wracks; this other, flame-full fables:
Nor when the ſpirit of lies our ſpirits deceaues,
And guile-full viſions in our fancie leaues:
Nor when the pencil of cares ouer-deepe
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our ſleepe.
But when no more the ſoules chiefe faculties
Are ſperſt to ſerue the body many waies,
When all ſelfe-vned, free from daies diſturber,
Through ſuch ſweet Trance ſhe findes a quiet harbour,

Where

Where, ſome in riddles, ſome more plaine expreſt,
She ſees things future, in th'Almighties breſt.
And yet farre higher is this holy Fit,
When (not from fleſh, but from fleſh-cares, acquit)
The wakefull ſoule it ſelfe aſſembling ſo,
All ſelfely dies; while that the body though
Liues motion-leſſe: for ſanctified wholy,
It takes th'impreſſion of Gods ſignet ſolie;
And in his ſacred Chriſtall Map, doth ſee
Heauens Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more then ſpirit, Now, Morrow, Yeſterday,
To it all one, are all as preſent aye.
And though it ſeeme not (when the dreame's expired)
Like that it was, yet is it much admired
Of rareſt men, and ſhines among them bright
Like gliſtering ſtarrs through gloomie ſhades of night.

Of the certainty of the viſions of the ſpirit, the body being at reſt.

But aboue all, that's the diuineſt Trance
When the ſoules eye beholds Gods countenance:
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his dread-ſweet face he ſeales.
As when S. *Paul*, on his deere Maſters wings
Was rapt aliue vp to th'eternall things:
And he that whilome for the choſen flock
Made walls of waters, waters of a rock.

Of deuine & extraordinarie viſions and Reuelations.

O ſacred flight! ſweet rape! loues ſoueraigne bliſſe!
Which very loues deere lips dooſt make vs kiſſe:
Hymen, of *Manna* and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time dooſt Heau'n with earth contract:
Fire, that in Lymbec of pure thoughts diuine,
Dooſt purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:

Of the excellency of ſuch viſions & Reuelations.

And mounting vs to Heau'n, vn-mouing hence,
Man (in a trice) in God dooſt quinteſſence:
O mad'ſt thou man diuine in habitude,
As for a ſpace; O ſweeteſt ſolitude,
Thy bliſſe were equall with that happy Reſt
Which after death ſhall make vs euer-bleſt.

What manner of viſions the firſt Man had in Eden.

Now, I beleeue that in this later guiſe
Man did conuerſe in pleaſant Paradiſe
With Heau'ns great Architect, (and happy) there
His body ſaw, (or body as it were;)
Gloriouſly compaſt with the bleſſed Legions
That raigne aboue the azure-ſpangled Regions.

Man is put in poſſeſſion of Eden, vnder a cõdition.

ADAM (quoth he) the beauties manifold
That in this *Eden* thou doeſt heere behold,
Are all thine onely, enter (ſacred race)
Come take poſſeſſion of this wealthy place,
The earth's ſole glory: take (deere Sonne) to thee,
This farme's demaines, leaue the chiefe-right to mee,
And th'onely rent that of it I reſerue-is
One Trees faire fruite, to ſhew thy ſute and ſeruice:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
I'le not exact hard Fines (as men ſhall woont.)
For ſigne of homage, and for ſeale of faith,
Of all the profites this poſſeſſion hath,
I onely aske one Tree, whoſe fruite I will
For Sacrament ſhall ſtand of Good and Ill:
Take all the reſt I bid thee: but I vow
By th'vn-nam'd name, where-to all knees doe bow,
And by the keene Darts of my kindled ire,
(More fiercely burning then conſuming fire)

That

That of the fruit of knowledge if thou feed,
Death, dreadfull Death ſhall plague thee and thy ſeed.
If then, the happy ſtate thou hold'ſt of me,
My holy mildnes, nor high maieſtie,
If Faith nor honour curbe thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy ſelfe, and thine owne ſeeds condition?
Moſt mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) here I tender
All thanks I can, not all I ſhould thee render,
For all thy liberall fauours, farre ſurmounting
My harts conceit, much more my tongues recounting.
At thy commaund, I would with boyſterous ſhock
Goe runne my ſelfe againſt the hardeſt rock:
Or caſt me headlong from ſome Mountaine ſteepe,
Downe to the whirling bottome of the deepe:
Yea, at thy becke, I would not ſpare the life
Of my deere *Phœnix*, *ſiſter-daughter-wife*:
Obaying thee, I finde the things impoſſible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleaſant, kinde, and poſſible.
But ſince thy firſt Law doth more grace afford
Vnto the ſubiect, then the ſoueraigne Lord:
Since (bounteous Prince) on me and my diſcent,
Thou dooſt impoſe no other taxe, nor rent,
But one ſole precept of moſt iuſt condition,
(No precept neither, but a prohibition,)
And ſince (good God) of all the fruites in EDEN
There's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Euen onely that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better (perhaps) to looke on then to eate)
I honour in my ſoule, and humbly kiſſe
Thy iuſt Edict (as Author of my bliſſe)

Before Sinne, Man was an humble and zealous ſeruant of God.

Which once tranſgreſt, deſerues the rigour rather
Of ſharpeſt Iudge, then mildnes of a Father,
The Firmament ſhall retrograde his courſe,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his ſource,
Firme mountaines skip like Lambs; beneath the deepe
Eagles ſhall diue; Whales in the aire ſhall keepe,
Yer I preſume with fingers ends to tuch
(Much leſſe with lips) the fruit forbod ſo much.
Thus, yet in league with Heauen and Earth he liues,
Deſcriptiõ of the beauties of the Garden of Eden. Enioying all the goods th'Almightie giues:
And, yet not treading Sinnes falſe mazie meaſures,
Sailes on ſmooth ſurges of a ſea of pleaſures.
Heere, vnderneath a fragrant hedge repoſes,
Full of all kindes of ſweet all-coloured Roſes,
Which (one would thinke) the Angels daily dreſſe
In true loue-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.
The Orchard. Anon he walketh in a leuell lane
On either ſide beſet with ſhadie Plane,
Whoſe arched boughes, for *Frize* and *Cornich* beare
Thicke Groues, to ſhield from future change of aire:
Then, in a path impal'd in pleaſant wiſe
With ſharpe-ſweet Orange, Lemon, Citron trees;
Whoſe leauie twigs that intricately tangle
Seeme painted walls whereon true fruites doe dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With vn-graft trees, in checker, round, and ſquare:
Whoſe goodly fruites ſo on his will doe waite,
That plucking one, another's readie ſtraight:
And hauing taſted all (with due ſatietie)
Findes all one goodnes, but in taſte varietie.

Anon

Anon he ſtalketh with an eaſie ſtride
By ſome cleere Riuer's lilly-paued ſide,
Whoſe ſand's pure gold, whoſe pebbles precious Iems,
And liquid ſiluer all the curling ſtreames:
Whoſe chiding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Chriſtall ceſternes moates a mead about:
And th'art-leſſe Bridges ouer-thwart this torrent,
Are rockes ſelfe-arched by the eating current:
Or louing *Palmes*, whoſe luſtie females (willing
Their marrow-boyling loues to be fulfilling;
And reach their husband trees on th'other banckes)
Bow their ſtiffe backes, and ſerue for paſſing planckes.

The Brookes.

The Bridges.

Then in a goodly Gardens alleis ſmooth,
Where prodigue Nature ſets abroad her boothe
Of richeſt beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide poſies, diuers dies and order.

The Alleis, beds, and Borders.

Now, farre from noiſe he creepeth couertlie
Into a Caue of kindly *Porphyrie*,
Which, rock-falne ſpowtes, congeald by colder aire;
Seeme with ſmooth antikes to haue ſeeled faire:
There laid at eaſe, a cubit from the ground,
Vpon a Iaſpir fring'd with yuie round,
Purfled with vaines, thick thrumbd with moſſie Beuer
He falls a ſleepe faſt by a ſilent riuer: ruſhing,
Whoſe captiue ſtreames through crooked pipes ſtill
Make ſweeter muſicke with their gentle guſhing,
Then now at *Tiuoli*, th'*Hydrantike* braule
Of rich *Ferrara's* ſtately Cardinall:
Or *Cteſibes* rare engines, framed there
Where as they made of *Ibis*, *Iupiter*.

The Caues.

The pleaſant murmur of the Waters.

Muſing,

The Mazes. Muſing, anon through crooked Walkes he wanders,
Round-winding ringes, and intricate Meanders,
Falſe-guiding pathes, doubtfull beguiling ſtrayes,
And right-wrong errors of an end-leſſe Maze:
Not ſimply hedged with a ſingle border
Of *Roſemarie* cut out with curious order,
In *Satyrs*, *Centaures*, *Whales*, and *halfe-men-Horſes*,
And thouſand other counterfaited corſes:
The wonderfull Plants. But with true beaſts, faſt in the ground ſtill ſticking,
Feeding on graſſe, and th'airie moiſture licking:
The Bonarets. Such as thoſe *Bonarets* in *Scythia* bred
Of ſlender ſeeds, and with greene fodder fed,
Although their bodies, noſes, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand Lambs haue full the forme and guiſe,
And ſhould be very Lambs, ſaue that for foote,
Within the ground they fixe a liuing roote,
Which at their nauell growes, and dies that day,
That they haue brouz'd the neighbour graſſe away.
O wondrous vertue of God onely good!
The beaſt hath roote, the plant hath fleſh and blood;
The nimble plant can turne it too and fro,
The nummed beaſt can neither ſtirre nor goe:
The plant is leafe-leſſe, branch-leſſe, void of fruite,
The beaſt is luſt-leſſe, ſex-leſſe, ſire-leſſe, mute:
The plant with plants his hungry panch doth feed,
Th'admired beaſt is ſowne a ſlender ſeed.
The Trees of the Garden of Eden. Then, vp and downe a Forreſt thicke he paceth,
Which ſelfely opening in his preſence, baſeth
Her trembling treſſes neuer-vading ſpring,
For humble homage to her mighty King:

Where

Where thouſand Trees, wauing with gentle puffes
Their plumie tops, ſweepe the celeſtiall roofes.
Yet enuying all the maſſie *Cerbas* fame, *The Cerbas.*
Sith fiftie paces can but claſp the ſame.
There ſprings the ſhrub three foot aboue the graſſe, *The Balme.*
Which feares the keene edge of the Curtelace;
Whereof the rich *Egiptian* ſo endeares
Roote, barke, and fruit, and yet much more the teares.
There liues the *Sea-oake* in a little ſhel; *The Sea-Oake.*
There growes vntild the ruddie *Cochenel*: *The Cochenel.*
And there the *Chermez*, which on each ſide armes *The Chermez.*
With pointed prickles all his precious armes:
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in thoſe Wormes of price,
Which preſſed, yeeld a crimſin-coloured iuice,
Whence thouſand Lambs are died ſo deepe in graine,
That their owne mothers know them not againe.
Their mountes the *Melt* which ſerues in *Mexico*, *The admirable Melt.*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to ſowe)
Brick, honey, ſugar, ſucket, balme, and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord, and line:
His wood for fier, his harder leaues are fit
For thouſand vſes of inuentiue wit.
Some-times there-on they graue their holy things,
Lawes, laudes of Idols, and the geſts of Kings:
Sometimes conioyned by a cunning hand
Vpon their roofes for rowes of tyle they ſtand:
Sometimes they twine them into equall threeds,
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His vpper ſap the ſting of Serpents cures,
His new-ſprung bud a rare conſerue indures,

His

His burned ſtalkes, with ſtrong fumoſities
Of piercing vapours, purge the *French* diſeaſe:
And they extract from liquor of his feet,
Sharpe vineger, pure honey, ſugar ſweet.

The ſhame-faced

There quakes the plant, which in *Pudefetan*
Is call'd *The ſhame-fac'd*, for aſham'd of man,
If toward it one doe approch too much,
It ſhrinkes his boughes to ſhunne our hatefull tuch;
As if it had a ſoule, a ſence, and ſight,
Subiect to ſhame, feare, ſorrow, and deſpight.

A Tree whoſe leaues transform to fowle & fiſh.

And there, that tree from of whoſe trembling top
Both ſwimming ſhoales, and flying troupes doe drop:
I meane the tree now in *Iuturna* growing,
Whoſe leaues diſperſt by *Zephyr's* wanton blowing,
Are Metamorphoſ'd both in forme and matter,
On land to fowles, to fiſhes in the water.

A modeſt correction of our Poet, vnwilling to wade farther in curious ſearch of hidden ſecrets.

But ſeeſt thou not (deere *Muſe*) thou treadſt the ſame
Too-curious path, thou dooſt in others blame:
And ſtriu'ſt in vaine to paint this worke ſo choice,
The which no humane ſpirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceaue, leſſe pourtray, leaſt expreſſe,
All ouer-whelm'd in gulphes ſo bottomleſſe.

Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly meaſureth
By painted Butter-flies th'imperiall Eagle;
Aud th'Elephant by euery little Beagle.

Or to wander vnprofitably in nice Queſtions, concerning the Gardē of Eden, *and Mans aboad there.*

This feare to faile, ſhall ſerue me for a bridle,
Leaſt (lacking winges and guide) too buſie-idle,
And ouer-bo'd, Gods Cabinet I clime,
To ſeeke the place and ſearch the very time,

When

When both our *Parents*, or but one was tane
Out of our earth into that fruitfull plaine.
How long they had that Garden in poſſeſſion;
Before their proud and inſolent tranſgreſſion:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether ſex: or whether none or any:
Or how (at leaſt) they ſhould haue propagated,
If the ſlie malice of the ſerpent hated,
Cauſing their fall, had not defil'd their kinne,
And vnborne ſeed, with leproſie of ſinne.
If voyd of *Venus*, ſith vnlike it is,
Such bleſſed ſtate the noble flower ſhould miſſe
Of virgin-head, or folke ſo perfect chaſte
Should furious feele, when they their loues imbraſt,
Such tickling flames as our fond ſoule ſurpriſe
(That dead a-while in *Epilepſie* lies)
And ſlack our ſinewes all, by little and little
Drowning our reaſon in foule pleaſure brittle.
Or whether elſe as men ingender now,
Sith ſpouſe-bed ſpot-leſſe lawes of God allow,
If no exceſſe commaund: ſith elſe againe
The Lord had made the double ſex in vaine.
Whether their Infants ſhould haue had the power
We now perceaue in freſh youths luſtie flower,
As nimble feete, limmes ſtrong and vigorous,
Induſtrious hands, and hearts couragious,
Sith before ſinne, man ought not leſſe appeare
In natures gifts, then his then-ſeruants were:
And loe the Partridge, which new-hatched beares
On her weake backe her parent-houſe, and weares

In ſtead of winges, a beuer-ſupple downe
Followes her dam through furrowes vp and downe.
Or elſe as now, ſith in the wombe of *Eue*
A man of thirtie yeeres could neuer liue:
Nor may we iudge 'gainſt Natures courſe apparant,
Without the ſacred Scriptures ſpeciall warrant.
Which for our good (as Heau'ns deere Babe) hath right
To countermand our reaſon and our ſight. (brought
Whether their ſeede ſhould with their birth haue
Deepe Knowledge, reaſon, vnderſtanding-thought,
Sith now we ſee the new-ſalne feeble Lambe
Yet ſtain'd with bloud of his diſtreſſed Dammе,
Knowes well the Wolfe, at whoſe fell ſight he ſhakes,
And right the teate of th'vnknowne Eaw he takes:
And ſith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead image, and no liuing man.
Or the thicke vaile of Ignorance's night
Had hooded-vp their iſſues inward ſight,
Sith the much moiſture of an Infant braine
Receiues ſo many ſhapes, that ouer-laine,
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confuſ'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th'Vnderſtanding hull, which ſettle would,
But findes no firme ground for his Ankers hold.
Whether old ADAM ſhould haue left the place
Vnto his Sonnes; they, to their after-race:
Or whether altogether at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to Heau'n haue paſt.
Search who ſo liſt, who liſt let vaunt in pride
The deciſion of ſuch Queſtions, T'haue hit the white, and let him ſage decide

The

The many other doubts that vainely riſe,
For mine owne part I will not ſeeme ſo wiſe:
I will not waſt my trauaile and my ſeed,
To reape an emptie ſtraw, or fruitleſſe reed.
Alas, we know what *Orion* of griefe
Raind on the curſt head of the creatures *Chiefe*,
After that God againſt him warre-proclaim'd,
And Sathan princedome of the earth had claim'd.
But none can know preciſely how at all
Our Elders liu'd before their odious fall:
An vnknowne Cifer, and deepe Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miſſe:
Sith *Adam's* ſelfe, if now he liu'd a-new,
Could ſcant vnwind the knottie ſnarled clew
Of double doubts, and queſtions intricate
That Schooles diſpute about this priſtine ſtate.
But this ſole point I reſt reſolued in,
That ſeeing death's the meere effect of Sinne,
Man had not dreaded Death's all-ſlaying might,
Had he ſtill ſtood in innocence vpright.
For, as two bellowes, blowing turne by turne,
By little and little make cold coales to burne,
And then their fire, inflames with glowing heate
An yron barre, which on the Anuil beat,
Seemes no more yron, but flies almoſt all
In hiſſing ſparkes, and quicke bright cinders ſmall:
So, the worlds ſoule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire
Th'eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our ſoule (as forme) breath in our corſe
Her count-leſſe numbers, and Heau'n-tuned force,

is a buſie-idleneſs.

Sinne makes vs perceaue more then ſufficiently, What happines our Grand-ſire loſt, and what miſerie he got by his ſhamful Fall.

But for Sinne, man had not been ſubiect vnto Death.

Simile.

Where-

Wherewith our bodies beautie beautified,
Should (like our death-leſſe ſoule) haue neuer died.
Obiectiõs againſt the eſtate of Man, who had not beene ſubiect vnto death but for ſinne.
Heere (wote I well) ſome wranglers will preſume
To ſay, ſmall fire will by degrees conſume
Our humor radicall: and, how-be it
The differing vertues of thoſe fruites, as yet
Had no agreement with the harmefull ſpight
Of the fell Perſian dangerous *Aconite*;
And notwithſtanding that then ADAMS taſte
Could well haue vſed all, without all waſte,
Yet could they not reſtore him euery day
Vnto his body that which did decay,
Becauſe the foode cannot (as being ſtrange)
So perfectly in humane ſubſtance change:
Simile.
For it reſembleth wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleaſant life
Is ouer-cool'd; and ſo there reſts in fine,
Nought of the ſtrength, ſauour, or taſte of wine.
Beſides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyer'd with toyle, and th'Humor-enimies,
Our death conſpiring, vndermine at laſt
Of our ſoules priſons the foundations faſt.
Anſwere to thoſe obiections.
I, but the tree of life the ſtrife did ſtay
Which th'humors cauſed in this houſe of clay,
And ſtopping th'euill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Onely the ſoules contagious maladie
Had force to fruſtrate this high remedie.
Concluſion.
Immortall then, and mortall man was made,
Mortall he liu'd, and did immortall vade:

For

For fore th'effects of his rebellious ill,
To die or liue, was in his power and will:
But ſince his ſinne, and proud apoſtaſie,
Ah, die he may, but not (alas) not-dye;
As after his new-birth, he ſhall attaine
Onely a power to neuer-die againe,

FINIS.



31 MA 59

THE DECEIPT.

To the Right Ho-

norable Sir *Charles Blunt*, Knight;

Lord *Mountioy*, Earle of *Deuonſhire*: Lieutenant generall of *Ireland*, Maſter of the Ordinance, Gouernour and Captaine of the Towne and Gariſon of *Portſmouth*, and the Ile of *Portſey*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maieſties moſt Honorable priuie Councell.

RIght Honorable, drawne by your generall fame, and driuen by my eſpeciall fancie, to honour in your truly-noble, and right heroicall ſpirit, your loue to learning and good letters; and moſt eſpecially, to the deuine Art of Poeſie: I haue conſecrated to your Honorable Patronage, this little peece of my rude labours: crauing your Lordſhips fauourable pardon for my double preſumption: For, I confeſſe my skill too weake to vndertake ſo inimitable a task: and I acknowledge my ſelfe too-vnworthie to preſent it to ſo Honorable protection. But a deſire to profit my Country, according to my talent (or at the leaſt, to prouoke better wits to performe better) and a zeale to purchaſe ſome meane place in your Lordſhips good conceipt, (or at the leaſt, to expreſſe my deuotion to your Honorable vertues) haue made me thus farre to forget my ſelfe: hoping by a forward affection, to excuſe a feeble defect.

Your honors moſt humble
and earneſtly-affected
IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

To the ſame Right Honorable Earle of Deuonſhire.

A Sonnet.

THough in thy Brook(*great* Charles)*there ſwim a ſwan*
Whoſe happy, ſweet, immortall tunes can raiſe
The vertuous Greatnes of thy Noble praiſe
To higher notes, then my faint numbers can:
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in ſilence ſcan*
Vnto himſelfe new-meditated laies,
To finiſh vp his ſad Pharſalian *fraies;*
Lend eare to Bartas (*now our Country-man*)
For, though his Engliſh be not yet ſo good
(*As* French-men *hardly doe our tongue attaine*)
He hopeth yet to be well vnderſtood;
The rather, if you (*worthie Lord*) *ſhall daigne*
His baſhfulnes a little to aduance,
With the milde fauours of your countenance.

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE DECEIPT.

The ſecond Booke, of the firſt Day, of the ſecond Weeke.

The Argvment.

Iuſtice *and* Mercie *modeld in their kinde:*
Sathans *proud hate, and Enuie to Mankinde;*
His many Engines, and malitious wyles,
Whereby the beſt he many-times beguiles:
Why Hee aſſum'd a body, and began
With Eue; *by Her to vndermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drouſie Conſcience:*
Gods righteous Sentence, for their foule Offence
On them (and Theirs): Their Exile: Eden *barr'd*
With flaming Sword, and Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſſing Swallowes, and the ſwifteſt things)
Euen in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heauen to Hell, from Hell to Heauen may flie?
O who ſhall ſhow the countenance and geſtures
Of Mercie and Iuſtice: which faire ſacred ſiſters
With equall poize doe euer ballance euen,
Th'vnchanging proiects of the King of Heauen?

Th'one ſterne of looke, the other mild-aſpecting:
Th'one pleas'd with teares, the other bloud affecting,
Th'one beares the ſword of vengeance vnrelenting,
Th'other brings pardon for the true-repenting:
Th'one from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſſe,
Th'other hath rais'd him to a higher bliſſe.
Who ſhall direct my pen to paint the Storie
Of wretched mans forbidden-bitt-loſt glorie?
What ſpell ſhall charme th'attentiue Readers ſence?
What Fount ſhall fill my voice with eloquence,
So that *I rapt may rauiſh all this* ILE
With graue-ſweet warbles of my ſacred ſtile:
Though *Adams* Doome, in euery Sermon common,
And founded on the error of a woman,
Wearie the vulgar; and be iudg'd a ieſt
Of the prophane, zeale-ſcoffing Atheiſt?

He hath recourſe to God the onely giuer of all ſufficiency & dexterity in good & holy things.

Ah, thou, my God, euen thou (my ſoule refining
In holy faiths pure furnace, cleerely ſhining)
Shalt make my hap farre to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, and giue my tongue ſmooth ſcope:
Thou, bounteous, in my bold attempts ſhalt grace-me,
And in the ranke of holieſt Poets place-me:
And frankly grant, that ſoaring neere the skie,
Among our Authors Eagle-like I flie:
Or, at the leaſt (if Heau'n ſuch hap denay)
I may point others, Honors beauteous Way.

The Enemy of God enuieth Man & plotteth his Deſtruction.

WHILE *Adam* bathes in theſe felicities,
Hells Prince, ſlie parent of reuolt and lies,
Feeles a peſtiferous, buſie-ſwarming neſt
Of neuer-dying Dragons in his breſt,

Sucking

Sucking his bloud, tyring vpon his lungs,
Pinching his entrailes with ten thouſand tongs,
His curſed ſoule ſtill moſt extreamly racking,
Too franke in giuing torments, and in taking:
But aboue all, hate, pride, and enuious ſpight,
His helliſh life doe torture day and night:
For th'hate he beares to God, who hath him driu'n
Iuſtly, for euer, from the glittering Heau'n,
To dwell in darknes of a ſulphrie clowd
(Though ſtill his brethrens ſeruice be allow'd):
The proud deſire to haue in his ſubiection
Mankind inchain'd in gyues of Sinnes infection,
And th'enuious heart-breake to ſee yet to ſhine
In *Adams* face Gods Image all diuine,
Which he had loſt; and that man might atchieue
The glorious bliſſe, his pride did him depriue:
Growne barbarous tyrants of his trecherous will,
Spur-on his courſe, his rage redoubling ſtill.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)
'Tis that old *Python* which through hundred throates
Doth proudly hiſſe, and paſt his wont, doth fire
A Hell of furies in his fell deſire:
His enuious heart, ſelfe-ſwolne with ſullen ſpight,
Brookes nether greater, like, nor leſſer wight:
Dreads th'one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (iealous) doubts the riſing of the other.

His Subtilty in Executing his Deſignes.

To vent his poiſon, this notorious tempter,
(Meere ſpirit) aſſailes not *Eue*, but doth attempt her
In fained forme: for elſe, the ſoule diuine
Which rul'd (as Queene) the Little-worlds deſigne,

So purely kept her vow of chaſtitie,
That he in vaine ſhould tempt her conſtancie.
Therefore he fleſhly doth the fleſh aſſay,
Suborning that her Miſtres to betray,
A ſubtle Pandor with more ticing ſlights
Then Sea hath fiſh, or Heau'n hath twinckling lights.
For had he been, of an etheriall matter,
Why Hee hid him in a Body. Of fierie ſubſtance, or aieriall nature;
The needfull helpe of language had he wanted,
Whereby Faiths ground-worke was to be ſupplanted:
Sith ſuch pure bodies haue nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, artires, noſe, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plac'd are properly created
True inſtruments of ſounds articulated.
And further-more though from his birth h'had had
Why He appeared not in his owne likenes: nor transformed him into an Angel of Light. Hart-charming cunning ſmoothly to perſwade,
He fear'd (malicious) if he careleſſe, came
Vn-masked, like himſelfe, in his owne name,
In deepe diſtruſt man entring, ſuddainly
Would ſtop his eares, and his foule preſence flie.
As (oppoſite) taking the ſhining face
Of ſacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then ſuſpected leaſt th'Omnipotent
Should thinke man's Fall ſcarce worthy puniſhment.
Simile. Much like (therefore) ſome theefe that doth conceiue
From trauailors both life and goods to reaue,
And in the twi-light (while the Moone doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neere the Kings high-way
Himſelfe doth ambuſh in a buſhie Thorne,
Then in a Caue, then in a field of Corne,

Creepes

Creepes to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet, the safety of each place doth doubt;
Till resolute, at last (vpon his knee
Taking his leuell) from a hollow Tree
He swiftly sends his fire-wing'd messenger
At his false sute t'arrest the passenger:
Our freedomes felon, fountaine of our sorrow,
Thinkes, now the beauty of a Horse to borrow;
Anon to creepe into a Haifers side; *He hides him vnder diuers figures.*
Then in a Cocke, or in a Dogge to hide,
Then in a nimble Hart himselfe to shroud;
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacocke proud;
And least he misse a mischiefe to effect,
Oft changeth mind, and varries oft aspect:
At last, remembring that of all the broods
In Mountains, Plains, Aires, Waters, Wilds, & Woods *Why Hee chose the Serpent.*
The knottie Serpents spottie generation
Are filled with infectious inflamation: (pawes,
And though they want Dogs teeth, Bores tusks, Beares
The Vulters bill, Bulls hornes, and Griffins clawes,
Yea, seeme so weake, as if they had not might
To hurt vs once, much lesse to kill vs quite:
Yet, many times they trecherously betray vs, (vs:
And with their breath, looke, tongue, or traine they slay
He craftie cloakes him in a Dragons skin
All bright-bespect, that speaking so within
That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,
The mouer might with th'organ sympathize.
For yet the faith-lesse Serpent (as they say)
With horror crawl'd not groueling on the clay,

Nor

Nor, to mankind (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that's the hire of his offence ingratefull.
Sundry opinions heere vpon.
But now, to cenſure how this change befell
Our wits come ſhort, our words ſuffice not well
To vtter it: much leſſe our feeble Art
Can imitate this ſlie malicious part.
1 Somtimes me ſeemes (troubling *Eues* ſpirit) the Fiend
Made her this ſpeaking fancie apprehend.
For as in liquid cloudes (exhaled thickly)
Water and Ayre (as moiſt) doe mingle quickly:
The euill Angels ſlide too eaſily,
As ſubtile ſpirits, into our fantaſie.
2 Sometimes me ſeemes She ſaw (woe-worth the hap)
No very Serpent, but a Serpents ſhape:
Whether that, Sathan plaid the Iugler there,
Who tender eyes with charmed Tapers bleare,
Transforming ſo by ſubtle vapourie gleames,
Mens heads to Monſters, into Eeles the beames:
Or whether, Deuils hauing bodies light,
Quicke, nimble, actiue, apt to change with ſlight,
In ſhapes or ſhewes, they guilefull haue propoſed;
In briefe, like th'aire whereof they are compoſed:
For, as the ayre with ſcattered clouds be-ſpred,
Is heere and there, black, yellow, white, and red,
Reſembling Armies, Monſters, Mountaines, Dragons,
Rocks, fierie Caſtles, Forreſts, Ships, and Wagons,
And ſuch to vs through glaſſe tranſparant cleere
From forme to forme varying it doth appeare:
So theſe ſeducers can grow great, or ſmall,
Or round, or ſquare, or ſtraight, or ſhort, or tall,

As

As fits the paſſions they are moued by,
And ſuch our ſoule receiues them from our eye.
Sometimes, that Sathan (onely for this worke) 3.
Fain'd him a Serpents ſhape wherein to lurke.
For, Nature framing our ſoules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wiſe,
In malice craftie: curious they aſſemble
Small Elements, which (as of kinne) reſemble,
Whereof a Maſſe is made, and there-vnto
They ſoone giue growth and liuely motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for th'Almightie
Who firſt of nothing made vaſt *Amphitrite*,
The Worlds dull Center, Heau'ns ay-turning frame,
And whirling Ayre, ſole merits that high name:
Who (onely *Beeing*) Being giues to all,
And of all things, the ſeeds ſubſtantiall
Within their firſt-borne bodies hath incloſed,
To be in time by Natures hand diſpoſed:
Not thoſe, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Haue giu'n to things Heau'n-pointed forme & ſtature;
Haſtned their growth, or wakened learnedly
The formes that forme-leſſe in the humpe did lie.
But (to conclude) I thinke 'twas no conceipt, 4.
No fained Idoll, nor no iugling ſleight,
Nor body borrowed for this vſes ſake,
But the ſelfe Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for his hatefull breed 5.
Beares yet the paine of this pernicious deed.
Yet, 'tis a doubt, whether the Deuill did
Gouerne the Dragon (not there ſelfe-lie hid)

To

To raiſe his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally abſent, preſent by effect:
As when the ſweet ſtrings of a Lute we ſtrike,
Another Lute laid neere it, ſounds the like,
Nay the ſame note, through ſecret ſympathie
(Vntoucht) receiuing life and Harmonie.
Or, as a ſtarre which (though farre diſtant) poures
Vpon our heads, hapleſſe or happy ſhowers.
6. Or, whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling Serpents damaske hide,
Holding a place-leſſe place: as our ſoule deere,
Through the dim lanthorne of our fleſh ſhines cleere,
And bound-leſſe bounds it ſelfe in ſo ſtraight ſpace,
As forme in body, not as body in place.
But this ſtands ſure, how euer elſe it went,
Concluſion of the former opinions. Th'old Serpent ſeru'd as Sathans inſtrument
To charme in *Eden* with a ſtrong illuſion
Our ſilly Grandame to her ſelfes confuſion.
For as an old, rude, rotten, tune-leſſe Kit,
A compariſon. *If famous* Dowland *daigne to finger it*
Makes ſweeter Muſike then the choiceſt Lute
In the groſſe handling of a clowniſh brute:
So, while a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command
This ſelfe-dumbe Creatures glozing Rhetorike
With baſhfull ſhame great Orators would ſtrike.
So, Faeiry Trunks within *Epyrus* Groue
Mou'd by the ſpirit that was inſpir'd by *Ioue*,
With fluent voice (to euery one that ſeekes)
Fore-tell the Fates of light-beleeuing Greekes:

So

So all incenſt, the pale *Engaſtromith*
(Rul'd by the furious ſpirit he's haunted with)
Speakes in his wombe, ſo well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting vp his thought
On Sathans wing) tell with a tongue diſtraught
Strange Oracles, and his ſick ſpirit doth plead
Euen of thoſe Arts that he did neuer read.

O ruth-leſſe murderer of immortall ſoules!
Alas, to pull vs from the happy Poles,
And plunge vs headlong in thy yawning hell,
Thy ceaſe-leſſe fraudes and fetches who can tell?

The ſundry, ſubtle, and horrible endeuours of the Deuill, putting on diuers formes to ouer-throw Man-kinde.

Thou play'ſt the Lyon, when thou dooſt ingage
Bloud-thirſtie *Nero's* barbarous heart with rage,
While fleſht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poore world with the deere bloud of Saints.

Thou play'ſt the dogg, when by the mouth prophane
Of ſome falſe Prophet thou dooſt belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blaſphemies againſt the King of Kings.

Thou play'ſt the ſwine, whē plung'd in pleaſures vile,
Some Epicure doth ſober minds defile,
Transforming lewdly by his looſe impietie,
Strict *Lacedemon* to a ſoft ſocietie.

Thou play'ſt the Nightingale, or elſe the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician
With captious wit and curious language, drawes
Seduced hearers, and ſubuerts the lawes.

Thou play'ſt the Foxe when thou dooſt faine a-right
The face and phraſe of ſome deepe hypocrite,

True

True painted toombe, dead-ſeeming coales, but quick;
A Scorpion fell, whoſe hidden taile doth prick.
Yet, this were little, if thy ſpight audacious,
Spar'd (at the leaſt) the face of Angels gracious;
And if thou didſt not (Ape-like) imitate
Th'Almighties works, the warieſt Wits to mate.
But (without numbring all thy ſubtle baits,
And nimble iugling with a thouſand ſleights)
Timely returning where I firſt digreſt,
I'le onely heere thy firſt DECEIPT digeſt.
The Dragon then, mans fortreſſe to ſurpriſe,
Followes ſome Captaines martiall policies,
Who, yer too-neere an aduerſe place he pitch,
The ſcituation markes, and ſounds the ditch,
With his eyes leuell the ſteepe wall he meats,
Surueies the flanks, his Campe in order ſets,
And then approching, batters ſore the ſide
Which Art and Nature haue leaſt fortifide:
So this old Souldier hauing marked rife
The firſt-borne payres yet danger-dread-leſſe life;
Mounting his Canons, ſubtly he aſſaults
The part he findes in euident defaults:
Namely, poore Woman, wauering, weake, vnwiſe,
Light, credulous, newes-louer, giuen to lies.
Eue, ſecond honour of this vniuerſe!
Is't true (I pray) that iealous God, peruerſe,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race,
All the faire fruites theſe ſiluer Brookes imbrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you poſſeſt,
And day and night by your owne labour dreſt?

The Poet reſumeth his Diſcourſe touching the Temptation of Eue.

Compariſon.

Sathans Oration.

With

With th'ayre of theſe ſweet words, the wilie Snake
A poyſned ayre inſpired (as it ſpake)
In *Eues* fraile breſt; who thus replies, O know — Eues *anſwere.*
What e're thou be (but thy kinde care doth ſhew
A gentle friend) that all the fruites and flowers
In this earths-heau'n are in our hands and powers,
Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
Which in the midſt of this greene ground doth ſhine;
But all-good God (alas, I wote not why)
Forbad vs touch that Tree on paine to die.
She ceaſt: already brooding in her heart
A curious wiſh that will her weale ſubuert.
As a falſe louer that thick ſnares hath laid, — *A fit cõpariſon.*
T'intrap the honour of a faire young Maid,
When ſhe (though little) liſtning eare affoords
To his ſweet, courting, deepe-affected words,
Feeles ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
And ſoothes himſelfe with hope, to gaine his game,
And rapt with ioy, vpon this point perſiſts,
That parleing Citie neuer long reſiſts:
Euen ſo the Serpent that doth counterfet
A guileful Call t'allure vs to his net;
Perceauing *Eue* his flattering gloze diſgeſt,
He proſecutes, and iocound, doth not reſt,
Till he haue try'd, foot, hand, and head and all,
Vpon the breach of this new-battered wall.
No, faire (quoth he) beleeue not that the care — *The Deuils reply.*
God hath, mankind from ſpoiling death to ſpare,
Makes him forbid you (on ſo ſtrict condition)
This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt, fruites fruition:

A doubtfull feare, an enuie, and a hate,
His iealous heart for euer cruciate:
Sith the ſuſpected vertue of this Tree
Shall ſoone diſperſe the cloud of Idiocie,
Which dims your eyes: and further make ye ſeem
(Excelling vs) euen equall Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory, reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach (I ſay) why dooſt thou ſtop or ſtand:
Begin thy bliſſe, and doe not feare the threat
His audacious impudence. Of an vncertaine God-head, onely great
Through ſelfe-aw'd zeale: put on the gliſtring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-ſtall
(As enuious ſtepdame) thy poſteritie
The ſoueraigne honour of *Diuinitie*.

The Apoſtacie of Eue. This parley ended, our ambitious Grandame,
Who onely yet did heart and eye abandon
Againſt the Lord: now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guilty of the deed.

A compariſon. A nouice thiefe, that in a Cloſet ſpies
A heape of gold, that on the Table lies;
Pale, fearefull, ſhiuering, twice or thrice extends
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet againe returnes; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, vp in his cloake it makes,
Scarce findes the doore, with faultring foot he flies,
And ſtill lookes back for feare of *Hu-on cries*:
Euen ſo doth *Eue* ſhew by like fearefull faſhions
The doubtfull combat of contending paſſions;
She would, ſhe would not; glad, ſad; comes, and goes:
And long ſhe martes about a match of woes:

But

But (out alas) at laſt ſhe toucheth it,
And hauing toucht, taſtes the forbidden bit,
Then, as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or ſteepy Mountaine doth deſcend too ſwift,
Stumbling at ſomwhat, quickly clips ſome lim
Of ſome deere kinſman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, ſo brings his friend
To an vntimely, ſad, and ſuddaine end,
Our Mother falling, hales her Spouſe anon
Downe to the gulph of pitchie *Acheron*.
For, to the wiſht fruites beautifull aſpect,
Sweet Nectar-taſte, and wonderfull effect;
Cunningly adding her quaint ſmiling glances,
Her witty ſpeech, and pretty countenances,
She ſo preuailes, that her blind Lord at laſt
A morſell of the ſharpe-ſweet fruit doth taſt.

Another comparison liuely expreſſing the Fall of Man, by the prouocation of his Wife.

Now ſuddainly wide-open feele they might
(Siel'd for their good) both ſoules and bodies ſight;
But the ſad ſoule hath loſt the Character,
And ſacred Image that did honour her:
The wretched body, full of ſhame and ſorrow
To ſee it naked, is inforc'd to borrow
The Trees broad leaues, whereof they aprons frame
From Heau'ns faire eye to hide their filthy ſhame.

Effects of their diſobedience.

Alas fond death-lings! O behold how cleere
The knowledge is that you haue bought ſo deere:
In heauenly things yee are more blind then Moales,
In earthly Owles: O thinke ye (ſilly ſoules)
The ſight that ſwiftly through th'earths ſolide centers
(As globes of pure tranſparant criſtall) enters

Cannot transpierce your leaues? or doe yee ween,
Couering your shame so to conceale your sinne?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heau'ns all-seeing eye?
Thus yet, mans troubled dull intelligence
Had of his fault but a confused sence:
As in a dreame, after much drinke it chances,
Disturbed spirits are vext with rauing fancies.

The extraordinarie presence of God, awakes their drousie soules swallowed vp of Sinne: and begins to araigne them.

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden faire,
Mouing betimes I wote not I what ayre,
But supernaturall; whose breath diuine
Brings of his presence a most certaine signe:
Awakes their Lethargie, and to the quick
Their selfe-doomb'd soules doth sharply presse & prick:
Now more and more making their pride to feare
The frowning visage of their Iudge seuere:
To seeke new refuge in more secret harbors
Among the darke shade of those tufting arbors.
Adam (quoth God, with thundering maiestie)
Where art thou (wretch?) what doost thou? answer me
Thy God and Father, from whose hand, thy health
Thou holdst, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth?

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a riuer trembles:
His rosie cheekes are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body drops an ycie dew;
His tear-drown'd eyes a night of clouds bedims;
About his eares, a buzzing horror swims;
His fainting knees, with feeblenes are humble;
His foultring feet doe slide away and stumble:

He

He hath not (now) his free, bold, ſtately port;
But down-ward lookes, in fearefull ſlauiſh ſort:
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* reſt;
He feeles his ſences pain'd, his ſoule oppreſt:
A confus'd hoaſt of violent paſſions iarre;
His fleſh and ſpirit are in continuall warre:
And now no more (through conſcience of his error)
He heares or ſees th'almighty, but with terror:
And loth he anſweres (as with tongue diſtraught)
Confeſſing (thus) his feare, but not his fault.

O Lord! thy voice, thy dreadfull voice hath made — Adams *anſwer.*
Me fearefull hide me in this couert ſhade,
For, naked (as I am) O moſt of might!
I dare not come before thine awfull ſight.

Naked (quoth God) why (faith-leſſe renegare, — *God vrgeth the cauſe of his deiection and feare.*
Apoſtate Pagan) who hath told thee that?
Whēce ſprings thy ſhame? what makes thee thus to run
From ſhade to ſhade, my preſence ſtill to ſhun?
Haſt thou not taſted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on paine of death) I warned thee?

O righteous God (quoth *Adam*) I am free — Adams *reply, excuſing himſelfe, & couertly imputing his Guilt to God.*
From this offence, the wife thou gaueſt me,
For my companion and my comforter
She made me eate that deadly meat with her.

And thou (quoth God) O thou fraile trecherous Bride, — *Examination of* Eue, *who excuſeth her ſelfe likewiſe on another.*
Why, with thy ſelfe, haſt thou ſeduc'd thy guide?
Lord (anſweres *Eue*) the Serpent did intice
My ſimple frailty to this ſinfull vice.

Marke heere, how he, who feares not who reforme — *An Example for Iudges and Magiſtrates.*
His high Decrees, not ſubiect vnto forme,

Or ſtile of Court: who all-wiſe, hath no need
T'examine proofe or witnes of the deed:
Who for ſuſtaining of vnequall Skale
Dreads not the doome of a *Mercuriall*:
Yer Sentence paſſe, doth publikely conuent,
Confront, and heare with eare indifferent
Th'Offendors ſad: then with iuſt indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.

The Sentence of the ſupreme Iudge againſt all the guilty Priſoners: and firſt of all againſt the Serpent.

Ah curſed Serpent, which my fingers made
To ſerue mankind: th'haſt made thy ſelfe a blade,
Wherewith vaine Man and his inueigled wife
(Selfe-parricides) haue reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountaine of all Ill)
Thou ſhalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures ſtill:
Groueling in duſt, of duſt thou aye ſhalt feed:
I'le kindle warre betweene the Womans ſeed
And thy fell race; hers on the head ſhall ding
Thine: thine againe hers in the heele ſhall ſting.

Againſt the Woman.

Rebel to me, vnto thy kindred curſt,
Falſe to thy husband, to thy ſelfe the woorſt:
Hope not, thy fruite ſo eaſ'ly to bring-forth
As now thou ſlay'ſt it: hence-forth, euery Birth
Shall torture thee with thouſand ſorts of paine,
Each artire, ſinew, muſcle, ioynt, and vaine,
Shall feele his part: beſides foule vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thought-full languiſhings,
With change of chollor, ſwounes, and many others,
Eternall fellowes of all future mothers:
Vnder his yoake, thy husband thee ſhall haue,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants ſlaue.

And

And thou diſloyall, which haſt harkned more
To a wanton fondling then my ſacred lore:
Henceforth the ſweat ſhall bubble on thy brow,
Thy hands ſhall bliſter and thy backe ſhall bow,
Ne'r ſhalt thou ſend into thy branchie vaines
A bit, but bought with price of thouſand paines:
For, the earth feeling (euen in her) th'effect
Of the doome thundred 'gainſt thy foule defect;
Inſtead of ſweet fruites which ſhe ſelfely yeelds
Seed-leſſe, and Art-leſſe ouer all thy fields,
With thornes and burres ſhall briſtle vp her breſt:
(In ſhort) thou ſhalt not taſte the ſweets of reſt,
Till ruth-leſſe Death by his extreameſt paine
Thy duſt-borne body turne to duſt againe.

Againſt Man.

Heere I concei ue, that fleſh and bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reaſon with th'almightie wrangle,
Who did our parents with *Free-will* indue,
Though he fore-ſawe, that that would be the clew
Should lead their ſteps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thouſand times a day:
Now all that he fore-ſees befalls: and further
He all euents by his free power doth order.
Man taxeth God of too-vniuſt ſeueritie;
For plaguing *Adams* ſinne in his poſteritie:
So that th'olde yeeres renewed generations;
Cannot aſſwage his venging indignations,
Which haue no other ground to proſecute,
But the miſ-eating of a certaine fruite.

Obiections to excuſe the Sinne of Man.

O duſtie wormling! dar'ſt thou ſtriue and ſtand
With Heau'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) demand

Anſweres to the firſt obiection.

1 Count of his deedes? ah ſhall the Potter make
His clay, ſuch faſhion as him liſt to take?
And ſhall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Father)
Diſpoſe of man (his owne meere creature) rather?
The ſupreame King who (Iudge of greateſt Kings)
By number, waight, and meaſure, actes all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Iuſtice patron ſtrong,
Law's life, Rights rule, will he doe any wrong?
2 Man, holdeſt thou of God thy franke *Free-will*,
But free t'obay his ſacred goodnes ſtill?
Freely to follow him, and doe his heſt,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Buſirus* preſt?
God armes thee with diſcourſe: but thou (O wretch)
By the keene edge the wound-ſoule ſword dooſt catch;
Killing thy ſelfe, and in thy loynes thy line:
O banefull Spider (weauing wofull twine)
All Heauens pure flowers thou turneſt into poyſon:
Thy ſence reaues ſence: thy reaſon robs thy reaſon.
For thou complaineſt of Gods grace, whoſe Still
3 Extracts from droſſe of thine audacious ill,
Three vnexpected goods: praiſe, for his name;
Bliſſe, for thy ſelfe; for Sathan, endleſſe ſhame.
Sith, but for ſinne, *Iuſtice* and *Mercie* were
But idle names: and but that thou didſt erre,
CHRIST had not come, to conquer and to quell
Vpon the Croſſe, Sinne, Sathan, Death, and Hell:
Making thee bleſſed more ſince thine offence,
Then in thy primer happy innocence. (doubt
Then, might'ſt thou die; now, death thou dooſt not
Now, in the Hau'n; then, didſt thou ride without:

In

In earth, thou liu'dſt then; now in Heau'n thou beeſt:
Then, thou didſt heare Gods word; it, now thou ſeeſt:
Then, pleaſant fruites; now, *Chriſt* is thy repaſt:
Then might'ſt thou fall; but now thou ſtandeſt faſt.
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed ſo light,
As ſeemes to Reaſon's ſin-bleard Owlie ſight:
But 'twas a chaine where all the greateſt ſinnes
Were one in other linked faſt, as Twinnes:
Ingratitude, pride, treaſon, gluttonie,
Too-curious skill-thirſt, enuie, felonie,
Too-light, too-late beleefe; were the ſweet baites
That made him wander from Heau'ns holy ſtraights.
What wouldſt thou (Father) ſay vnto a Sonne
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy ſelfe yet liueſt)
All thy poſſeſſions in the earth thou giueſt:
And yet th'vngratefull, grace-leſſe, inſolent,
In thine owne Land rebellion doth inuent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memorie;
By Gods owne hand made with great maieſtie,
Not poore, nor pined; but at whoſe commaund
The rich aboundance of the world doth ſtand:
Not ſlaue to ſence, but hauing freely might
To bridle it, and range it ſtill aright:
No idiot foole, nor drunke with vaine opinion;
But Gods Diſciple and his deereſt Minion.
Who raſhly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayſt thou gueſſe, what whip, what rope, what rack,
What fire, were fit to puniſh *Adams* lack,

Answeres to the second obiection.

1 Then, sith Mans sinne by little and little runnes
End-lesse, through euery Age from Sires to Sonnes;
And still the farther this foule sinne-spring flowes
It still more muddie and more filthie growes:
Thou ought'st not maruaile, if (euen, yet) his seed
Feele the iust wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keene sting of concupiscence
Cannot (yer birth) his fell effect commence;
The vnborne Babe, hid in the Mothers wombe,
Is sorrowes seruant, and sinnes seruile groome,
As a fraile Mote from the first Masse extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-spring, comes not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not faire, if totall be defected:
And a defiled stinking sinke doth yeeld
More durt then water, to the neighbour field.

2 While nights black muffler hoodeth vp the skies,
The silly blind-man misseth not his eyes:
But when the day summons to worke againe,
His night, eternall then he doth complaine,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas)
Is faine to guide his foot, and guard his face:
So man, that liueth in the wombes obscuritie,
Knowes not; nor maketh knowne his lusts impuritie:
Which, for 'tis sowne in a too-plenteous ground
Takes roote already in the Caues profound
Of his infected Heart: with's birth, it peeres,
And growes in strength, as he doth grow in yeares,
And waxt a Tree (though proyn'd with thousand cares)
An execrable deadly fruite it beares.

Thou

Thou ſeeſt, no wheat *Heleborns* can bring:
Nor barly, from the madding Morrell ſpring:
Nor, bleating Lambes braue Lyons doe not breed:
That leprous Parents, raiſe a leprous ſeed:
Euen ſo our Grand-ſire, liuing Innocent,
Had ſtockt the whole world with a Saint-deſcent:
But ſuffering ſinne in EDEN him inuade,
His ſonnes, the ſonnes of Sinne and Wrath he made.
For God did ſeeme t'indow with glory and grace,
Not the firſt Man ſo much, as all mans race:
And after reaue againe thoſe gifts deuine,
Not him ſo much, as in him all his line.
For, if an odious Traytour that conſpires
Againſt a Prince, or to his ſtate aſpires,
Feele not alone the lawes extremitie,
But his ſonnes ſonnes (although ſometimes they be
Honeſt and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-leſſe skarr'd with an eternall ſhame:
May not th'eternall, with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* iſſue puniſh *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them vnder Deaths commaund:
And ſeare their browes with euerlaſting brand
Of infamie, who in his ſtocke (accurſt)
Haue graft worſe ſlips then *Adam* ſet at firſt?
Mans ſeed then iuſtly, by ſucceſſion
Beares the hard penance of his high transgreſſion:
And *Adam* heere from *Eden* baniſhed,
As firſt offender is firſt puniſhed.
Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accurſed race)
Out of my Garden: quicke, auoyd the place,

Concluſion of the former Diſputations, and execution of Gods Decree againſt Adam & Eue.

They are driuen out of Eden.

This

This beauteous place, pride of this Vniuerſe,
A houſe vnworthy Maſters ſo peruerſe.

Compariſon. * *Thoſe that (in quarrell of the Strong of Strongs,*
And iuſt reuenge of Queene, and Countries wrongs)
Were witneſſes to all the wofull plaints,
The ſighes, and teares, and pitifull complaints,
Of brauing Spaniards *(chiefly braue in word)*
When by the valiant, Heau'n-aſsiſted ſword,
Of Mars-*like* Essex, Englands *Marſhall-Earle*
(Then Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle)*
They were expulſt from Cad'z, *their deereſt pleaſure,*
Looſing their Towne, their honour, and their treaſure:
Woe worth (ſaid they) woe worth our Kings ambition;
Woe worth our Cleargie, and their Inquiſition:
He ſeekes new Kingdomes, and doth loſe his old;
They burne for conſcience, but their thirſt is gold:
Woe, and alas, woe to the vaine brauados,
Of Typhon-*like-inuincible* Armados,
Which like the vaunting Monſter-man of Gath,
Haue ſtirr'd againſt vs little Dauids *wrath:*
Woe-worth our ſinnes: woe worth our ſelues, and all
Accurſed cauſes of our ſuddaine fall.
Thoſe well may gueſſe, the bitter agonies,
And luke-warme Riuers guſhing downe the eyes
Of our firſt *Parents*, out of *Eden* driuen
(Of repeale hope-leſſe) by the hand of Heauen;
For the Almightie ſet before the dore
Of th'holy Parke, a *Seraphin* that bore
A wauing ſword, whoſe body ſhined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midſt of night,

Heearthly Eden ſhut-vp for euer from Mankinde.

A body

A body meerely *Metaphyſicall*,
Which (differing little from th'ONE vnicall,
Th' *Act-ſimplie-pure*, the onely-beeing BEEING)
Approcheth matter, ne'rtheleſſe, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is ſo made
So meerely ſpirit, that, not the murdering blade,
His ioyned quantity can part in two,
For (pure)it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doo*.

FINIS.

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THE FURIES.

To the moſt Honourable, learned and religious Gentleman, Maiſter *Anthony Bacone.*

SIR, finding my ſelfe not meanely bound vnto your Honourable kindneſſe, for vndeſerued Curteſies; I haue not ſeldome wiſhed by ſome acceptable endeuour to approue my ſelfe vnto you, and to maintaine me in the ſame degree of your good opinion. But hitherto (according to the frowardneſſe of mine vſuall fortunes) I haue beene fruſtrate of this deſigne alſo. Wherefore (till happier opportunity miniſter me higher occaſion) I haue aduentured (for humble tender of the loue and duty that I owe) to preſent you (as a ſmall taſte of my truant exerciſes) theſe fewe leaues, lately gathered in the incomparable Garden of the all-admired, noble, learned, and diuine Saluſtius *Lord of* Bartas. *Which I haue the rather preſumed, ſeeing firſt another plant out of the ſame delightfull plot, dedicated to your worthy ſelfe: and This I thought more properly to appertaine to you: partly, becauſe (through glorious mention of your moſt Honorable Father) it beares already your name in the Originall: but moſt eſpecially, ſith ſince my tranſplantation (though peraduenture later remoued then the reſt)*

reſt) only by the comfortable ſun-ſhine of your fauorable countenance, it is thus-ripened, before his yet-winter-ſhadowed fellowes. As it is (Sir) accept it I beſeech you, after the cuſtome of your all-vertue-fauouring inclination: and giue mee leaue, on the tuch-ſtone of your exquiſite iudgement, to try the mettle of my poore wits ſelfe-ſuſpected models: and, if they hold in any tollerable proportion with the purer karact of theſe all-art-inriched times, vouchſafe them the ſtampe of your approbation: if they be baſe or counterfet, brand them with diſgrace, that according to your graue-reſpected cenſure, I may either reſolue (as my care-diſtracted ſpirits will ſuffer) to poliſh the remainder: or elſe (repenting me of thoſe miſ-beſtowed houres) bury all together in the bottome of obliuion, from view of this curious world. So, wiſhing you, with all ſpirituall conſolations of a right-religious conſcience, all health of body, and fortunes anſwerable to your honourable mind;

I reſt euer the moſt willing ſeruant of your worthineſſe.

Ioſuah Syluester.

THE FURIES.

The third Booke, of the first Day, of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

The World's transform'd from that it was at first:
For Adams *Sinne, all Creatures else accurst:*
Their Harmonie dis-tuned by His iarre:
Yet all againe concent, to make Him warre;
As th' Elements, and aboue all, the Earth:
Three ghastly Furies; *Sicknes, Warre, & Dearth:*
A Generall Muster of the Bodies Griefes:
The Soules Diseases, vnder sundry Chiefes:
Both, full of Horror, but the latter most;
Where vgly Vice in Vertues Mask doth boast.

THis's not the World: O whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Daies reducing, and renuing Nights,
Renues the griefe of mine afflicted sprights;
This Sea I saile, this troubled Ayre I sip,
Are not *The First-Weekes* glorious workmanship:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th'Eternall trimmed in so various Robe;

Sinne hath changed and disfigured the face of the World.

'Tis

'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Caue,
Of that Firſt World the miſerable graue.

Inuocation. All-quickning Spirit, great God, that iuſtly-ſtrange
Iudge-turned-Father, wrought'ſt his wondrous change,
Change and new-mould me, Lord, my hand aſſiſt,
That in my Muſe appeare no earthly miſt:
Make me thine organ, giue my voice dexteritie
Sadly to ſing this ſad Change to Poſteritie.
And bounteous Giuer of each perfect gift,
So tune my voice to his ſweet-ſacred Clift,
That in each ſtraine my rude vnready tongue
Be liuely Eccho of his learned Song.
And let our holy Muſike, hence-forth rauiſh
All well-borne Soules from fancies lewdly-lauiſh
(Of charming Sinne the deep-inchaunting Syrens)
The ſnares of vertue, valour-ſoftning Hyrens)
That toucht with terrour of thine indignation,
Preſented in this wofull Alteration,
Wee all may ſeeke by Praier and true Repentance
To ſhun the rigour of thy wrathfull ſentence.
But, yer we farther paſſe, our ſlender Barke
Muſt heere ſtrike top-ſailes to a Princely Arke
Which keepes theſe Straights: He hailes vs threatfully,
Star-boord our helme; Come vnderneath his Lee.
Ho, whence's your Bark? *of Zeale-land*: whether bound?
For Vertues Cape: what lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You ſhould not paſſe, ſaue that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks Kingly Captaine, daigne vs then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this FVRIOVS *Bay;*

Or

Or, in this Channel ſith we are to learne,
Vouchſafe to togh vs at your Royall Sterne.

YER THAT our Sire (O too-too proudly-baſe)
Turn'd taile to God, and to the Fiend his face,
This mighty World did ſeeme an Inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whoſe ſymphonie reſounded ſweetly-ſhrill
Th'Almighties praiſe, who plaid vpon it ſtill.
While man ſeru'd God, the World ſeru'd him, the liue
And liue-leſſe creatures ſeemed all to ſtriue
To nurſe this league, and louing zealouſly
Theſe two deere Heads, embraced mutually:
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high reioic'ſt,
The hot with cold, the ſolide with the moiſt;
And innocent *Aſtræa* did combine
All with the maſtick of a Loue deuine.

Happy eſtate of the World before Sinne: ſet forth by a Similitude.

For th'hidden loue that now a-daies doth hold
The Steele and Load-ſtone, *Hydrargire* and Gold,
Th'Amber and ſtraw; that lodgeth in one ſhell
Pearle-fiſh and *Sharpling*: and vnites ſo well
Sargons and *Goates*, the *Sperage* and the *Ruſh*,
Th'*Elme* and the *Vine*, th'*Oliue* and *Mirtle-buſh*,
Is but a ſpark or ſhadow of that Loue
Which at the firſt in euery thing did moue,
When as th'Earthes *Muſes* with Harmonious ſound
To Heauens ſweet *Muſike* humbly did reſound.
But *Adam*, being chiefe of all the ſtrings
Of this large Lute, o're-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now, for melodie
Of warbling Charmes, it yels ſo hideouſly,

The Sympathie yet appearing betweene certaine Creatures, is but as a litle ſhadow of the perfect vnion which was among all Creatures before Mans Fall.

That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoiles
To raiſe againe th'old *Chaos* antike broiles.

Of the Diſcord that Sinne hath brought among all things.

Heau'n, that ſtill ſmiling on his Paramoure,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* poure,
Now with his haile, his raine, his froſt and heate,
Doth parcth, and pinch, and ouer-whelme, and beate,
And hoares her head with Snowes, and (ielous) daſhes
Againſt her browes his fierie lightning flaſhes.

Sundry notable Antipathies.

On th'other ſide, the ſullen, enuious Earth
From blaſkeſt Cels of her foule breſt ſends forth
A thouſand foggie fumes, which euery where
With cloudie miſts Heau'ns Chriſtal front beſmeare.
Since that, the Woolfe the trembling Sheep purſues;
The Crowing Cock, the Lyon ſtout eſchewes;
The Pulleine hide them from the Puttocks flight,
The Maſtie's mute at the *Hyænas* ſight:
Yea (who would think it?) theſe fell enmities
Rage in the ſence-leſſe trunkes of Plants and Trees:
The *Vine* the *Cole*, the *Cole-wurt Swines-bred* dreeds,
The *Fearne* abhorres the hollow wauing *Reeds*,
The *Olyue* and the *Oake* participate
Euen to their earth, ſignes of their auncient hate,
Which ſuffers not (O date-leſſe diſcord) th'one
Liue in that ground where th'other firſt hath growne,
O ſtrange inſtinct, O deepe immortall rage,
Whoſe fierie fewd no *Læthe* floud can ſwage,
So, at the ſound of Wolfe-Drums ratling thunder
Th'affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in ſunder:
So that fel Monſters twiſted entraile cuts
By ſecret power, the poore Lambs twined guts,

Which

Which (after death) in ſteed of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeake vpon an Yuorie Lute:
And ſo the Princely Eagles rauening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowles conſumes.
The *Firſt-mou'd-Heau'n* (in't ſelfe it ſelfe ſtill ſtirring) *The eſtate of Man before Sin.*
Raps with his courſe (quicker thē winds ſwift whirring)
All th'other Spheares, and to *Alcides* Spyres
From *Alexanders* Altars driues their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heere beneath,
Erring, drawes all into the pathes of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blind Pylot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heau'ns iuſt wrath doth daſh
The Worlds great Veſſell, ſailing yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.
For (yer his fall) which way ſo e're he rowld *His eſtate after Sinne.*
His wondering eyes God euery-where behold;
In Heau'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Ayre,
He ſees, and feeles, and findes him euery where:
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treaſures did vnwrap:
Or Chriſtall glaſſe moſt liuely repreſenting
His ſacred Goodnes euery-where frequenting.
But, ſince his ſinne, the woefull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, groue, field, fountaine, ſtreame, or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountaine, valley, ſea-gate, ſhoare, or hauen,
But beares his Deaths-doombe openly ingrauen:
In briefe, the whole ſcope this round Center hath,
Is a true ſtore-houſe of Heau'ns righteous wrath.
Rebellious *Adam* from his God reuolting, *All creatures frō the higheſt to the loweſt, enemies to Man.*
Findes his yerſt-ſubiects 'gainſt himſelfe inſulting:

The tumbling Sea, the Ayre with tempests driuen,
Thorne-bristled Earth, the sad and lowring Heauen
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Reuenge on him th'Almighties iniurie.

The Heauens, with all therein.

The Starres coniur'd, through enuious Influence,
By secret Hang-men punish his offence:
The Sun with heat, the Moone with cold doth vex-him,
Th'Aire with vnlookt-for suddain changes checks-him,
vvith fogs & frosts, hailes, snowes, and sulphry thunders;
Blasting, and stormes, and more prodigious wonders.

All the Elements

Fire.

Fire, falne from Heau'n, or else by Art incited,
Or by mischance in some rich building lighted,

Aire.

Or from some Mountaines burning bowels throwne,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumie stone,
With sparkling Furie spreads, and in few houres
The labour of a thousand yeares deuoures.

Sea.

The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Vsurpes his heards, his wealthy Iles and Townes.

Earth.

The grieued Earth, to ease her (as it seemes)
Of such prophane accursed weight, sometimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the airie tops
Of Prince-proud towers in her black womb she wraps.
And in despight of him, abhord and hatefull,

Earth brings forth weeds.

She many wayes proues barren and ingratefull:
Mocking our hopes, turning our seed-Wheat-kernel
To burne-graine Thistle, and to vapourie Darnel,
Cockle, wild Oates, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring Tares,
Short recompence for all our costly cares.

Venemous plants

Yet this were little, if she more malicious,
Fel stepdame, brought vs not Plants more pernicious,

As

As ſable *Henbane*: *Morrell*, making mad:
Cold poyſoning *Poppie*, itching, drowſie, ſad:
The ſtifning *Carpeſe*, th'eies-foe *Hemlocke* ſtinking,
Limbe-numming, belching: and the ſinewe-ſhrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*: weeping *Aconite*,
(Which in our vulgar deadly *Wolfes-bane* hight)
The dropſie-breeding, ſorrow-bringing *Pſyllie*,
(Heere called *Flea-Wurt*) *Colchis* banefull Lillie,
(With vs *Wilde-Saffron*) bliſtring, byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to ſwell:
Blood-boyling *Yew*, and coſtiue *Miſſeltoe*,
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many mo
Such fatall plants; whoſe fruite, ſeed, ſap, or root,
T'vntimely graue doe bring our heed-leſſe foot.
Beſides, ſhe knowes, we brutiſh value more
Then Liues or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Auarice* our bound-leſſe thought ſtill vexes:
Therefore, among her wreakfull baites ſhe mixes
Quick-ſiluer, *Lithargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrailes are oft gnawn and rent:
So that ſometimes; for Body, and for Minde,
Torture, and torment, in one Mine we finde.
What reſteth more? the Maſters skilfull moſt,
With gentle gales driuen to their wiſhed Coaſt,
Not with leſſe labour guide their winged waynes
On th'azure fore-head of the liquid plaines:
Nor craftie Iuglers, can more eaſily make
Their ſelfe-liu'd Puppets (for their Lucres ſake)
To skip, and skud, and play, and prate, and praunce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turne, and daunce:

Poyſon hidden among the Mettles.

The excellencie of Mans Dominion ouer the Creatures before his Fall.

Then happy we did rule the skalie Legions
That dumbly dwell in stormie water-Regions;
The fethered singers, and the stubborne droues
That haunt the Desarts and the shadie Groues:
At euery word they trembled then for awe,
And euery winke then seru'd them as a lawe,
And alwaies bent all dutie to obserue-vs,
Without commaund, stood readie still to serue vs.
But now (alas) through our fond Parents fall
They, of our slaues, are growne our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea; the dread *Leuiathan*
Turnes vpside-downe the boyling Ocean,
And on the suddaine sadly doth intoombe
Our floating Castle in deepe *Thetis* wombe;
Yerst in the welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin scowring.
Walke we by Land: how many loathsome swarmes
Of speckled poysons, with pestiferous armes,
In euery corner in close Ambush lurke
With secret bands, our suddaine banes to worke:
Besides, the Lyon, and the Leopard,
Boare, Beare, and Wolfe to death pursue vs hard,
And ielous vengers of the wrongs deuine,
In peeces pull their Soueraignes sinfull line.
The huge thicke Forrests haue nor bush nor brake
But hides some Hang-man our loath'd life to take;
In euery hedge and ditch both day and night
We feare our death, of euery leafe affright.
Rest we at home: the Mastie fierce in force,
Th'vntamed Bull, the hot couragious Horse;

The Creatures now become Tirants and Traitors to Him, whose slaues and seruants they were before Sin.

With teeth, with hornes, and hooues beſiege vs round,
As grieu'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And there's no Flie ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath, againſt her quondam King.
What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhowes?
Alas, what yels? what howles? what thund'ring throwes?
O, am I not neere roaring *Phlegeton*?
Alecto, ſad *Megera*'nd *Theſiphon*?
What ſpels haue charm'd ye from your dreadfull den
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhord of men,
O Nights blacke daughters, grim-fac'd *Furies* ſad,
Sterne *Plutos* Poſts, what make ye here ſo mad?
O feeles not man a world of woefull terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtly horrors?
So ſoone as God from *Eden Adam* draue,
To liue in this Earth (rather in this graue
Where raigne a thouſand deaths) he ſummon'd vp
With thundering call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of Sulphurie *Stix*, and fierie *Phlegeton*,
Bloodie *Cocytus*, muddie *Acheron*.
Come ſnake-treſt Siſters, come ye diſmall Elues,
Ceaſe now to curſe and cruciate your ſelues,
Come, leaue the horror of your houſes pale,
Come, parbreake heere your foule, black, banefull gall:
Let lack of worke no more from henceforth feare-you,
Man by his ſinne a hundred hells doth reare-you.
This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deepe darke horrors doubled,
And ſuddainly *Auernus* Gulph did ſwim
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,

An admirable deſcription of Mans miſerable Puniſhments, tortured by himſelfe.

And th'vgly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fel,
Hydraes and *Harpies* gan to yawne and yel.
As the heate, hidden in a vapourie Cloud,
Striuing for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud,
Like Guns aſtuns, with round-round-rumbling thunder
Filling the Ayre with noyſe, the Earth with wonder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*
Raiſe thouſand ſtormes, leauing th'infernall ſtages.
Al-readie all rowle-on their ſteely Carres
The FVRIES *with their furniture and traine, repreſenting the Horror of Sinne: and the curſed eſtate of an euill conſcience.*
On th'euer-ſhaking nine-fold ſteely barres
Of *Stigian* Bridge, and in that fearefull Caue
They iumble, tumble, rumble, rage and raue.
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dogg, Ounce, Beare, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lyon, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barkes, and brayes,
He howles, he yels, he bellows, roares, and neighs,
Such a black ſant, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Hauing attain'd to our calme Hau'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe then *Boreas* nimble flight,
All flie at man, all at inteſtine ſtrife,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life.
I. Deſcription of Famine with her traine.
Here firſt comes DEARTH, the liuely form of Death,
Still yawning wide, with loathſome ſtinking breath,
With hollow eyes, with meager cheekes and chin,
With ſharpe leane bones piercing her ſable skin,
Her emptie bowels may be plainly ſpide
Cleane through the wrinkles of her withered hide,

She

She hath no belly, but the bellies ſeate,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugely great:
Inſatiate Orque, that euen at one repaſt,
Almoſt all creatures in the World would waſte;
Whoſe greedy gorge diſh after diſh doth draw,
Seekes meate in meate, for ſtill her monſtrous maw
Voides in deuouring, and ſometimes ſhe eates
Her owne deere Babes for lack of other meates;
Nay more, ſometimes (O ſtrangeſt gluttonie)
She eates her ſelfe, her ſelfe to ſatisfie;
Leſſ'ning her ſelfe, her ſelfe ſo to inlarge,
And cruell thus ſhe doth our Grand-ſire charge,
And brings beſides from *Limbo* to aſſiſt her,
Rage, *Feeblenes*, and *Thirſt* her ruth-leſſe ſiſter.

Next marcheth WARRE, the miſtris of enormitie, 2. *Of Warre and her traine.*
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of Deformitie;
Lawes, Manners, Arts, ſhe breaks, ſhe marrs, ſhe chaces,
Blood, teares, bowers, towers; ſhe ſpils, ſwils, burnes, and
Her brazen feet ſhake all the Earth a-ſunder, (razes:
Her mouth's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her lookes are lightnings, euery glaunce a flaſh;
Her fingers guns that all to powder paſh.
Feare and *Deſpaire*, *Flight* and *Diſorder*, coaſt
With haſtie march, before her murderous hoaſt:
As *Burning*, *Waſte*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impietie*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Diſcord*, *Horror*, *Crueltie*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunitie*, and *Pride*,
Are ſtill ſterne conſorts by her barbarous ſide,
And *Pouertie*, *Sorrow*, and *Deſolation*,
Follow her Armies bloody tranſmigration,

Heere's

3. Sickncs exactly described with all her partakers and dependers.

Heere's th'other FVRIE (or my iudgement failes)
Which furiouſly mans woefull life aſſailes
With thouſand Cannons, ſooner felt then ſeene,
Where weakeſt ſtrongeſt; fraught with deadly teene:
Blind, crooked, cripple, maymed, deafe, and mad,
Cold-burning, bliſtered, melancholie, ſad,
Many-nam'd poyſon, miniſter of Death,
Which from vs creepes, but to vs gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-reſt, fantaſtike, greedy-gut,
Blood-ſweating, harts-theefe, wretched, filthie Slut,
The Childe of ſurfaite, and Ayres-temper vicious,
Perillous knowne, but vnknowne moſt pernicious.

Innumerable kinds of diſeaſes.

Th'inammeld meads, in Sommer cannot ſhow
More Graſhoppers aboue, nor Frogs below,
Then helliſh murmurs here about doe ring:
Nor neuer did the pretie little King
Of *Hunnie-People*, in a Sun-ſhine day
Lead to the field in orderly aray
More buſie buzzers, when he caſteth (wittie)
The firſt foundations of his waxen Citie;
Then this fierce Monſter muſters in her traine
Fel Souldiers, charging poore mankinde amaine.

The firſt Regiment ſent to aſſaile the Head Mans chiefeſt Fortreſſe.

Lo firſt a rough and furious Regiment
T'aſſault the Forte of *Adams* head is ſent,
Reaſons beſt Bulwarke and the holy Cell
Wherein the Soules moſt ſacred powers doe dwell.

Simile.

A King that aymes his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the brute of open warres begin,
Corrupts his Counſaile with rich recompences,
For in good Counſaile *ſtands the ſtrength of Princes*:

So

So this fel *Furie*, for fore-runners, ſends
Manie, and *Phrenzie*, to ſubborne her friends:
Whereof, th'one drying, th'other ouer-warming
The feeble braine (the edge of iudgement harming)
Within the Soule fantaſtikly they faine
A confuſ'd hoaſt of ſtrange *Chimeraes* vaine.
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexie*, and *Lethargie*,
As forlorne hope, aſſault the enemie
On the ſame ſide, but yet with weapons others,
For they freeze-vp the braine and all his brothers:
Making a liue man like a liue-leſſe carkaſſe,
Saue that againe he ſcapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palſie*, and the *Cramp* diſpoſe
Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth loſe
Mans feeble ſinewes, ſhutting-vp the way
Whereby before the vitall ſpirits did play.
Then as a man that fronts in ſingle Fight
His ſuddaine foe, his ground doth trauerſe light,
Thruſtes, wardes, auoides, and beſt aduantage ſpies,
At laſt (to daze his Riuals ſparkling eies)
He caſts his Cloake, and then with coward knife,
In crimſen ſtreames he makes him ſtraine his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to ſubdue the better
(Whom thouſand Gyues al-readie faſtly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-leſſe *Ophthalmie*
With ſcalding blood to blind her enemie,
Darting a thouſand thruſts; then ſhe is backt
By th' *Amafroſe* and clowdie *Cataract*:
That, gathering-vp groſſe humours inwardly
In th' *Optike* ſinnew, cleane puts out the eie;

A ſimilitude of the effects and endeuours of Sicknes.

This

This other, caſeth in an enuious caule
The Criſtall humour ſhining in the ball.
This paſt: in ſteps that inſolent inſulter;
The cruell *Quincie*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weaſand ſwelling
Among the muſcles, through thick bloods congealing,
Leauing him onely this Eſſay, for ſigne
Of's might and malice to his future-line:
Like *Hercules* that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious markes of his vndaunted prowes,
When with his hands (like ſteely tongues) he ſtrangled
His ſpightfull ſtepdams Dragons ſpotty-ſpangled.
A proofe præſaging the triumphant ſpoiles
That he atchiu'd by his *Twelue* famous *Toyles*.

The ſecond Regiment aſſaulting the vitall Parts.

The ſecond Regiment with deadly darts
Aſſaulteth fiercely *Adams* vitall parts:
Al-readie th' *Aſthma* panting, breathing tough,
With humours groſſe the lifting Lungs doth ſtuffe:
The pining *Phtiſick* fills them all with puſhes
Whence a ſlow ſpowt of cor'ſiue matter guſhes:
A waſting flame the *Peripneumonie*
Within thoſe ſpunges kindles cruelly:
The ſpawling *Empiem*, ruth-leſſe as the reſt,
With foule impoſtumes fills his hollow cheſt:
The *Pleuriſie* ſtabs him with deſp'rate foile
Beneath the ribs, where ſcalding blood doth boile:
Then th' *Incubus* (by ſome ſuppoſ'd a ſpright)
With a thick phlegme doth ſtop his breath by night.

The Ague with her traine, her kinds, and cruell effects.

Deer *Muſe*, my guide; cleer truth, that nought diſſembles,
Name me that Champion that with furie trembles,

Who

Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:
Hauing for Aides, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heate*,
Pulse-beating, *Burning*, *cold-distilling-Sweat*,
Thirst, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Casting*. *Shiuering*, *Shaking*,
Fantastike *Rauing*, and continuall *Akeing*,
With many more: O is not this the *Furie*
We call the *Feuer*, whose inconstant furie
Transformes her ofter then *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, and *Cotidian*,
And *Second* too; now posting, sometimes pawsing,
Euen as the matter all these changes causing,
Is rommidged with motions slow or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*?
Ah treacherous beast, needs must I know thee best,
For foure whole yeres thou wert my poore harts guest:
And to this day, in body and in mind
I beare the marks of thy despight vnkind:
For yet (besides my vaines and bones bereft
Of blood and marrow, through thy secret theft)
I feele the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid;
My memorie (which hath beene meetly good)
Is now (alas) much like the flitting flood
Whereon no sooner haue we drawne a line
But it is canceld, leauing there no signe:
For, the deere fruite of all my care and cost,
My former studie (almost all) is lost,
And oft in secret haue I blushed at
Mine ignorance: like *Coruine*, who forgat

Our Poet, hauing beene himselfe for many yeeres grieuously afflicted with the Feuer, complaineth bitterly of her rude violence.

His

His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunce)
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeuour
My Numbers ſtill by habite haue the Feuer,
One-while with heate of heau'nly fire en-ſoul'd,
Shiuering anon, through faint vn-learned cold.

The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.

Now, the third Regiment with ſtormie ſtoures
Sets-on the Squadron of our *Naturall Powers*,
Which happily maintaine vs (duly) both
With needfull food and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulime*, then the *Anorexie*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepſie*,
And child-great *Pica* (of prodigious diet)
In ſtraighteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot:
Then on the Lyuer doth the *Iaundize* fall,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then, for good blood, ſcatters all about
Her fierie poyſon, yellowing all without:
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extreame,
Till all the blood be turned into fleame.
But ſee alas, by farre more cruell foes
The ſlipperie bowels thrill'd with thouſand throwes:
With priſoned winds the wringing *Collick* paines-them,
The *Iliak* paſſion with more rigour ſtraines-them,
Streightens their Conduits, and (deteſted) makes
Mans mouth (alas) euen like a loathſome Iakes.
Then the *Dyſenterie* with fretting paines
Extorteth pure blood from the flayed vaines.
On th'other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangurie*,
Torturing the Reines with deadly tyrannie,

With

With heate-concreted ſand-heapes ſtrangely ſtop
The burning vrine, ſtrained drop by drop:
As oppoſite, the *Diabete*, by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Vrine ſwelting,
Diſtills vs ſtill, as long as any matter
Vnto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Vnto thoſe parts, whereby we leaue behind vs
Types of our ſelues in after-Times to mind-vs,
There fiercely flies defectiue *Venerie*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-leſſe *Gonorrhee*
(An impotence for Generations-deed,
And ceaſe-leſſe Iſſue of th'vncocted ſeed)
Remorce-leſſe tyrants, that to ſpoile aſpire
Babes vnconceau'd, in hatred of their Sire.
The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedemes*, *Scyrrhes*. *Eryſipiles*,
Kings-euils, *Cankers*, cruell *Goutes*, and *Byles*,
Wens, *Ring-wormes*, *Tetters*, theſe from euery part
With thouſand pangs braue the beſieged hart:
And their blind furie, wanting force and courage
To hurt the *Fort*, the champion Countrie forrage.
O tyrants, ſheath your feeble ſwords againe,
For Death al-readie thouſand-times hath ſlaine
Your Enemie, and yet your enuious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure,
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His ioints and skin are law'd, and torne, and rent.
Me thinks moſt rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolues* and *Foxes* I reſemble you,

The fourth Regiment, forrageth, and defaceth the Body outwardly.

Compariſon.

Who

Who in a Forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did aliue commaund
The Land about, whoſe awe-full Countenance
Melted (farre-off) their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their liue-leſſe Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence.
But, with the Griefes that charge our outward places,
The Louſie Diſeaſe. Shall I account the loathſome *Phtiriaſis*?
O ſhamefull Plague! O foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler then Beggars be
(That wrapt in raggs, and wrung with vermine ſore,
Their itching backs ſit ſhrugging euermore)
To ſwarme with *Lice* that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts, and ſheets, and bed:
For, as in ſprings, ſtreame ſtreame purſueth freſh,
Swarme followes ſwarme, and their too-fruitfull fleſh
Breeds her owne eaters, and till deaths arreſt,
Makes of it ſelfe an execrable feaſt.
Nor may we thinke, that *Chance*, confuſedlie
Diſeaſes proper to certaine Climats & Nations Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemie*:
For, of her Souldiers, ſome as led by reaſon,
Can make their choice of *Countrie, Age, and Seaſon.*
So *Portugal* hath *Phtiſiks* moſt of all,
Eber Kings-euils; *Arne* the *Suddain-Fall*;
Sauoy the *Mumpes*; *Weſt-India, Pox*; and *Nyle*
The *Leproſie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*:
After the influence of the Heau'ns all-ruling,
To ſome ages of man. Or *Countries* manners. So ſoft *Childhood* puling
Is wrung with Wormes, begot of cruditie,
Are apt to Laskes through much humiditie,

Through

Through their ſalt phlegmes, their heads are hid with (*skalls*
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* & with bloody balls
Of *Menſtruall* humour which (like Muſte) within
Their bodies boyling, butt'neth all their skin.
To *bloody-flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Feuers, *Phrenzies*, *Phtiſsike-pyning*.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldome-times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Palſie*, and the *Goute*,
Coughes, and *Catarrhs*. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartaine-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-goute*, and the *Watrie-Tumour*,
Are bred with vs of an *Autumnal* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-griefe*,
In *Vers* hot-moyſture doe moleſt vs chiefe:
The *Diarrhea* and the *Burning-Feuer*,
In *Sommer-ſeaſon* do their fell endeuour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the Rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheumes*,
Weare curled flakes of white cæleſtial plumes:
Like ſluggiſh Souldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th'ycie Bulwarks of the Yeares guelt Son.

To the Seaſons of the yeare.

Some, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquighting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phtiſik-maladie*.
And ſome (alas) we leaue as in ſucceſſion
Vnto our Children, for a ſad poſſeſſion:
Such are *Kings-euils*, *Dropſie*, *Goute*, and *Stone*,
Blood-boyling *Leprie*, and *Conſumption*,
The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th'*Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, payning too-too bad:

Some Diſeaſes contagious.

Some hæreditarie.

For, their hid poyſons after-comming harme
Is faſt combin'd vnto the Parents ſparme.

Some not known by their Cauſe, but by their Effects onely.

But O what armes, what ſhield ſhall we oppoſe,
What ſtratagem againſt thoſe trecherous foes,
Thoſe trecherous griefes, that our fraile Art detects
Not by their cauſe, but by their ſole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-ſuffocation*,
The *Falling-ſicknes*, and pale *Swouning-paſſion*,
The which, I wote not what ſtrange winds long pauſe
I wote not where, I wote not how doth cauſe.

Some by ſundry Cauſes encreaſing and waxing worſe.

Or who (alas) can ſcape the cruell wile
Of thoſe fel Pangs that *Phyſikes* paynes beguile,
Which being baniſht from a body, yet
(Vnder new names) returne againe to it:
Or rather, taught the ſtrange *Metempſychoſis*
Of the wiſe *Samian*, one it ſelfe tranſpoſes
Into ſome worſe *Griefe*: either through the kindred
Of th'humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or auarice
That doe profeſſe *Apollos* exerciſe.
So, *Melancholie* turneth into *Madnes*,
Into the *Palſie*, deepe-affrighted *Sadnes*;
Th'*il-habitude* into the *Dropſie* chill:
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.

Compariſon.

In briefe, poore *Adam* in this piteous caſe,
Is like a Stag that long purſude in chaſe;
Flying for ſuccour to ſome neighbour wood,
Sinkes on the ſuddaine in the yeelding mud,
And ſticking faſt amid the rotten grounds,
Is ouer-taken by the eger Hounds:

One

One bites his backe, his necke another nips,
One puls his breſt, at's throat another skips,
One tugs his flanke, his haunch another teares,
Another lugs him by the bleeding eares,
And laſt of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and ſo concludes his life.
Or like a luſtie Bull whoſe horned Creſt
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowſie neſt,
Who buzzing forth, aſſaile him on each ſide,
And pitch their valiant bands about his hide,
With fisking traine, with forked head, and foot,
Himſelfe, th'ayre, th'earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying through woods, hils, dales, and roaring riuers,
His place of griefe, but not his painfull grieuers,
And in the end, ſtitcht full of ſtings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at leaſt) he lies.

Another 'compariſon.

For, man is loaden with ten-thouſand languors:
All other Creatures, onely feele the angors
Of few *Diſeaſes*: as the gleaning Quaile
Onely the *Falling-ſicknes* doth aſſaile:
The *Turne-about* and *Murraine* trouble Cattell,
Madnes and *Quincie* bid the Maſtie battell.
Yet each of them can naturally finde
What Simples cure the ſickneſſe of their kinde,
Feeling no ſooner their diſeaſe be gin,
But they as ſoone haue readie medicine.
The Ram for Phiſike takes ſtrong-ſenting Rue,
The Tortoiſe ſlow, cold Hemloke doth renue,
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Iay
Haue th'oylie liquor of the ſacred Bay.

An amplification of Mans miſeries, compared with other Creatures, ſeldomer ſick, and ſooner healed: & that by naturall Remedies of their own: hauing alſo taught Men manie practiſes of Phyſike.

The ſickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures agen;
And *Mountaine-Siler* helpeth Goates to yean.
But we know nothing, till by poaring ſtill
On Bookes, we get vs a Sophiſtike skill;
A doubtfull Arte, a Knowledge ſtill vnknowne,
Which enters but the hoarie heads (alone)
Of thoſe that broken with vnthankfull toyle,
Seeke others health, and looſe their owne the while:
Or rather thoſe (ſuch are the greateſt part)
That waxing rich at others Coſt and ſmart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchaſing promotions,
while the Church-yards ſwel with their hurtful potions,
Who (hang-man like) feare-leſſe, and ſhame-leſſe too,
Are praid and paid for murders that they doo.
I ſpeake not of the good, the wiſe, and learned,
Within whoſe hearts Gods feare is well diſcerned:
Who to our bodies can againe vnite
Our parting ſoules, ready to take their flight.
For, theſe I honour as Heau'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death and Diſeaſe repelling:
Th'Almighties Agents, Natures Counſellers,
And flowring Youths wiſe faithfull Gouernours.
Yet if their Art can eaſe ſome kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it firſt of Natures ſilent Schollers:
For, from the *Sea-Horſe* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goate* the healing of the eies,
From *Storke*, and *Hearn*, our *Glyſters* laxatiue,
From *Beares* and *Lyons*, *Diets* we deriue.
'Gainſt th'onely Body all theſe Champions ſtout
Striue; ſome, within: and otherſome, without.

Or

Or, if that any th'all-faire Soule haue ſtriken,
'Tis not directly, but in that they weaken
Her Officers, and ſpoile the Inſtruments
Wherewith ſhe works ſuch wonderous preſidents.
But, lo foure *Captaines* far more fierce and eger,
That on all ſides the Spirit it ſelfe beleaguer,
Whoſe Conſtancie they ſhake, and ſoone by treaſon
Draw the blind Iudgement from the rule of Reaſon:
Opinions iſſue; which (though ſelfe vnſeene)
Make through the Body their fel motions ſeene.

Of foure Diſeaſes of the Soule, vnder them comprehending all the reſt.

Sorrow's firſt Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-ouer in a ſable clowd,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped euery-way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies
Sighes from her hart, teares from her blubbered eies:
Accompani'd with ſelfe-conſuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pittie*, *Thought*, and mad *Diſpaire*
That beares about her, burning Coales and Cordes,
Aſpes, Poyſons, Piſtols, Haltars, Kniues, and Swords:
Foule ſquinting *Enuie*, that ſelfe-eating Elfe,
Through others leanneſſe fatting vp her ſelfe,
loying in miſchiefe, feeding but with languor
And bitter teares her Toad-like-ſwelling anger:
And *Ielouſie* that neuer ſleepes, for feare
(Suſpitions Flea ſtill nibling in her eare)
That leaues repaſt and reſt, neere pinde and blind
With ſeeking what ſhe would be loath to find.

1. Sorrow deſcribed with her cõpanie.

The ſecond Captaine is exceſſiue Ioy,
Who leapes and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*

2. Ioy with her traine.

Too-ſtreight for her : whoſe ſences all poſſeſſe
All wiſhed pleaſures in all plenteouſnes.
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, ſoothing, ſhame-leſſe, lowd, iniurious, taunting:
The winged Giant loftie-ſtaring *Pride*,
That in the cloudes her brauing Creſt doth hide:
And many other, like the emptie bubbles
That riſe when raine the liquid Chriſtal troubles.

3. Feare & her Followers.

The Third, is blood-leſſe, hart-leſſe, wit-leſſe *Feare*,
That like an Aſpe-tree trembles euery-where,
She leads bleak *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snaile-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Hauing her armes in willing fetters bound;
Foule, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but ſinne to breed)
Diſeaſed, begger, ſtaru'd with wilfull need.

4. Deſire, a moſt violent Paſſion, accõpanied with others like: as Ambition. Auarice. Anger. and Fooliſh Loue.

And thou *Deſire*, whom, nor the firmament,
Nor ayre, nor earth, nor Ocean can content:
Whoſe lookes are hookes, whoſe bellie's bottomleſſe,
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedineſſe,
Thou art the Fourth: and vnder thy Commaund,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough vnruly Band.
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty-ſwolne Ambition
Pent in no limits, pleaſ'd with no Condition,
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands tranſported with fantaſtike paſſion,
Beare painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Auarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters,
All-clad in Bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters

Through

Through fel *Charibdis*, and falſe *Syrtes* Neſſe;
The more her wealth, the more her wretchedneſſe:
Cruell, reſpect-leſſe, friend-leſſe, faith-leſſe Elfe,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her ſelfe;
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poare,
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtaru'd in the midſt of ſtore,
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that neuer loftie mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſterne, cruell, ſwift, and raſh,
That like a Boare, her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh,
Whoſe haire doth ſtare like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſometimes rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyne,
And ſometimes fixly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloody in her Countenance;
Rauing, and railing with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground:
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire and ſword to ſlay
And murder all that her for pitty pray;
Baning her ſelfe, to bane her Enemie;
Diſdaining Death, prouided others die:
Like falling Towers o'r-turned by the wind,
That break themſelues on that they vnder-grind.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Loue*,
(*Whom here to paint doth little me behooue,*
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to Battaile bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, man-kinde
True very *Goodes*, or ſeeming-*Goodes* doth finde.

The horrible effects of the Passions of the soule, far more dangerous then the diseases of the body.

Now, if (but like the Lightning in the skie)
These sudden *Passions* past but swiftly by,
The feare were lesse; but O, too-oft they leaue
Keen stings behind in Soules that they deceiue.
From this foule Fountaine, all these poysons rise,
Rapes, Treasons, Murders, Incests, Sodomies,
Blasphemings, Bibbing, Theeuing, False-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.
Alas, how these (far-worse-then-death) Diseases,
Exceed each *Sicknes* that our body seases,
Which makes vs open-warre, and by his spight
Giues to the Patient many a holsome light,
Now by the colour, or the Pulses beating,
Or by some Fit some sharper dolor threating;
Whereby, the Leach neere-guessing at our griefe,
Not seldome finds sure meanes for our relieue.
But, for these *Ills* raigne in our Intellect
(Which onely, them both can and ought detect)
They rest vnknowne; or rather selfe-concealed;
And soule-sicke *Patients* care not to be healed.
Besides, we plainly call the *Feuer, Feuer*:
The *Dropsie, Dropsie*: ouer-gilding neuer.
With guile-full flourish of a fained phraze
The cruell languors that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond selfe-soothing Soule, thus sick,
Rubs her owne sore; with glozing Rhetorike
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded blaine
Not feare the touch of *Reasons* Cautere vaine.

The miserable corruption of our Times, worse thē all former Ages.

And sure, if euer filthy Vice did iet
In sacred *Vertues* spot-lesse mantle neate,

'Tis

'Tis in our daies, more hatefull and vn-hallowed,
Then, when the World the Waters wholy ſwallowed.
I'le ſpare to ſpeake of foouleſt Sinnes, that ſpot
Th'infamous beds of men of mighty lot,
Leaſt I, the Saints chaſte tender eares offend,
And ſeeme them more to teach, then reprehend.
Who beare vpon their *French-ſicke* backs about,
Farmes, Caſtles, Fees, in golden ſhreads cut-out;
Whoſe lauiſh hand, at one *Primero-reſt*,
One Maske, one Turney, or one pampering Feaſt,
Spends treaſures, ſcrapt by th'*Vſurie* and *Care*
Of miſer-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.
Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing pace,
Quaint lookes, curl'd locks, perfumes, & painted face,
Baſe coward-hart, and wanton ſoft array,
Their man-hood onely by their beard bewray,
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who, like luſt-greedy Goats,
Brothel from bed to bed; whoſe *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Flie at all game, they *Louers* are behight.
Who, by falſe bargaines, and vnlawfull meaſures
Robbing the World, haue heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fiftie fiftie,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thriftie*.
Who, alwaies murder and reuenge affect,
Who feed on blood, who neuer doe reſpect
State, *Sexe*, or *Age*: but in all humaine liues,
In cold blood, bathe their parricidial kniues;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Graunt (good Lord) our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelfe-cruell hand

All riotous Prodigalitie, diſguiſed with the name of liberalitie.

Effeminate curioſitie & luxurious Pride, miſcalled Cleanlines.

Inſatiate Luſt and Beaſt-like Looſenes, ſurnamed Loue.

Extreame Extortion, counted Thriſt.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, braueſt Courage.

Inhumane Murder higheſt manhood.

Fights

Fights for our foes, our proper life-blood ſpils,
Our Citties ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Launce*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tooles to furrow-vp the field,
And let vs ſee the Spyders buſie taske
Wouen in the belly of the plumed Caske.
But if (braue *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyle ſo much,
What holds you heere? alas, what hope of Crownes?
Our fields are flock-leſſe, treaſure-leſſe our Townes.
Goe then, nay runne, renowned *Martialiſtes*,
Re-Found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hie, hie to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroake
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoake:
To *Portingal*; people *Galizian-Spaine*,
And graue your names on *Lyſbones* gates againe.

FINIS.

31 MA 59

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

To the Right Honourable, *Charles*, Lord *Mountioy*, Earle of *Deuonshire*, &c.

THe Mome-*free Passage that my* Muse *hath found*
Vnder Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping Censures of this curious Age
Where high-conceited happy wits abound:
Makes her presume (*O* Mountioy, *most renownd*)
To beare againe in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Passport of thy Tutelage,
To salue her still from sullen Enuies wound.
Let thy (*true-Eagle*) *Sun-beholding Eyes*
Glaunce on our Glow-wormes scarce discerned spark:
And while Wits towering Falcons touch the skies,
Obserue a while our tender-ymped Lark:
Such sparks may flame, & such light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, then drosse-full vanitie.

Iosuah Sylvester.

The Handie-Crafts.

The fourth Booke, of the firſt Day, of the ſecond Weeke.

The Argvment.

The Praiſe *of* Peace : *the miſerable ſtates*
Of Edens *Exiles* : *their vn-curious Cates,*
Their ſimple habite, ſilly habitation :
They finde out Fire : *Their formoſt* Propagation:
Their *Childrens trades*, *Their offrings* ; *enuious* Cain,
His (*better*) *Brother dooth vnkindlie braine* :
With inward horror hurried vp and downe,
He breakes a Horſe, he builds a homely Towne :
Iron's inuented, and ſweet Inſtruments :
Adam *fore-tells of After-Worlds euents.*

HEau'ns ſacred Impe, faire Goddeſſe that renueſt
Th'old golden Age, brightly now re-bleweſt
Our cloudie skie, and making our fields to ſmile :
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile :
Virgin, vnſeene in *France* this many a yeare,
O bleſſed *Peace*, we bid thee welcome heere.
Lo, at thy preſence, how who late were preſt
To ſpur their Steeds and couch their ſtaues in reſt

The Poet heere welcometh peace, which (after long abſence) ſeemes about this time to haue returned into Fraunce.

The Benefits ſhe brings with Her.

For

For fierce incounter; caſt away their ſpeares,
And rapt with ioy, them enter-bathe with teares.
Lo how our marchant-veſſels to and fro
Freely about our trade-full Waters go:
How the graue *Senate* with iuſt-gentle rigour,
Reſumes his Robe; the Lawes their ancient vigour:
Lo how *Obliuions* Seas our ſtrifes doe drowne:
How walls are built that warre had thundred downe:
Lo how the ſhops with buſie Crafts-men ſwarme;
How Sheepe and Cattle couer euery Farme:
Behold the Bon-fires wauing to the skies:
Harke, harke the cheerefull and re-chaunting cries
Of olde and young, ſinging this ioyfull Dittie,
Iô, reioyce, reioyce through Towne and Cittie,
Thanks-giuing to God for peace. Let all our ayre re-eccho with the praiſes
Of th'euer-laſting glorious God, who raiſes
Our ruined State: who giueth vs a good
We ſought not for (or rather, we with-ſtood)
So that, to heare and ſee theſe conſequences
Of wonders ſtrange, we ſcarce beleeue our ſences.
Gratefull Remembrance of the meanes thereof. O, let the *King*, let *Mounſieur* and the *Souer'ne*
That doth *Nauarras Spayn*-wrong'd Scepter gouerne,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:
O let the honour of their Names be kept,
And on braſſe leaues ingrau'n eternally
In the bright Temple of faire *Memorie*:
For hauing quench't ſo ſoone ſo many fires,
Diſarm'd our armes, appeas'd the heau'nly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of inteſtine hates,
And dammed-vp the bi-front Fathers gates.

Much

An Imitation thereof, by the Translatour, in honour of our (late) gracious Soueraigne Elizabeth, *in whose happy Raigne, God hath giuen this Kingdome ſi long Peace and rich proſperity.*

Much more, let vs (deere World-deuided Land)
Extoll the mercies of Heau'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, Warres bloody rage hath rent)
To vs ſo long ſo happy Peace *hath lent*
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Prieſt,
And Indian Pluto *(prop of Anti-chriſt*
Whoſe Hoaſt, like Pharaos *threatning* Iſrael,
Our gaping Seas haue ſwallow'd quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy Safe-Retreat
For Saints exilde in Perſecutions heat.
Much more, let vs with true-hart-tuned breath,
Recorde the Praiſes of Elizabeth
(Our martial Pallace, and our milde Aſtrea,
Of grace and wiſedome the diuine Idea)
Whoſe prudent Rule, with rich religious Reſt,
Wel-neere nine Luſters hath this Kingdome bleſt:
O pray we him, that from home-plotted dangers
And bloody threats of proud ambitious ſtrangers,
So many yeares hath ſo ſecurely kept her
In iuſt poſſeſſion of this flow'ring Scepter;
That (to his glory and his deere Sonnes honour)
All happy length of life may waite vpon her:
That we her Subiects, whom he bleſſeth by-her,
Pſalming his praiſe, may ſound the ſame the higher,
But waiting (Lord) in ſome more learned Layes,
To ſing thy glory, and my Soueraignes praiſe:
I ſing the young World's Cradle, as a Proem
Vnto ſo rare and ſo Diuine a Poem.

An Elegant compariſon repreſenting the lamentable Con-

Who, Full of wealth and Honours blandiſhment,
Among great Lords his younger yeeres hath ſpent;

And

dition of Adam *and* Eue *driuen out of Paradice.*

And, quaffing deeply of the *Court*-delights,
Vs'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, and Masks, and Sights:
If in his age, his Princes angry doombe
With deepe diſgrace driue him to liue at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter ſmoake exhales abundantly
From his before-vn-ſorrow-drained braine
The brackiſh vapours of a ſiluer raine:
Where Vſher-leſſe, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *Eaſt*, and *Weſt* windes, enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the low-rooft broken walls
(In ſteed of Arras) hang with Spiders caules:
Where all at once he reacheth as he ſtands,
with browes the Roofe, both walls with both his hands:
He weepes, and ſighes, and ſhunning Comforts aye,
Wiſheth pale Death a thouſand times a-day:
And, yet at length falling to worke, is glad
To bite a browne cruſt that the Mouſe hath had,
And in a Diſh (in ſteed of Plate or Glaſſe)
Sups Oaten drinke in ſteed of *Hypocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders, driuen
For aye from *Eden* (Earthly type of Heauen)
Lie languiſhing neere *Tigris* graſſie ſide,
With nummed limbs, and ſpirits ſtupified.

Their firſt Manner of Life.

But powerfull NEEDE (Arts ancient Dam & Keeper,
The early watch-clock of the ſloathfull ſleeper)
Among the Mountaines makes them ſeeke their liuing,
And foaming Riuers, through the champian driuing:
For yet, the Trees with thouſand fruites y-fraught
In formall Checkers were not fairely brought:

The

The Peare and Apple liued Dwarfe-like there,
With Oakes and Aſhes ſhadowed euery-where:
And yet (alas) their meaneſt ſimple cheere
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deere:
To get a Plumbe, ſometimes poore *Adam* ruſhes
With thouſand wounds among a thouſand buſhes,
If they deſire a Medlar for their food,
They muſt goe ſeeke it through a fearefull wood;
Or a browne Mulberie, then the ragged Bramble
With thouſand ſcratches doth their skin be-ſcramble.
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th'appetite
Of th'hungrie belly then the taſts delight,
Liuing from hand to mouth, ſoone ſatisfi'd,
To earne their ſupper th'after noone they pli'd,
Vn-ſtor'd of dinner, till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or ſome leſſer pray.
Then, taught by *Ver* (richer in flowers then fruite)
And hoarie Winter, of both deſtitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wiſely vp they hoord,
The beſt prouiſions that the woods affoord.

Great ſimplicitie in their kinde of life.

Touching their garments: for the ſhining wooll
Whence the roab-ſpinning precious Wormes are full,
For gold and ſiluer wouen in draperie,
For Cloth dipt double in the ſcarlet Die,
For Gems bright luſtre, with exceſſiue coſt
On rich imbroideries by rare Art emboſt:
Sometimes they doe the far-ſpread Gourd vnleaue,
Some-times the Fig-tree of his branch bereaue:
Some-times the Plane, ſometimes the Vine they ſheare,
Chooſing their faireſt treſſes heere and there:

Their Cloathing.

And with their ſundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbes they hide from *Cynthias* Brother.
Sometimes the *Iuies* climing ſtems they ſtrip,
Which louingly his liuely prop doth clip:
And with greene lace, in artificiall order
The wrinkled barke of th'Acorne-Tree doth border,
And with his armes th'Oakes ſlender twigs entwining,
A many branches in one tiſſue ioyning,
Frames a looſe Iacquet, whoſe light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton ſhaking
Of golden ſpangles that in ſtately pride
Daunce on the treſſes of a noble Bride.

Their Winter-Suites

But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nouriſhment,
While craggie Mountaines, Rocks, and thorny Plaines,
And briſtly Woods be witneſſe of his paines:
Eue, walking forth about the Forreſts, gathers
Speights, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Eſtrich* ſcatt'red feathers,
And then with waxe the ſmaller plumes ſhe ſeares,
And ſowes the greater with a white Horſe haires,
(For they as yet did ſerue her in the ſtead
Of Hemp, and Tow, and Flax, and Silke, and Thred)
And thereof makes a medly Coate ſo rare
That it reſembles *Natures* Mantle faire,
When in the Sunne, in pompe all gliſtering,
She ſeemes with ſmiles to wooe the gawdie Spring.
When by ſtolne moments this ſhe had contriued,
Leaping for ioy, her cheerefull lookes reuiued,
Sh'admires her cunning; and incontinent
Sayes on her ſelfe her manly ornament.

And then through path-leſſe pathes ſhe runnes a-pace,
To meete her husband comming from the Chace.
Sweet-hart (quoth ſhe, and then ſhe kiſſeth him)
My Loue, my Life, my Bliſſe, my Ioy, my Gem,
My ſoules deere Soule, take in good part (I pree-thee)
This prettie Preſent that I gladly giue-thee.
Thanks my deere All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kiſſes he requites her kiſſe.
Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himſelfe doth often view,
Lookes on his ſhadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cauſe
So many ſeuerall parts to meet in one,
To faſhion thus this quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winters keener breath began
To chriſtallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-vp the Floods,
And Perriwig with wooll the bald-pate Woods:
Our Graund-ſire, ſhrinking, 'gan to ſhake and ſhiuer,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiuer.
Spying therefore a flock of Muttons comming
(Whoſe freeze-clad bodies feele not Winters nūming)
He takes the faireſt, and he knocks it downe;
Then by good hap, finding vpon the Downe
A ſharp great fiſh-bone (which long time before
The roaring Flood had caſt vpon the ſhore)
He cuts the throat, ſlayes it, and ſpreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he ſcrapes it well,
Then cloathes his Wife therewith, and of ſuch Hides
Slops, Hats, and Dublets for himſelfe prouides.

Eues indaſtry in making a Garment for her Husband.

Their Lodging and first Building.

A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Caue,
Were the firſt buildings that them ſhelter gaue:
But finding th'one to be too-moiſt a hold,
Th'other too-narrow, th'other ouer-cold;
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they chooſe
Sixteene faire Trees that neuer leaues doe looſe,
Whoſe equall front in quadran forme proſpected,
As if of purpoſe Nature them erected:
Their ſhady boughes firſt bow they tenderly,
Then enter-braid, and bind them curiouſly,
That one would thinke that had this arbor ſeene,
'Thad beene true feeling painted ouer greene.

A Building ſomwhat more exact.

After this triall, better yet to fence
Their tender fleſh from th'Ayrie violence,
Vpon the top of their fit-forked ſtems,
They lay a-croſſe bare Oaken boughes for beames
(Such as diſperſed in the Woods they find,
Torne-off in tempeſt by the ſtormie wind)
Then theſe againe with leauie boughes they loade,
So couering cloſe their ſorrie cold abode,
And then they plie from th'eaues vnto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wall their Manſion round,
All ſaue a hole to th'Eaſt-ward ſcituate,
Where ſtraight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(In ſtead of hinges hanged on a Withe)
Which with a ſleight both ſhuts and openeth.

The invention of Fire.

Yet fire they lack'd: but lo the winds that whiſtle
Amid the Groues, ſo oft the *Laurel* iuſtle
Againſt the *Mulberie*, that their angrie claps
Do kindle fire, that burnes the neighbour Cops

When

When *Adam* ſaw a ruddie vapour riſe
In glowing ſtreames; aſtund with feare he flies,
It followes him, vntill a naked plaine
The greedie furie of the flame reſtraine;
Then back he turnes, and comming ſomewhat nigher
The kindled ſhrubs, perceiuing that the fire
Dries his danke Cloathes, his Colour doth refreſh,
And vn-benummes his ſinewes and his fleſh:
By th'vn-burnt end a good big brand he takes,
And hying home, a fire he quickly makes,
And ſtill maintaines it, till the ſtarrie *Twinnes*
Cæleſtiall breath another fire begins.

How the firſt Man inuented Fire, for the vſe of himſelfe and his Poſteritie.

But, Winter being com'n againe, it grieu'd him,
T'haue loſt ſo fondly what ſo much relieu'd him,
Trying a thouſand waies, ſith now no more
The iuſtling Trees his domage would reſtore.
While (elſe-where muſing) one day he ſate downe
Vpon a ſteepe Rocks craggie-forked crowne,
A foaming beaſt come toward him he ſpies,
Within whoſe head ſtood burning coales for eies:
Then ſuddainly with boiſterous arme he throwes
A knobbie flint that hummeth as it goes,
Hence flies the beaſt, th'il-aimed flint-ſhaft grounding
Againſt the Rocke, and on it oft rebounding,
Shiuers to cinders, whence their iſſued
Small ſparkes of fire no ſooner borne then dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leape for glee,
And quickly calling his cold companie,
In his left hand a ſhining flint he locks
Which with another in his right he knocks

So vp and downe, that from the coldeſt ſtone
At euery ſtroake ſmall fierie ſparkles ſhone.
Then with the dry leaues of a withered Bay
The which together handſomly they lay,
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleere and ſmoak-leſſe in the leafe begun.
Eue, kneeling downe, with hand her head ſuſtaining,
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blowes with her mouth: and with her gentle blowing
Stirs-vp the heate, that from the dry leaues glowing,
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kixe
Firſt fires the ſmall, and they the greater ſticks.

Beginning of Families.

And now, man-kinde with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to man:
Firſt *Cain* is borne, to tillage all addicted,
Then *Abel*, moſt to keeping Flocks affected.

Their ſeuerall Occupations of Abel *and* Cain.

Abel, deſirous ſtill at hand to keepe
His Milke and Cheeſe, vn-wildes the gentle Sheepe
To make a Flock, that when it tame became
For guard and guide ſhould haue a Dog and Ram.
Cain more ambicious, giues but little eaſe
To's boyſterous limbes, and ſeeing that the Peaſe,
And other Pulſe, Beanes, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copſes, as not held in price,
Some graines he gathers: and with buſie toyle,
A-part he ſowes them in a better ſoyle,
Which firſt he rids of ſtones, and thornes, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-liuing ſeeds.
By the next Harueſt, finding that his paine
On this ſmall plot was not ingrately-vaine;

To breake more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without ſo often wearie labouring;
He tames a Heifer, and on either ſide
On either horne a three-fold twiſt he tide
Of Oſiar twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horne or tooth of ſome Rhinocerot.
Now, th'one in Cattle, th'other rich in graine,
On two ſteepe Mountaines build they Altars twaine: *Their Sacrifices.*
Where (humbly-ſacred) th'one with zealous crie
Cleaues bright *Olympus* ſtarrie Canopie:
With fained lips, the other lowd-reſounded
Hart-wanting Hymnes, on ſelfe-deſeruing founded:
Each on his Altar offreth to the Lord
The beſt that eithers flocks or fields affoord. (tries
Reine-ſearching God, thought-ſounding Iudge, that *God regardeth Abel & his Sacrifice; and reiecteth Cain and his: where-at Cain enuieth, & finally kills his Brother; whoſe blood God reuengeth.*
The will and hart more then the worke and guiſe,
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Prophane oblation of his furious Brother.
Who feeling, deepe th'effects of Gods diſpleaſure
Raues, frets, and fumes, and murmurs out of meaſure.
What bootes it (*Cain*) O wretch, what bootes it thee
T'haue opened firſt the fruitfull wombe (quoth hee)
Of the firſt mother; and firſt-borne, the rather
T'haue honour'd *Adam* firſt, with name of Father?
Vnfortunate, what bootes thee to be wealthy,
Wiſe, actiue, valiant, ſtrongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weake Girle-Boy, in mans ſhape diſguis'd,
To Heau'n and Earth be deare, and thou deſpis'd?
What bootes it thee, for others, night and day
In painfull toyle to weare thy ſelfe away:

And (more for others, then thine owne reliefe)
To haue deuiſed of all Artes the chiefe:
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurſt,
Shall reape the glory of thy deeds (accurſt)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the foole,
Downe with his climbing hill, and timely coole
This kindling flame: and, that none ouer-crow thee,
Re-ſeaſe the right that Birth and vertue owe-thee.
Ay in his mind this counſaile he reuolues,
And hundred times to act it he reſolues,
And yet as oft relents: ſtopt worthily
By the paines horror, and ſinnes tyranny.
But one day drawing with diſſembled loue
His harm-leſſe brother farre into a Groue,
Vpon the verdure of whoſe virgin-boughes
Bird had not pearch't, nor neuer beaſt did brouze;
With both his hands he takes a ſtone ſo huge
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,
And iuſt vpon his tender brothers crowne
With all his might he cruell caſts it downe.
The murdred face lies printed in the mud,
And lowd for vengeance cries the martyr'd blood,
The battred braines flie in the murd'rers face,
The Sunne, to ſhun this Tragike ſight, a-ſpace
Turnes back his Teeme: th'amazed Parricide
Doth all the *Furies* ſcourging whips abide:
Externall terrors and th'internall Worme
A thouſand kinds of liuing deaths doe forme:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his owne friends, of his owne ſhade affright,

Scarr'd

Scarr'd with a leafe, and ſtarting at a Sparrow,
And all the World ſeemes for his feare too-narrow.
But for his Children borne by three and three,
Produce him Nephewes, that ſtill multiplie
With new increaſe; who yer their age be rife
Become great-Grand-ſires in their Grand-ſires life:
Staying at length, he choſe him out a dwelling
For woods and floods, and ayre and ſoyle excelling.
One fels downe Firs, another of the ſame
With croſſed poles a little Lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry wall about,
And leaues a breach for paſſage in and out:
With Turfe and Furſe, ſome others yet more groſe
Their homely Sties in ſtead of walls incloſe:
Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay doe mixe
And that about their ſilly Cotes they fixe:
Some heale their Roofes with fearn or reeds, or ruſhes,
And ſome with hides, with oaſe, with boughs, & buſhes.
He, that ſtill fearefull, ſeeketh ſtill defence,
Shortly this Hamlet to a Towne augments.
For, with keen Coultar hauing bounded wittie
The foure-fac'd Rampire of his ſimple Cittie;
With ſtones ſoone gathered on the neighbour ſtrand,
And clayie morter ready there at hand,
Well trod and temp'red, he immures his Fort,
A ſtately Tower erecting on the Port:
Which awes his owne; and threats his enemies:
Securing ſome-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tiger! thinkſt thou (helliſh fratricide)
Becauſe with ſtone-heapes thou art fortifide,

By reaſon of the multiplying of Man-kinde, the Children of Adam begin to build houſes, for their commodity and retreat.

Cain thinking to finde ſome quite for the tempeſts of his conſcience, begins to fortifie, and builds a Towne.

Prince

Prince of ſome Peaſants trained in thy tillage,
And ſilly Kingling of a ſimple Village?
Think'ſt thou to ſcape the ſtorme of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o're thy hatefull head?
No, wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On ſtrongeſt top of any ſteepeſt Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen wall
Hauing for aide all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart of ſteele and yron weare,
Thy paine thou could'ſt not, leſſe, auoide thy feare
Which chils thy bones, and runs through all thy vaines
Racking thy ſoule with twenty thouſand paines.

Supposeth to secure himselfe by the strength and swiftnes of a Horse, which he begins to tame.

Cain (as they ſay) by this deepe feare diſturbed,
Then firſt of all th'vntamed Courſer curbed,
That while about on others feet he run
With duſtie ſpeed, he might his Deaths-man ſhun.
Among a hundred braue, light, luſty Horſes
(With curious eye, marking their comely forces)

Deſcription of a gallant Horſe.

He chooſeth one for his induſtrious proofe,
With round, high, hollow, ſmooth, brown, ietty hoofe,
With paſterns ſhort, vpright (but yet in meane);
Dry ſinnewie ſhanks; ſtrong, fleſh-leſſe knees, and leane;
With Hart-like legs, broad breſt, and large behind,
With body large, ſmooth flancks, and double-chinde:
A creſted neck bow'd like a halfe-bent Bow,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flow,
A firme full taile, touching the lowly ground,
With dock betweene two faire fat buttocks drownd,
A pricked eare, that reſts as little ſpace,
As his light foot; a leane, bare, bony face,

Thin

Thin ioule, and head but of a midling ſize,
Full, liuely-flaming, quickly rowling eies,
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming noſthrill wide,
Of Cheſt-nut haire, his fore-head ſtarrifide,
Three milkie feete, a feather on his breſt,
Whom ſeau'n-yeares old at the next graſſe he gueſt.
This goodly Iennet gently firſt he wins,
And then to back him actiuely begins,
Steddy and ſtraight he ſits, turning his ſight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horſe, ſuch thrall ill-ſuffering,
Begins to ſnuffe, and ſnort, and leap, and fling,
And flying ſwift, his fearefull Rider makes
Like ſome vnskilfull Lad, that vnder-takes
To hold ſome ſhips helme, while the head-long Tyde
Carries away the Veſſell and her Guide,
Who neere deuoured in the iawes of Death,
Pale, fearefull, ſhiu'ring, faint, and out of breath,
A thouſand times (with Heau'n-erected eies)
Repents him of ſo bold an enterpriſe.
But ſitting faſt, leſſe hurt then feared; *Cain*
Boldens himſelfe and his braue Beaſt againe:
Brings him to pace, from pacing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after, runnes him hot
In full career: and at his courage ſmiles;
And ſitting ſtill, to runne ſo many miles.
His pace is faire and free; his trot as light
As Tygers courſe, as Swallowes nimble flight:
And his braue gallop ſeemes as ſwift to goe
As *Biſcain* darts, or ſhafts from *Ruſsian* bowe:

The manner how to back, to break, and make a good Horſe,

Simile.

The ready ſpeed of a ſwift Horſe, preſented to the Reader, in a pleſant and liuely deſcription.

But

But roaring Cannon from his ſmoaking throat
Neuer ſo ſpeedy ſpewes the thundring ſhot
That in an Armie mowes whole ſquadrons downe,
And batters Bulwarks of a ſummon'd Towne;
As this light Horſe ſcuds, if he doe but feele
His bridle ſlacke, and in his ſide the heele:
Shunning himſelfe, his ſinewie ſtrength he ſtretches,
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches,
Borne whirle-wind-like: he makes the trampled ground
Shrinke vnder him, and ſhake with doubling ſound:
And when the ſight no more purſue him may,
In fieldie cloudes he vaniſheth away.

Good Horſe-manſhip.

The wiſe-waxt Rider, not eſteeming beſt
To take too-much now of his luſtie Beaſt,
Reſtraines his furie: then with learned wand
The triple Coruet makes him vnderſtand:
With skilfull voice he gently cheares his pride:
And on his neck his flattring palme doth ſlide:
He ſtops him ſteddy ſtill, new breath to take,
And in the ſame path brings him ſoftly backe.

The Countenãce, the Pride, and Port of a couragious Horſe, whẽ he is chafed.

But th'angry Steed, riſing and rayning proudly,
Striking the ſtones, ſtamping, and naighing loudly,
Calls for the combat, plunges, leapes, and prances,
Befoames the path, with ſparkling eies he glances,
Champs on his burniſht bit, and glorioufly
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All ſide-long iaunts, on either ſide he iuſtles,
And's wauing Creſt couragiouſly he briſtles,
Making the gazers glad on euery ſide
To giue more roome vnto his portly Pride.

Cain

Cain gently ſtroakes him, and now ſure in ſeate,
Ambitiouſly ſeekes ſtill ſome freſher feate
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him back-ward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to mannage rightly round:
To ſtoope, to ſtop, to caper, and to ſwim,
To daunce, to leape, to hold-vp any lim:
And all, ſo done with time-grace-ordred skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th'one for his Art no little glory gaines,
Th'other through practiſe by degrees attaines
Grace in his gallop, in his pace agilitie,
Lightnes of head, and in his ſtop facilitie,
Strength in his leape, and ſtedfaſt managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his courſe new wings.
The vſe of Horſes thus diſcouered,
Each to his worke more cheerely fetteled,
Each plies his trade, and trauailes for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tuball* ſage.
While through a Forreſt *Tubal*, with his *Yew*
And readie quiuer did a Bore purſue,
A burning Mountaine from his fierie vaine,
An yron Riuer rowles along the Plaine:
The wittie Huntſ-man muſing, thither hies
And of the wonder deeply gan deuiſe.
And firſt perceiuing that this ſcalding mettle
Becomming cold, in any ſhape would ſettle,
And grow ſo hard that with his ſharpned ſide,
The firmeſt ſubſtance it would ſoone deuide,

The Dexteritie of a skilfull Rider.

The inuention of yron.

He

He caſts a hundred plots, and yer he parts
He moulds the ground-worke of a hundred Arts:
Compariſon. Like as a Hound that (following looſe, behind
His penſiue Maſter) of a Hare doth find;
Leaues whom he loues, vpon the ſent doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerefull Cry,
And with vp-lifted head and noſthrill wide
Winding his game, ſnuffes-vp the wind, his guide:
A hundred wayes he meaſures Vale and Hill:
Eares, eies, nor noſe, nor foote, nor taile are ſtill,
Till in her hot Forme he haue found the pray
That he ſo long hath ſought for euery way.
For, now the way to thouſand works reueald,
Caſting of the firſt inſtruments of Iron. Which long ſhall liue maugre the rage of Eld:
In two ſquare creaſes of vnequall ſiſes
To turne two yron ſtreamlings he deuiſes;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the droſſe he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anuill makes;
And adding tongues to theſe two inſtruments,
He ſtores his houſe with yron implements:
As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-ſhars, coultars, ſtaples,
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nailes, whitles, ſpokes, & graples;
And growne more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatcheth Files, and winding Vices wormeth,
He ſhapeth Sheeres, and then a Saw indents,
Then beates a Blade, and then a Lock inuents;
Happy deuice! we might as well want all
The excellent vſes and commodities of Iron. The Elements, as this hard minerall:
This, to the Plough-man for great vſes ſarues;
This, for the Builder Wood and Marble carues:

This,

This, armes our bodies againſt aduerſe force;
This, clothes our backes; this rules th'vnruly Horſe;
This, makes vs dry-ſhod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold; this conquers ſelfe and all:
Fift Element, of Inſtruments the haft,
The Toole of Tooles, and hand of Handie-Craft.

Inuention of Muſike.

While (compaſt round with ſmoaking *Cyclops* rude,
Halfe-naked *Bronts*, and *Sterops* ſwarthy-hew'd,
All well-neare weary) ſwearing *Tubal* ſtands
Haſtning the hot worke in their ſounding hands,
No time loſt *Iubal*: th'vn-full Harmonie
Of vn-euen Hammers beating diuerſlie,
Wakens the tunes that his ſweet numb'ry ſoule
Yer birth (ſome thinke) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.

Inuention of the Lute and other Inſtruments.

Thereon he harpes, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and faine ſome Inſtrument would finde
That in accord thoſe diſcords might renew,
And th'Iron Anuiles ratling ſound enſew,
And iterate the beating Hammers noiſe
In milder notes, and with a ſweeter voice.
It chaunc'd that paſſing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoiſe* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing elſe remained
Saue three dry ſinewes on the ſhell ſtiffe-ſtrained:
This emptie houſe *Iubal* doth gladly beare,
Strikes on thoſe ſtrings, and lends attentiue eare.
And by this mould, frames the melodious Lute
That makes woods harken, and the winds be mute;
The Hills to daunce, the Heau'ns to retro-grade,
Lyons be tame, and tempeſts quickly vade.

His Art ſtill waxing, ſweetly marrieth
His quau'ring fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charme-care Lute he brings,
More Inſtruments he makes: no Eccho rings
Mid rockie concaues of the babling vales,
And bubling Riuers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wyerie *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* ſinewes twind,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled wind.

While Cain *and his Children are buſie for the World*: Adam *and his other Sonnes exerciſe themſelues in Piety & Iuſtice; and in ſearching the goodly ſecrets of Nature.*

But *Adam* guides through paths but ſeldome gone,
His other Sonnes to *Vertues* ſacred throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (ſet in good *Abels* place)
Staffe of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he inſtructeth in the waies of *Veritie*,
To worſhip God in ſpirit and ſinceritie:
To honour Parents with a reuerent awe,
To traine his children in religious law:
To loue his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankind to lend.
To know heau'ns courſe, & how heau'ns cõſtant ſwaies,
The yeere in months, the months deuide in daies:
What ſtarre brings Winter, what is Sommers guide;
What ſigne foule weather, what doth faire betide;
What creature's kind, and what is curſt to vs:
What plant is holeſome, and what venemous.
No ſooner he his leſſons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the white of his intents:
Drawes rule from rule, and of his ſhort collations
In a ſhort time a perfect Art he faſhions.
The more he knowes, the more he craues, as fewell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

While

While on a day by a cleere Brooke they trauell,
Whoſe gurgling ſtreames frizadoed on the grauell,
He thus beſpake: If that I did not ſee
The zeale (deere Father) that you beare to mee,
How ſtill you watch me with your carefull eyne,
How ſtill your voice with prudent diſcipline
My Prentize eare doth oft re-verberate;
I ſhould miſdoubt to ſeeme importunate:
And ſhould content me to haue learned, how
The Lord the Heauens about this *All* did bow;
What things haue hot, and what haue cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Loue my ſtudious hart aduances
To aske you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-ſpring ſpreading wide
Shall fill this World; what ſhall the World betide,
How long to laſt: What Magiſtrates, what Kings
With *Iuſtice* Mace ſhall gouerne mortall things.

Seth *queſtions his Father concerning the ſtate of the World, frõ the Beginning to the End.*

Sonne (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internall eye,
Things paſt and preſent may by meanes deſcrie,
But not the future, if by ſpeciall grace
It read it not in th'*One-Trines* glorious face.
Thou then, that (onely) things to come doſt know,
Not by Heau'ns courſe, nor gueſſe of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling trypes of ſacrificed Heards,
But by a cleere and certaine pre-ſcience
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents.
With whom at once the three-fold times doe flie,
And but a moment laſts eternitie.

Adams *anſwer.*

O God, behold me, that I may behold
Thy chriſtall face: O *Sunne*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moone*; that now my vailed eies
Earth-ward eclipſt, may ſhine vnto the skies.
Rauiſh me Lord, O (my ſoules life) reuiue
My ſpirit a-ſpace, that I may ſee (a-liue)
Heau'n yer I die: and make me now (good Lord)
The Eccho of thy all-celeſtiall word.

The power of Gods ſpirit in his Prophets: and the difference betweene ſuch, & the diſtracted frantike Miniſters of Sathan.

With ſacred furie ſuddainly he glowes,
Not like the bedlam *Bacchanalian* frowes,
Who, dauncing, foaming, rowling furious-wiſe
Vnder their twinckling lids their Torch-like eies,
With ghaſtly voice, with viſage grizly-grim;
Toſt by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking and bluſhing, panting, ſhreeking, ſwounding,
With wrath-les wounds their ſence-les mẽbers wounding:
But as th'Imperiall, Airie peoples Prince
With ſtately pinions ſoaring hie from hence,
Cleaues through the clouds, & brauely-bold doth think
With his firme eye to make the Sunnes eie wink:
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings
Of a *Seraſick* loue, leaues earthly things,
Feedes on ſweet Æther, cleaues the ſtarrie ſpheares,
And on Gods face his eies he fixly beares:
His browes ſeeme brandiſht with a Sun-like fier,
And his purg'd body ſeemes a cubit higher.

Adam declares to his Sonne, in how many Dayes the World was created.

Then thus began he: Th'euer-trembling field
Of ſcaly folke, the Arches ſtarrie feeld,
Where th'All-Creator hath diſpoſed well
The Sunne and Moone by turnes for ſentinell;

The cleere cloud-bounding ayre (the Camp aſſign'd
Where angry *Auſter* and the rough North-wind
Meeting in battaile, throw downe to the ſoile
The Woods that midling ſtand to part the broile);
The Diaprie Manſions where man-kind doth trade,
Were built in *Sixe dayes*: and the Seau'nth was made
The ſacred *Sabaoth*. So, Sea, Earth, and Ayre,
And azure-guilded Heau'ns Pauilions faire,
Shall ſtand *Sixe dayes*, but longer diuerſlie
Then the daies bounded by the Worlds bright eie.

How many Ages it ſhall endure.

The *Firſt*, begins with me: the *Seconds* morne — Adam.
Is the firſt Ship-wright, who doth firſt adorne — Noah.
The hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through ſtrange Lands leads his Heard, — Abraham.
And (paſt mans reaſon) crediting Gods word,
His onely Sonne ſlaies with a willing ſword:
The *Fourth*'s another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Cannon takes his ſilly ſling,
And to a Scepter turnes his Shepheards-ſtaffe, — Dauid.
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Pſalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that ſad Princes night
That ſees his children murdred in his ſight,
And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*, — Zedechias.
Poore *Iuda* led in Captiue heauines:
Hoped *Meſsias* ſhineth in the *Sixt*; — Meſsias.
Who mockt, beat, baniſht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule ſinnes (ſtill-ſelfly-innocent)
Hath fully borne the hatefull puniſhment:
The *Laſt* ſhall be the very *Reſting-Day*,
Th'Ayre ſhall be mute, the Waters worke ſhall ſtay,

The earth her ſtore, the ſtarrs ſhall leaue their meaſures,
The Sunne his ſhine, and in eternall pleaſures
We plung'd, in Heau'n ſhall aye ſolemnize all,
Th'eternall *Sabaoths* end-leſſe *Feſtiuall.*

Conſiderations of Adam vpõ that which ſhould befall his Poſterity, vnto the end of the firſt world deſtroyed by the Flood: according to the relation of Moſes in Geneſis, in the 4, 5, 6, & 7. Chapters.

Alas, what may I of that race preſume
Next th'irefull Flame that ſhall this Frame conſume,
Whoſe gut their God, whoſe luſt their law ſhall be,
Who ſhall not heare of God, nor yet of me:
Sith thoſe outragious, that began their birth
On th'holy groundfill of ſweet *Edens* earth;
And (yet) the ſound of Heau'ns drad Sentence heare,
And as eie-witneſſe of mine Exile were,
Seeme to deſpight God? Did it not ſuffize
(O luſtfull ſoule) firſt to *polygamize*?
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to diſtaine
Thy Nuptial bed? but that thou muſt ingraine
In thy *great-Grand-ſires Grand-ſires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? reſpecting nought before
The prohibition, and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall powers doe bow:
Neither his Paſports ſealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the murderer.
Courage (good *Enos*) re-aduance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reaſon ſclaunder'd,
And troden-downe: Inuoke th'immortall power;
Vpon his Altar, warme bloud-offrings poure,
His ſacred noſe perfume with pleaſing vapour,
And teend againe *Truths* neere-extinguiſht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, ſelfly-dying wholy,
(Earths ornament) to God he liueth ſoly.

Loe

Loe how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-eſſence* ſhineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from ſence, and free from fleſhly lets,
Sometimes he climbes the ſacred Cabinets
Of the diuine *Ideas* euer-laſting,
Hauing for wings, *Faith*, feruent *Prayer* and *Faſting*:
How at ſometimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He ſacred, ſees, feeles, all inioyes in God:
How at ſometimes, mounting from forme to forme,
In forme of God he happy doth transforme.
Lo how th'all-faire, as burning all in loue
With his rare beauties, not content aboue
T'haue halfe, but all, and euer; ſets the ſtaires
That lead from hence to Heau'n his choſen heires:
Lo now he climbeth the ſupernall ſtories:
Adiew (deere *Henoch*) in eternall glories
Dwell there with God: thy body, chang'd in qualitie
Of Spirit or Angell, puts on immortalitie:
Thine eies alreadie (now no longer eies
But new bright ſtarres) doe brandiſh in the skies:
Thou drinkeſt deepe of the celeſtiall wine:
Thy *Sabaoth*'s endleſſe: without vaile (in fine)
Thou ſeeſt God face to face; and neere vnite
To th'One-Trine *Good*, thou liu'ſt in th'Infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou doſt leaue
Fel wicked folke, whoſe hands are apt to reaue,
Whoſe Scorpion tongues delight in ſowing ſtrife,
Whoſe guts are gulphes, inceſtuous all their life.
O ſtrange to be beleeu'd! the bleſſed race,
The ſacred Flock whom God by ſpeciall grace

Adopts for his, euen they (alas) moſt ſhame-leſſe
Doe follow ſinne, moſt beaſtly-brute and tame-leſſe,
With luſtfull eies chooſing for wanton Spouſes
Mens wicked daughters; mingling ſo the houſes
Of *Seth* and *Cain*: preferring fooliſhly
Fraile beauties blaze to vertuous modeſtie.
From theſe prophane, foule, curſed kiſſes ſprung
A crueil brood, feeding on bloud and wrong;
Fel Gyants ſtrange, of haughty hand and mind,
Plagues of the World, and ſcourges of Man-kind.
Then, righteous God (though euer prone to pardon)
Seeing his mildnes but their malice harden,
Liſt plead no longer, but reſolues the fall
Of man forth-with, and (for mans ſake) of all:
Of all (at leaſt) the liuing creatures gliding
Along the ayre, or on the earth abiding.
Heau'ns criſtal windowes with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thouſand Seas he drops:
With th'other hand he gripes and wringeth forth
The ſpungie Globe of th'execrable Earth,
So ſtreightly preſt, that it doth ſtraight reſtore
All liquid ſtouds that it had drunke before:
In euery Rock new Riuers doe begin;
And to his aide the ſnowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars haue but boughes to ſhow,
The ſhoares doe ſhrinke, the ſwelling waters grow.
Alas, ſo-many Nephewes loſe I here
Amid theſe deepes, that but for Mountaines neere,
Vpon the riſing of whoſe ridges loftie,
The luſty climbe on euery ſide for ſafetie,

I ſhould be ſeed-leſſe: But (alas) the Water
Swallowes thoſe Hills, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O children whither flie-you?
Alas, Heau'ns wrath purſues you to deſtroy-you:
The ſtormie waters ſtrangely rage and roare,
Riuers and Seas haue all one common ſhoare,
(To wit) a ſable, water-loaden Skie
Ready to raine new Oceans inſtantlie.
O Sonne-les Father! O too fruitfull haunches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull hatefull branches!
O gulphes vnknowne! O dungeons deepe and blacke!
O worlds decay! O vniuerſall wracke!
O Heau'ns! O Seas! O Earth! (now earth no more)
O fleſn! O bloud! Heere ſorrow ſtopt the doore
Of his ſad voice, and almoſt dead for woe,
The prophetizing ſpirit forſooke him ſo.

The end of the Firſt Day of the Second-Weeke.

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Of his ſad voice, and almoſt dead for woe,
The prophetizing ſpirit forſooke him ſo.

The end of the Firſt Day of the Second-Weeke.

31 MA 59

NOAH.

THE SECOND Day, of the ſe-cond VVeeke.

Of the Diuine VV. Saluſtius, *Lord of* BARTAS.



1605.

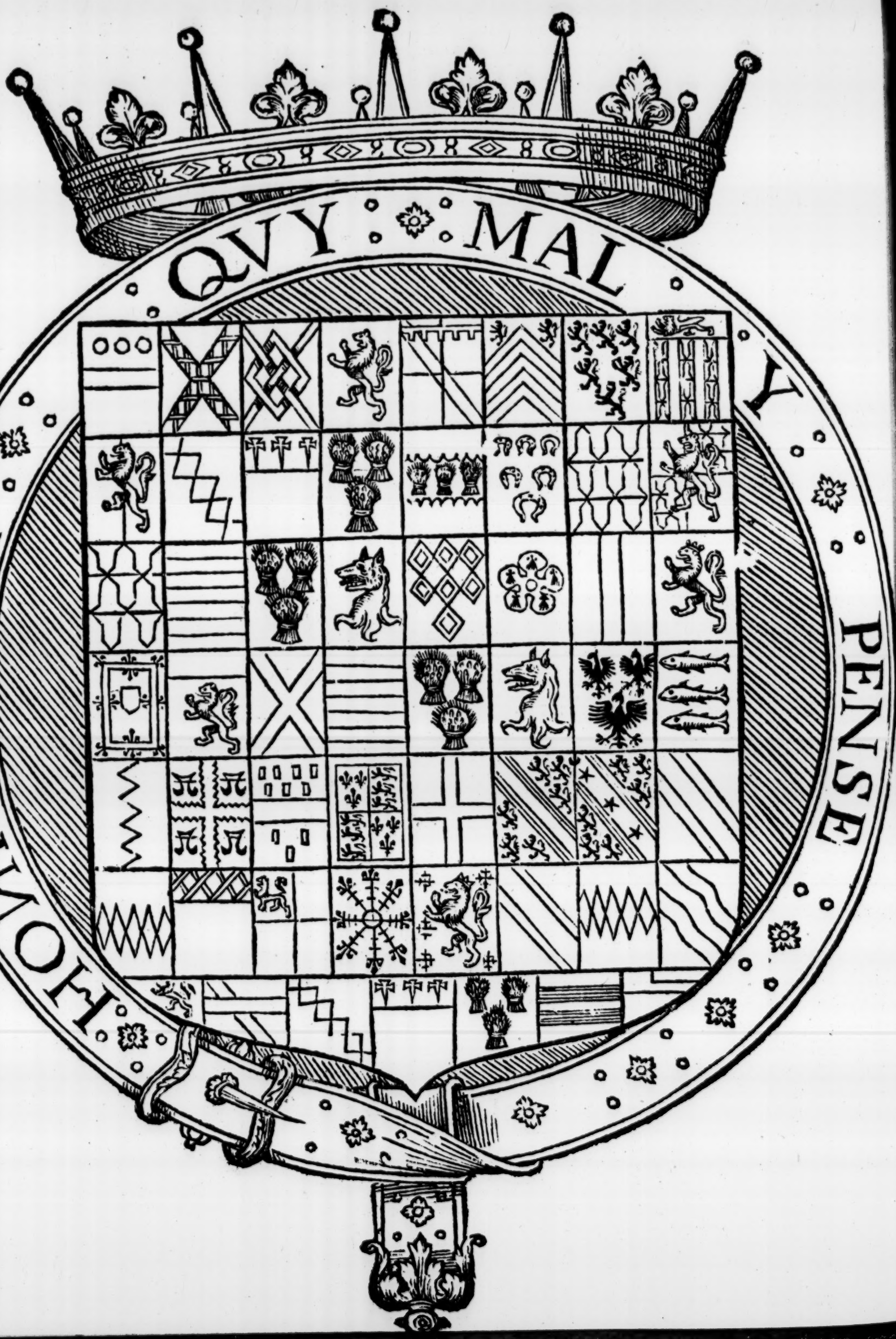
BRITISH MUSEUM

THE ARKE.

To the Right Honorable, *Robert*, Earle of *Essex* and Ewe, Earle Marshall of England. &c.

FRom th' ARKE *of* Hope, *still tossed in distresse*
On th'angrie Deluge *of disastrous plight,*
My silly Doue, *heere takes her Second flight,*
To view (*great Lord*) *thy* World *of worthines:*
Vouchsafe (*rare Plant of perfect* Noblenes)
Some branch *of safety, whereon she may light;*
Some Oliue leafe, *that may presage me right*
A safe escape from this wet Wildernes.
So, when the Floud *of my deepe Cares shall* fall,
And I be landed *on sweet* Comforts Hill:
First, my pure thoughts to Heau'n present I shall,
Then on thy fauours meditating still,
My zealous Muse *shall daily striue to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

Iosuah Sylvester.


QVY · MAL · Y
PENSE
· SOIT ·

THE ARKE.

The first Booke, of the second Day, of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

Noah *prepares the* Arke: *and thether brings*
(With him) a Seed-*payre of all liuing things*:
His exercise, a ship-boord: *Atheist* Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeale doth blame;
And diuersly impugnes Gods Prouidence:
Noah *refells his Faith-lesse arguments*:
The Flood surceast: *Th'* Ark-*landed*: *Blood forbid*:
The Raine-Bow bent; *what it pre figured*:
Wine drowneth Wit: Cham *scoffes the Nakednes*
Of s sleeping Sire: *the Map of Drunkennes.*

IF now no more my sacred rimes distill
With Art-lesse ease from my dis-custom'd quill:
If now the *Laurel* that but lately shaded
My beating temples, be dis-leau'd and vaded:
And if now, banish'd from the learned Fount;
And cast downe head-long from the lofty Mount
Where sweet *Vrania* sitteth to indite,
Mine humbled *Muse* flag in a lowly flight.

A Preamble, wherein, by a modest Cõplaint the Poet stirres vp the Readers attention, and makes himselfe way to the inuocation of the name of God.

Blame

Blame theſe ſad Times ingratefull crueltie,
My houſhold cares, my healths infirmitie;
My drooping ſorrowes for (late) grieuous loſſes,
My buſie ſuites, and other bitter croſſes.
Lo there the clogs that waigh downe heauily
My beſt endeuours, whilome ſoaring high:
My Harueſts haile: the pricking thornes and weedes
That in my ſoule choake thoſe diuiner ſeedes.
O gracious God, remoue my great incumbers,
Kindle againe my faiths neere-dying imbers:
Aſſwage thine anger (for thine owne Sonnes merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit.
Combe, guild, and poliſh, more then euer yet,
This later iſſue of my labouring wit:
And let not me be like the wind, that proudly
Begins at firſt to roare and murmur loudly
Againſt the next hils, ouer-turnes the Woods,
With furious tempeſt tumbles vp the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with ſtormie puffes conſtraines
The ſparkling flints to roule about the Plaines;
But flying, faints; and euery league it goes
One nimble feather of his wing doth loſe:
But rather like a Riuer poorely-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:
Which, toward the Sea, the more he flies his ſource,
With growing ſtreames ſtrengthens his gliding courſe,
Rowles, roares, and foames, raging with reſtles motion,
And proudly ſcornes the greatnes of the Ocean.

The comming of the Flood, and Building of the Arke.

THE DOOMES of *Adam* lack't not long effect,
For th'angry Heau'ns that can without reſpect

Of

Of perſons, plague the ſtubborne reprobate,
In Waters buried th'*Vniuerſall-ſtate*:
And neuer more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the ayrie Regions:
We all had periſht, and the Earth in vaine
Had brought ſuch ſtore of fruits, and graſſe, and graine,
If *Lamechs* Sonne (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaſte veſſell had not firſt erected,
Which (ſacred refuge) kept the Parent-payres
Of all things mouing in the Earth and Ayres.
Now, while the Worlds-re-Colonizing Boat
Doth on the waters ouer Mountaines float,
Noe paſſeth not with tales, and idle play
The tedious length of dayes and nights away:
But, as the Sommers ſweet-diſtilling drops
Vpon the meddowes thirſty-yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, and doth the flowers re-flower,
All ſcorcht and burnt with *Auſters* parching power:
So the care-charming honie that diſtils
From his wiſe lips, his houſe with comfort fils,
Flatters diſpaire, dries teares, calmes inward ſmarts,
And re-aduanceth ſorrow-daunted harts.
Cheere yee (my Children) God doth now retire
Theſe murd'ring Seas, which the reuenging ire
Of his ſtrict *Iuſtice* holy indignation
Hath brought vpon this wicked generation,
Arming a ſeaſon, to deſtroy mankind,
The angry Heau'ns, the water, and the wind:
As, ſoone againe his gracious *Mercie* will
Cleare cloudie Heau'ns, calme winds, and waters ſtill.

Noahs *exerciſes aboord the Arke.*

His

His wrath and mercy follow turne by turne;
That (like the Lightning) doth not lightly burne
Long in a place: and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage.
Our gracious God, makes ſcant-weight of diſpleaſure,
And ſpreads his Mercy without weight or meaſure:
Sometimes he ſtrikes vs (to eſpeciall ends)
Vpon our ſelues, our Children, or our friends,
In ſoule or body, goods, or elſe good-names,
But ſoone he caſts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fiſt, but finger he doth beat vs,
Nor doth he thrill ſo oft as he doth threat-vs:
And (prudent Steward) giues his faithfull Bees
Wine of his wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heau'ns Iuſt-Gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did ſing.

Cham full of impietie, is brought in anſwering his Father: and diuerſlie impugning the wiſedom and irreprehenſible Prouidence of God Almighty and All-mercifull: and the humble and religious Zeale of Noah.

But brutiſh *Cham*, that in his breſt accurſt,
The ſecret roots of ſinfull *Atheiſme* nurſt;
Wiſhing already to diſ-Throne th' *Eternall*,
And ſelfe-vſurpe the maieſtie ſupernall:
And to himſelfe, by name of *Iupiter*,
On *Afrike* ſands a ſumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended browes, with ſtout and ſtern aſpect,
In ſcornfull termes his Father thus be-checkt.
Oh! how it grieues me, that theſe ſeruile terrors,
(The ſcourge of Cowards, and baſe Vulgars errors)
Haue taen ſuch deepe roote in your feeble breſt:
Why Father, alwaies ſelfly thus depreſt,
Will you thus alwaies make your ſelfe a drudge,
Fearing the furie of a fained Iudge?

And

And will you alwaies forge your ſelfe a Cenſor
That weighes your words,& doth your ſilence cenſure?
A ſlie Comptrouler, that doth count your haires,
That in his hand your harts keyes euer beares,
Records your ſighes, and all your thoughts deſcries,
And all your ſinnes preſent and paſt eſpies?
A barbarous Butcher that with bloudy knife
Threats night and day your grieuous-guilty life?
O ſee you not, the ſuperſtitious heat
Of this blind zeale, doth in your mind beget
A thouſand errors? light credulitie
Doth driue you ſtill to each extremitie,
Faining a God (with thouſand ſtormes oppreſt)
Fainter then Women, fiercer then a Beaſt?
Who(tender-harted) weepes at others weeping,
Wailes others woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others bloud, in ſuddaine ſwoune deceaſes;
In manly breaſt a womans hart poſſeſſes:
And who (remorce-les) lets at any ſeaſon,
The ſtormy tyde of rage tranſport his reaſon,
And thunders threats of horror and miſhap,
Hides a Beares hart vnder a humane ſhape.
Yet, of your God you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in teares, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, he frownes,
He burnes, he braines, he kils, he dams, he drownes.
The wildeſt Boare doth but one Wood deſtroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy:
And yet this Gods outragious tyrannie
Spoiles all the World, his onely Emperie.

O goodly *Iuſtice*! One or two of vs
Haue ſinn'd perhaps, and mou'd his anger thus;
All beare the paine, yea euen the innocent
Poore Birds and Beaſts incur the puniſhment.
No Father, no, ('tis folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconſtant ſpirit,
Full of reuenge, and wrath, and moodie hate,
Nor ſauage-fell, nor ſuddaine-paſſionate,
Nor ſuch as will for ſome ſmall fault vndoo
This goodly World, and his owne nature too.
All wandring clouds, all humide exhalations,
All Seas (which Heau'n through many generations
Hath hoorded-vp) with ſelfes-waight enter-cruſht,
Now all-at-once vpon the earth haue ruſht:
And th'end-leſſe, thin ayre (which by ſecret quils
Had loſt it ſelfe within the winds-but hils
Darke hollow Caues, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie criſtal turned by the cold)
Now ſwiftly ſurging towards Heau'n againe:
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plaine,
But in few daies with raging *Flouds* o're-flowne
The top-leſſe Cedars of mount *Libanon*.

Anſwers of Noah to all the blaſphemies of Cham, and his fellow-Atheiſts.

Then, with iuſt griefe the godly Father galled,
A deepe, ſad ſigh from his harts center haled,
And thus replide: O falſe, rebellious *Cham*!
Mine ages ſorrow, and my houſes ſhame,
Through ſelfe-conceipt contemning th'holy-Ghoſt,
Thy ſence is baend, thine vnderſtanding loſt,
And O I feare (Lord falſifie my feare)
The heauy hand of the high Thunderer

Shall

Shall light on thee; and thou I doubt ſhalt be
His Furies obiect, and ſhalt teſtifie
By thine infamous lifes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-leſſe lips ſophiſticate.
I (God be praiſ'd) know that the perfect CIRCLE
Whoſe Center's euery-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceaue a-right
Th'Al-mighty-moſt to be moſt infinite:
That th'onely ESSENCE feeles not in his mind
The furious tempeſts of fell Paſſions wind:
That moue-les, all he moues: that with one thought
He can build Heau'n; and builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne's incloſd in glorious Fier
Paſt our approch: that our faint ſoule doth tier,
Our ſpirit growes ſpright-les, when it ſeekes by ſence
To ſound his infinite Omni-potence.
I ſurely know, the Cherubins doe houer
With flaming wings his ſtarrie face to couer.
None ſees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But paſſing by and by the backe alone.
To vs, his Eſſence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his waies, his name vn-vtterable,
So that concerning his high maieſtie
Our feeble tongues ſpeake but improperly:
For if we call him ſtrong, the praiſe is ſmall;
If bleſſed ſpirit, ſo are his Angels all:
If great of Greats, he's void of quantitie:
If good, faire, holy, he wants qualitie:
Sith in his *Eſſence* fully excellent,
All is pure ſubſtance, free from accident.

1, Anſwere: God is infinit, immutable, Almighty, and incomprehenſible.

So that men cannot ſpeak of Him but improperly.

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1, Anſwere: God is infinit, immutable, Almighty, and incomprehenſible.

So that men cannot ſpeak of Him but improperly.

Why we cannot speake of God but after the manner of Men.

Therefore our voice, too-faint in ſuch a ſubiect
T'enſue our ſoule, and our weake ſoule her obiect,
Doth alwaies ſtammer; ſo that euer when
'T would make Gods name redoubted among men;
(In humane phraze) it calls him pittifull,
Repentant, iealous, fierce, and anger-full.

2. Anſwere: The Repentance and the Change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and defect.

Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like vs;
His iealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pitty wretched, nor his anger furious.
Th'immortall ſpirit is euer calmely-cleere:
And all the beſt that feeble man doth heere,
With vehemence of ſome hot paſſion driuen;
That, with ripe iudgement doth the King of Heauen.

Two comparisons explayning the ſame.

Shall a Phiſition comfortably-bold,
Feare-les, and teare-les, conſtantly behold
His ſickly friend vext with exceeding paine,
And feele his pulſe, and giue him health againe:
And ſhall not th'*euer ſelfe-reſembling* God
Looke downe from Heau'n vpon a wretched clod,
Without he weepe, and melt for griefe and anguiſh;
Nor cure his creature, but himſelfe muſt languiſh?
And ſhall a Iudge, ſelfe-angerleſſe, prefer
To ſhameſull Death the ſtrange adulterer;
As onely looking fixly all the time
Not on the ſinner but the ſinfull crime:
And ſhall not then th'Eternall *Iuſticer*

3 Anſwere: Iuſtice, being a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

Condemne the Atheiſt and the murderer,
Without ſelfes-furie? O ſhall *Iuſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?

Or

Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoueraigne might
Be chain'd ſo faſt to mans fraile appetite,
That filthy ſinne he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull rage him ſelfly-cruciate?
Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerues not for defence
Of his owne *Eſſence* from our violence
(For in the Heau'ns aboue all reach of ours,
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towers)
But to direct our liues, and lawes maintaine,
Guard Innocence, and Iniurie reſtraine.
Th'Almighty paſt not meane, when he ſubuerted
Neere all the World from holy pathes departed.
For, *Adams* Trunck (of both our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire Branches forking fruitfully
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruite:
Th'other, firſt rich in goodnes, afterward
With thoſe baſe Scyons being graft, was marr'd:
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſuch wicked and inceſtuous luſters:
And then (alas) what was there to be found
Pure, iuſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cains line, poſſeſt ſinne, as an heritage;
Seths, as a dowrie got by mariage:
So that (alas) among all humane-kind
Thoſe mongreil kiſſes marr'd the pureſt mind.
And we (euen we that haue eſcaped here
This cruell wrack) within our Conſcience beare
A thouſand Records of a thouſand things
Conuincing vs before the King of Kings;

2 Anſwer: God doth not puniſh Offendors for defence of his owne Eſtate: but to maintaine Vertue, & confound Vice.

5. The iniquity of the World deſerued extreame puniſhment.

6. When all are generally debraued, all merit to be deſtroyed.

7 The leaſt imperfect paſſe condemnation, euen then when they are moſt iuſtly chaſticed.

Whereof not one (for all our ſelfe-affection)
We can defend with any iuſt obiection.

8. God deſtroying the Workman, doth no wrong to the Tooles, if he breake and batter them with their Maiſter.

God plaid no tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, ſith they liu'd but for mans ſeruice ſole,
Man, rac'd for ſinne out of the *Liuing Role*,
Thoſe wondrous tooles, and organes excellent,
Their work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's onely head of all that draweth breath:
Who lacks a member, yet perſeuereth
To liue (we ſee): but members cut away
From their owne head, doe by and by decay.

9. A Traytor deſerues to haue his houſe razed to the ground.

Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth,
For, ſi thence man had from his very birth
Rebeld againſt him, was't not equitie,
That for his fault, his houſe ſhould vtterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſowne,
That in the ruines (for inſtruction)
We for a time might reade and vnderſtand
The righteous vengeance of Heau'ns wrathfull hand,
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waues
Of ayrie clouds, or vnder-earthly caues?

10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a moſt iuſt Iudgement of God.

If all blew Curtins mixt of ayre and water
Round-ouer-ſpreading this wide All-Theater,
To ſome one Climate all at once ſhould flie,
One Country they might drowne vndoubtedlie:
But our great Galley hauing gone ſo farre,
So many monthes, in ſight of either *Starre*,
From Pole to Pole through ſundry Climates whorld,
Shows that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.

Now *non-plus't*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou flie for ſuccour to thine Ayerie Damp:
Show, in the concaue of what Mountaines ſteepe
We may imagine Dennes ſufficient deepe
For ſo much ayre as guſhing out in Fountaines,
Should hide the proud tops of the higheſt Mountaines:
Sith a whole tun of ayre ſcarce yeelds (in triall)
Water ynough to fill one little Viall.
And what ſhould then betide thoſe emptie ſpaces?
What ſhould ſucceede in the forſaken places
Of th'aires thin parts (in ſwift ſprings ſhrinking thence)
Sith there's no void in th'All-circumference?

11. *The waters of the Flood ſprung not from a naturall motion only, but proceeded frõ other then naturall Cauſes, which cannot produce ſuch effects.*

Whence (wilt thou ſay) then comes this raging flood
That ouer-flowes the windie *Ryphean* Wood,
Mount Libanus, and enuiouſly aſpires
To quench the light of the celeſtiall fires?

12. *The conſideration of the power of God in ſubiecting the creatures to* Noah: *in ſuſtaining and feeding thẽ them ſo long in the* Arke (*which was as a Sepulchre*) *confuteth all the obiections of Atheiſts.*

Whence (ſhal I ſay) then, whence-frõ comes it (*Cham*)
That Wolues, and Panthers waxing meeke and tame,
Leauing the horror of their ſhadie home,
Adiourn'd by Heau'n, did in my preſence come,
Who holding ſubiect vnder my command
So many Creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now reſtor'd to th'honour and eſtate,
Whence *Adam* fell through ſinne and Sathans hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reaſon is't,
That vn-mann'd Haggards to mine empty fiſt
Come without call? Whence comes it that ſo little
Freſh water, fodder, meale, and other victuaile,
Should ſerue ſo long ſo many a greedy-gut
As in the darke holds of this *Arke* is ſhut?

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As in the darke holds of this *Arke* is ſhut?

That here the Partridge doth not dread the Hauke?
Nor feareful Hare the ſpotted Tyger baulke?
That all theſe ſtormes our Veſſell haue not broake?
That all this while we doe not iointly choake
With noyſome breath, and excrementall ſtinke
Of ſuch a common and continuall ſinke?
And that our ſelues 'mid all theſe deathes, are ſau'd
From theſe All-Seas, where all the reſt are Grau'd?

13. The Arke ful of Miracles, which confound the wits, & ſtop the mouthes of profane wranglers.

In all the compaſſe of our floating Innes,
Are not ſo many planks, and boords, and pinnes,
As wonders ſtrange, and miracles that ground
Mans wrangling reaſon, and his wits confound:
And God, no leſſe his mighty power diſplaid
When he reſtor'd, then when the World he made.
O ſacred Patron pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulke: theſe angry floods retire,
A liue and dead, let vs perceiue and proue
Thy wrath on others, on our ſelues thy loue.

God cauſeth the Flood to ceaſe.

Thus *Noah* ſweetens his Captiuitie,
Beguiles the time, and charmes his miſerie,
Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountaines
Now ſtopping cloſe the vaines of all the Fountaines,
Shutting Heau'ns ſluces, cauſing th'ayre (contrould)
Cloſe vp his channels, and his Seas with-hould,
Cals forth the winds. O Heau'ns freſh fannes (quoth he)
Earths ſweeping Broomes, O Forreſts enmitie,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers,
My nimble Poſtes and ſpeedy Meſſengers,
Mine armes, my ſinewes, and mine Eagles ſwift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,

When

When from my mouth, in my iuſt-kindled ire
Fly Sulphry fumes, and hot conſuming fire,
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull wonder
I muſter horror, darknes, clouds, and thunder:
Wake, riſe, and runne, and drinke theſe waters dry,
That hills and dales haue hidden from the skie.
Th' *Aeolian* Crowd obayes his mighty call,
The ſurly ſurges of the waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the ſacred *Keele*
Lands on a Hill, at whoſe proud feet doe kneele
A thouſand Hills, his lofty horne adoring
That cleaues the clouds, the ſtarrie welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, firſt of all (for ſcout)
Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neere-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returnes a-boord to his great Admirall.
Some few daies after from the window flies
The harme-les Doue for new diſcoueries,
But ſeeing yet no ſhoare, ſhe (almoſt tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack backe againe retyr'd.
But yer the Sunne had ſeau'n Heau'n-Circuits rode,
To view the World a-freſh ſhe flies abroad;
And brings a-boord (at euening) in her bill
An Oliue branch with water pearled ſtill.
O happy preſage! O deere pleadge of loue!
O wel-come newes! behold the peacefull Doue
Brings in her beake the Peace-branch, boading weale
And truce with God; who by this ſacred ſeale
Kindly confirmes his holy couenant,
That firſt, in fight the Tyger rage ſhall want,

The Arke reſteth on the Mountaine Ararat, *in* Armenia.

What Noah *did before he went forth.*

Lyons

Lyons be cowards, Hares couragious,
Yer he be falſe in word or deed to vs.
O ſacred Oliue, firſtling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Haue liued ſtill, while this ſtrange *Deluge* laſted,
I doe reioyce, it hath not all things waſted:
Or be it, ſince the Ebbe, thou newly ſpring,
Prais'd be the bounty of th'immortall King
That quickens thus theſe dead, the World induing
With beauty freſh ſo ſuddainly renuing.

He expreſſeth Gods Commandement to goe forth; whereby, at the firſt he was ſhut-vp in the Arke.

Thus *Noah* ſpake: And though the World gan lift
Moſt of his Iles aboue the waters drift,
Though waxen old in his long wearie night,
He ſee a friendly Sunne to brandiſh bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his ſtinking ſtaule,
Hee'l not a-ſhoare till God be pleas'd with-all:
And till (deuout) from Heau'n he vnderſtand
Some Oracle to licence him to land.

But, warn'd by Heau'n, he commeth from his Caue,
(Or rather from a foule infectious graue)
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Iapheth*, and their twice-two Brides,
And thouſand paires of liuing things beſides,
Vncleane and cleane: for th'holy *Patriarke*
Had of all kinds incloſed in the Arke.

But, here I heare th'vngodly, that for feare
Late whiſpered ſoftly in each others eare,
With ſilent murmurs mutt'ring ſecretly;
Now trumpet thus their filthy blaſphemie.

New obiection of Atheiſts, concerning the capacitie of the Arke.

Who will beleeue (but ſhallow-brained Sheepe)
That ſuch a ſhip ſcarce thirty Cubits deepe,

Thrice

Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many monthes could beare ſo great a charge?
Sith the proud Horſe, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,
The luſty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-vp a Hulke farre deeper, longer, broader?
O prophane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Veſſell a vaſte multitude
Of ſince-borne mongrels, that deriue their birth
From monſtrous medly of *Venerian* mirth;
Fantaſtike Mules, and ſpotted Leopardes,
Of inceſt-heat ingendred after-wards:
So many ſorts of Dogs, of Cocks, and Doues,
Since, daily ſprung from ſtrange and mingled loues,
Wherein from time to time in various ſort,
Dedalian Nature ſeemes her to diſport:
If plainer, yet I proue you ſpace by ſpace
And foote by foote, that all this ample place,
By ſubtil iudgement made and *Symetrie*,
Might lodge ſo many creatures handſomly,
Sith euery brace was *Geometricall*:
Nought reſteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who diſpute with God, may be content
To take for currant, Reaſons argument.

Answere.

But here, t'admire th' Al-mighties powerfull hand
I rather loue, and ſilence to command
To mans diſcourſe: what he hath ſaid, is done:
For, euermore his word and deed are one.
By his ſole arme the *Gallions* Maſters, ſawe
Themſelues ſafe reſcude from Deaths yawning iawe;

An vn-anſwerable anſwere to all profane obiections.

And

And offer-vp to him in zealous wiſe,
The Peace-full ſent of ſweet burnt-ſacrifice;
And ſend with all aboue the ſtarrie Pole
Theſe winged ſighes from a religious ſoule.
World-ſhaking Father, Winds-King, calming-Seas,
With mild aſpect behold vs: Lord appeaſe
Thine Angers tempeſt, and to ſafety bring
The plancks eſcapt from this ſad Periſhing:
And bound for euer in their ancient Caues
Theſe ſtormy Seas deepe World-deuouring waues.

Cõmandements, Prohibitions, & Promiſes of God to Noah & his Poſteritie.

Increaſe (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progenie:
Reſume your Scepter, and with new beheaſts
Bridle againe the late reuolted Beaſts,
Re-exerciſe your wonted rule againe,
It is your office ouer them to raigne:
Deere Children, vſe them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abſtaine and doe not take for meate
Their ruddy ſoule: and leaue (O ſacred ſeed)
To rau'ning Fowles of ſtrangled fleſh to feed.
I, I am holy, be you holy then:
I deeply hate all cruell bloody men,
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood;
Fly homicide: doe not in any caſe,
In man, mine Image brutiſhly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death ſhall taſte;
And blood with blood be venged firſt or laſt:
For euermore vpon the murd'rers head
My roaring ſtormes of furie ſhall be ſhed.

From

From hence-forth, feare no ſecond *Flood* that ſhall
Couer the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I aſſure ye no; no, no, I ſweare to you,
(And who hath euer found mine Oath vntrue)?
Againe, I ſweare by my thrice-ſacred *Name*:
And to confirme it, in the Clouds I frame
This coloured Bowe. When then ſome tempeſt black
Shall threat againe the fearefull World to wrack:
When water-loaden Heau'ns your Hils ſhall tuch:
Whē th'ayre with mid-night ſhal your Noon be-pitch:
Your cheerefull looks vp to this Rain-Bowe caſt,
For though the ſame on moyſtfull Clouds be plaſt
Though hemm'd with ſhowers,& though it ſeem to ſup
(To drowne the World)all th'Oceans waters vp,
Yet ſhall it (when you ſeeme in danger ſinke)
Make you of me; me, of my promiſe, thinke.

The Raine-Bow giuē for a Pledge of the Promiſe, that there ſhall be no more generall Flood.

Noah lookes vp, and in the Ayre he viewes
A ſemi-Circle of a hundred hewes:
Which, bright aſcending toward th'ætheriall thrones,
Hath a lyne drawne betweene two *Orizons*
For iuſt *Diameter*: an euen-bent bowe
Contriu'd of three; whereof the one doth ſhow
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The ſecond greene, the third an orient blew;
Yet ſo, that in this pure blew-golden-greene
Still (*Opal-like*) ſome changeable is ſeene.
A Bow bright-ſhining in th'Arch-Archers hand,
Whoſe ſubtill ſtring ſeemes leuell with the Land,
Halfe-parting Heau'n; and ouer vs it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends.

Deſcription of the Rayn-Bow.

A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies,
Where powerfull Nature ſhowes her freſheſt dies.
What it ſignifieth. And if you onely blew and red perceiue,
The ſame as ſignes of Sea, and Fire conceaue;
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doombe*,
The *Iudgement* paſt, and *Iudgement* yet to come.
Noah *falls to Husbandry and tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.* Then, hauing call'd on God, our ſecond Father
Suffers not ſloth his armes together gather,
But fals to worke, and wiſely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practize in his youth.
For the proud iſſue of that Tyrant rude
That firſt his hand in brothers bloud imbrewd;
As ſcorning Ploughes, and hating harm-leſſe tillage,
And (wantons) priſing leſſe the homely village,
With fields and Woods, then th'idle Cities-ſhades:
Imbraced Lawes, Scepters, and Artes, and Trades.
But *Seths* Sonnes, knowing Nature ſoberly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing with induſtrious care,
The Flocks and Droues couer'd with wooll and haire;
As praiſe-full gaine, and profit void of ſtrife,
Art nurſe of Arts, and very life of life,
So, the bright honour of the heau'nly Tapers
Had ſcarcely boxed all th'Earths dropſie vapours,
When he that ſau'd the ſtore-ſeed-World from wrack,
Began to delue his fruitfull Mothers back,
And there ſoone-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
He plants a Vine. For 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warme Sunnes eye lying open ſtill,

He

He ſets in furrowes or in ſhallow trenches
The crooked Vines choice ſcyons, ſhoots, & branches:
In March he delues them, re-re-delues, and dreſſes,
Cuts, props, and proines; and God his worke ſo bleſſes,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefes that vext his feeble age,
To ſee with mud ſo many Roofes o're-growne,
And him left almoſt in the World alone,
One-day a little from his ſtrictneſſe ſhrunke,
And making merry, drinking, ouer-drunke:
And ſilly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drowne his woes, he drownes his wits and all.
His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled braine torments,
His idle prattle from the purpoſe quite,
Is abrupt, ſtutt'ring, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-ſtuft ſtomack wrung with wind he feeles:
His trembling Tent all topſi-turuie wheeles:
At laſt, not able on his legs to ſtand,
More like a foule Swine then a ſober man,
Oppreſt with ſleepe, he wallowes on the ground
His ſhame-leſſe ſnorting trunke, ſo deeply drownd
In ſelfe-obliuion, that he did not hide
Thoſe parts that *Cæſar* cou'red when he dide.
Euen as the Rauens with windy wings o're-flie
The weeping Woods of *Happy Arabie*,
Deſpiſe ſweet Gardens, and delicious Bowers
Perfuming Heau'n with odoriferous flowers,

He is ouer-taken with Wine.

Deſcription of a drunken-man.

Fit Compariſons to ſet forth the nature and property of Slanderers, and Detractors imitating Cham.

And

And greedy, light vpon the loathſome quarters
Of ſome late *Lopez*, or ſuch *Romiſh* Martirs:
Or as a young, vnskilfull, Painter rawe,
Doth careleſly the faireſt features draw
In any face, and yet too neerely marks
Th'vnpleaſing blemiſh of deformed marks,
As lips too-great, or hollownes of eies,
Or ſinking noſe, or ſuch in-decencies:
Euen ſo th'vngodly Sonnes of Leaſings Father
With blacke Obliuions ſponge ingratefully ſmother
Faire Vertues draughts, and caſt deſpightfully
On the leaſt ſinnes the venome of their eye:
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lighteſt trips of greateſt Perſonages:
Like ſcoffing *Cham* that impudently vewd
His Fathers ſhame, and moſt prophanely-lewd,
With ſcornfull laughter (grace-les) thus began
To infamize the poore old drunken man.

His Speech to his Brethren, ſeeing his Fathers nakednes.

Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This Pure Controuler that ſo oft contrould
Vs without cauſe: ſee how his bed he ſoyles,
See, how the wine (his maſter) now recoyles
By's mouth, and eies, and noſe: and brutely lo
To all that come his naked ſhame doth ſhow.

Their diſcreet behauiour.

Ah ſhame-leſſe beaſt (both brethren him reproou'd,
Both chiding thus, both with iuſt anger moou'd)
Vnnaturall villaine, monſter peſtilent,
Vnworthie to behold the firmament,
Where (abſent we) thou ought'ſt haue hid before
With thine owne Cloake, but with thy ſilence more,

Thy

Thy Fathers ſhame, whom age, ſtrong wine, and griefe,
Haue made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkeſt firſt, and ſporting at the matter
Proclaim'ſt his fault on infamies Theater.
And ſaying this (turning their ſight a-ſide)
Their hoarie Fathers nakednes they hide.
When wine had wrought, this good old-man awoke
Agni'zd his crime, aſhamed, wonder-ſtrooke
At ſtrength of wine, and touch't with true repentance,
With Prophet-mouth gan thus his Sons fore-ſentence.
Curſt be thou *Cham*, and curſt be (for thy ſcorne)
Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly *Morne*,
The radiant *Noone*, and rheumie *Euening* ſee
Thy neck ſtill yoaked with Captiuitie.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious ſpeed
Spread wide my *Iapheths* fruitfull-ſwarming ſeed.
Error, no error, but a wilfull badnes:
O foule defect! O ſhort, O dangerous madnes!
That in thy rage, dooſt harme-leſſe *Clytus* ſmother
By his deere friend; *Panthea* by his Mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter inſolent;
The talke-full, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, waxe adulterous;
Th'adulterer, become inceſtuous:
With thy plagues leuen ſwelling all our crimes;
Blind, ſhame-les, ſence-les, quenching often-times
The ſoule within it ſelfe: and oft defames
The holieſt men with execrable blames.
And as the Muſte, beginning to re-boyle,
Makes his new veſſels wooden bands recoyle,

Noah awaked, curſeth Cham *and his Poſteritie: and bleſſeth* Sem & Iaphet: *and their Iſſue.*

A deteſtation of Drunkennes, deſcribed with its ſhamefull, dangerous and execrable effects.

Lifts-vp his lees, and ſpewes with fuming vent
From his Tubs ground his ſcummy excrement:
So ruin'ſt thou thine hoaſt, and fooliſhly
From his harts bottome driu'ſt all ſecrecie.
But, hadſt thou neuer done (O filthy poyſon)
More miſchiefe here, but thus bereft of reaſon
This Vertues Model (rather Vertues heſt)
We ought thee more then Death it ſelfe deteſt.

FINIS.



31 MA 59

BRITISH MUSEUM

BABILON.

To the moſt Ho-

nourable, learned, and religious Gentleman, Maiſter *Anthony Bacone.*

YOur friendly cenſure of this firſt ESSAIE
(*My* Second-Weekes *miſ-placed* Babilon)
My faint Endeuors hath ſo cheered on,
That Sixe *of them doe now behold the day.*
Your gracious hand, repriuing from decay
My guiltleſſe Name, doomb'd to Obliuion,
Hath ſo ſtirr'd-vp my ſoules deuotion,
That in my Songs your Name *ſhall liue for aye.*
Your mild acceptance of my ſimple myte
(*Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts*)
Doth heere againe my gratefull Muſe *inuite*
To re-ſalute you with mine humble gifts.
Take theſe in gree, and my wel-meaning hart
Shall ſtudie ſtill to mend my meane deſart.

Ioſuah Sylueſter.

BABILON.

The second Booke of the second Day, of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

Th' Antithesis *of Blest and Cursed States,*
Subiect to Good and Euill Magistrates:
Nimrod *vsurpes: His prowes-full* Policie:
To gaine himselfe the Goale of Souraintie:
Babel *begun: To stop such out-rages,*
There, God confounds the Builders Languages:
Tongues excellence: the Hebrue, *first and Best:*
Then Greeke *and* Latine: *and (aboue the rest)*
Th' Arabian, Toscane, Spanish, French, *&* Dutch,
And Ours, *are Honoured by our Author much.*

O Happy people, where good Princes raigne,
Who tender publike more then priuate gaine:
Who (vertue's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Parasites, and harken to the wise:
Who (selfe-commanders) rather sinne suppresse
By selfe-examples, then by rigorousnes:
Whose inward-humble, outward-Maiestie
With Subiects loue is guarded loyallie:

A preface, representing the felicitie and happy estate of Cõmonweales, gouerned by good and prudent Princes: & the misery of those that liue in subiection vnto Tyrants: which

the Poet very fitly propoſeth as his introduction to the Life and Manners of Nimrod.

Who Idol-not their pearlie Scepters glory,
But know themſelues ſet on a lofty ſtory
For all the world to ſee, and cenſure too:
So, not their luſt, but what is iuſt they doe.
But 'tis a hell, in hatefull vaſſalage
Vnder a Tyrant to conſume ones age:
A ſelfe-thau'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with bloud and inceſt ſwell:
An Owle, that flies the light of Parlaments
And State-aſſemblies; ielous of th'intents
Of priuate tongues: who (for a paſtime) ſets
His peeres at ods; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right reſpects:
Who euery day new Offices erects:
Who brookes no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubiects,
But daily crops ſuch vice-vpbraiding obiects:
Who (worſe then Beaſts, or ſauage monſters beene)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiffe, nor kinne:
Who, though round fenc't with gard of armed Knights
A-many moe, he feares, then he affrights:
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subiects all.

A prayer fitted to the former diſcourſe. & giuing entry to that which followeth.

Print (O Heau'ns King) in our Kings hart's a zeale,
Firſt, of thy lawes; then, of their publike weale:
And if our Courtiers now-*Po*-poyſoned phraſe;
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes,
Leaue any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O cancell it, that they may euery where
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Ieruſalem*:
That lowd my *Muſe* may eccho vnder them.

YER

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice ſixe yeeres,
He tyraniz'd among his ſtripling-peeres,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happy hower,
Lay'd the foundations of his after-power:
And bearing Reedes for Scepters, firſt he raignes
In Prentice-Princedome ouer ſheepheard Swaines.
Then knowing well, that who ſo aymes (illuſter)
At fancied bliſſe of Empires awfull luſtre;
In valiant actes muſt paſſe the vulgar ſort,
Or maske (at leaſt) in louely Vertues Port:
He ſpends not night on beds of downe or feathers,
Nor day in tents; but hardens to all weathers
His youthfull limbes: and takes ambitiouſly
A rock for pillow, Heauen for canapey:
In ſtead of ſoftlings ieſts, and iollities,
He ioyes in Iouſtes, and manly exerciſe:
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fully ſlaine, luke-warme, and bleeding freſh.
Then, with one breath, he ſtriueth to attaine
A Mountaines top, that ouer-peeres the plaine:
Againſt the ſtreame to cleaue the rowling ridges
Of Nymph-ſtrong floods, that haue borne downe their bridges,
Running vnrain'd with ſwift rebounding ſallies
A-croſſe the rocks within the narrow vallies:
To ouertake the dart himſelfe did throw:
And in plaine courſe to catch the Hind or Rowe.
But, when fiue luſtres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier warres, perceiu'd he any-where,
Boare, Libbard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounce, or Beare,

Nimrods exercises & essayes to make himselfe Master of the rest.

Perseuerance in painfull & laborious exercises of Nimrod *grown gracious with the people.*

Him dreadles combates; and in combate foyles,
And reares high Tropheis of his bloody ſpoiles.
The people, ſeeing by his warlike deed
From theeues, and robbers euery paſſage freed:
From hideous yells, the Deſarts round about:
From feare their flockes; this monſter-maſter ſtout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him all their Father and Defender.

Hee abandons his firſt petty Chaſe, and hunteth wylier for a more pretious Pray.

Then *Nimrod* (ſnatching Fortune by the treſſes)
Strikes the hot ſteele; ſues, ſoothes, importunes, preſſes
Now theſe, then thoſe: and haſtning his good Hap
Leaues hunting Beaſts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former queſts did vſe
Cals, pit-fals, toyles, ſprenges, and baites, and glewes:
And (in the end) againſt the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, and ſhafts, and ſwords, their rage to tame:
So, ſome he winnes with promiſe-full intreates,
With preſents ſome, and ſome with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equitie)
Vſurpes the child-World's mayden Monarchie.
Where as, before, each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chiefe, yer that the youthfull pride
Of vpſtart State, ambitious, boyling, fickle,
Did thruſt (as now) in others corne his ſickle.

Tyrannicall rule of Nimrod, *and his proud enterprize.*

In-Thoniz'd thus, this Tyrant gan deuiſe
To perpetrate a thouſand cruelties,
Pel-mel ſubuerting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Nature's triple-ſacred Right.
He braues th' Almightie, lifting to his noſe
His flowring Scepter: and for feare he loſe

The peoples awe; who (idle) in the end
Might ſlip their yoake; he ſubtlely makes them ſpend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and buſies them to build
A lofty Tower, or rather *Atlas* wilde.
W'haue liu'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim Groomes
Leaue we theſe rowling tents, and wandring roomes:
Let's raiſe a Pallace, whoſe proud front and feet
With Heau'n and Hell may in an inſtant meet;
A ſure *Aſylum*, and a ſafe retreat,
If th'irefull ſtorme of yet-more Floods ſhould threat:
Let's found a Citie, and vnited there,
Vnder a King let's lead our liues; for feare
Leaſt ſeuer'd thus, in Princes, and in Tents,
Wee be diſpearſt o're all the Regiments
That in his courſe the Dayes bright Champion eyes,
Might-leſſe our ſelues to ſuccour, or aduiſe.
But, if the fire of ſome inteſtine warre,
Or other miſchiefe ſhould deuide vs farre,
Brethren (at leaſt) let's leaue memorials
Of our great names on theſe cloud-neighbouring wals.
Now, as a ſparke, that Shepheards (vneſpied)
Haue falne by chance vpon a Forreſts ſide
Among dry leaues; a-while in ſecret ſhroudes,
Lifting a-loft ſmall, ſmoakie-wauing cloudes,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it bluſhes
With angry rage; and riſing through the buſhes,
Climbes fragrant Hauthornes, thence the Oake, & than
The Pine, and Firr, that bridge the Ocean:
It ſtill gets ground; and running doth augment,
And neuer leaues till all neere Woods be brent:

A compariſon ſhowing liuely, the efficacie of the attempts of Tirants, the Rods of Gods righteous vengeance vpon vngodly people.

So

So, this ſweet ſpeech(firſt broacht by certaine Minions)
Is ſoone applauded, 'mong the light opinions:
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude,
Who, longing now to ſee this Caſtle rear'd,
Them night and day in differing crafts beſtirr'd.
Some fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroakes
Aduenturous Alders, Aſhes, long-lyu'd Oakes;
Degrading Forreſts, that the Sunne might view
Fields that before his bright rayes neuer knew.
Liuely deſcription of people occupied in ſome great buſines.
Ha'ye ſeene a Towne expos'd to ſpoile & ſlaughter,
(At victors pleaſure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly reſound; ſome carrie, ſome conuay,
Some lugge, ſome load; gainſt Souldiers ſeeking Pray
No place is ſure: and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſackt Towne doth runne:
So (in a trice) theſe Carpenters diſrobe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteepe Mountaines of their gaſtly ſhades,
And powle the broad plaines of their branchie glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick-iuſtling meet abroad,
And bending axels groane beneath their load.
Heere, for hard Ciment, heap the night and day
The gummy ſlime of chalkie waters gray:
There, buſie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there, for their firme foundations
They digge to hell; and damned Ghoſts againe
(Paſt hope) behold the Sunnes bright glorious waine:
Their hãmers noyſe, through Heau'n rebounding brim,
Affrights the fiſh that in faire Tygris ſwim.

Theſe

Theſe ruddie walls in height, and compaſſe grow,
They caſt long ſhadow, and farre-off doe ſhow:
All ſwarmes with work-men, that (poore ſots) ſurmiſe
Euen the firſt day to touch the very skies.
Which, God perceiuing, bending wrathfull frownes,
And with a noyſe that roaring thunder drownes;
Mid cloudie fields, hills by the rootes he rakes,
And th'vnmou'd hindges of the Heau'ns he ſhakes.
See, ſee (quoth he) theſe duſt-ſpawne, feeble, Dwarfes,
See their huge Caſtles, Walls, and Counter-ſcarfes:
O ſtrength-full Peece, impregnable, and ſure,
All my iuſt anger's batteries to endure.
I ſwore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more
Henceforth ſhould feare the raging Oceans roare;
Yet build they Towers: I wild that ſcattered wide
They ſhould goe man the world, and loe they bide
Selfe-priſoned here: I meant to be their maſter,
My ſelfe alone, their Law, their Prince, and Paſtor;
And they, for Lord a Tyrant fel haue tane-them,
Who (to their coſt) will roughly curb and raine them:
Who ſcornes mine arme, & with theſe brauing Towers
Attempts to skale this chriſtal Throne of ours.
Come, come, let's daſh their drift; and ſith, combind
As well in voyce, as blood, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold
Incourage-on themſelues their worke to hold;
Let's caſt a let gainſt their quicke diligence:
Let's ſtrike them ſtraight with ſpirit of difference,
Let's all confound their ſpeech, let's make the brother,
The Sire, and Sonne, not vnderſtand each other.

God, diſpleaſed with the audacious enterpriſe of Nimrod *and his, reſolueth to break their Deſignes by cõfounding their Language.*

This

Execution of Gods Decree.

This ſaid, as ſoone confuſedly did bound
Through all the worke I wote not what ſtrange ſound,
A iangling noyſe, not much vnlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swaines amid their drunken humors:
Some ſpeake betweene the teeth, ſome in the noſe,
Some in the throat their words doe ill diſpoſe,
Some howle, ſome hallow, ſome doe ſtut and ſtraine,
Each hath his gibberiſh, and all ſtriue in vaine
To finde againe their knowne beloued tongue,
That with their milke they ſuck't in cradle, young.

A fit compariſon.

Ariſe betimes, while th'*Opal*-coloured Morne,
In golden pompe doth *May-dayes* doore adorne:
And patient heare th'all-differing voyces ſweet
Of painted Singers, that in Groues doe greet
Their Loue-*Bon-iours*, each in his phraze and faſhion
From trembling pearch vtt'ring his earneſt paſſion;
And ſo thou mayſt conceipt what mingle-mangle
Among this people euery where did iangle.

Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quicke;
One brings him vp a hammer: heaw this bricke
(Another bids) and then they cleaue a Tree:
Make faſt this rope, and then they let it flee:
One calls for plancks, another mortar lackes,
They beare the firſt, a ſtone; the laſt an axe:
One would haue ſpikes, and him a ſpade they giue:
Another askes a ſawe, and gets a ſiue:
Thus croſly-croſt, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another marrs againe:
Nigh breath-les all, with their confuſed yawling,
In boot-les labour, now begins appawling.

In

In briefe, as thoſe, that in ſome channell deepe
Begin to build a Bridge with arches ſteepe,
Perceauing once (in thouſand ſtreames extending)
The courſe-chang'd Riuer from the hils deſcending,
With waterie Mountaines bearing downe their bay,
As if it ſcorn'd ſuch bondage to obay;
Abandon quickly all their worke begun,
And heere and there for ſwifter ſafety run:
Theſe Maſons ſo, ſeeing the ſtorme arriued
Of Gods iuſt wrath, all weake, and hart-depriued,
Forſake their purpoſe, and like franticke fooles
Scatter their ſtuffe, and tumble downe their tooles.

Another elegant compariſon ſhowing that there is no Counſaile, no Endeuour, no diligence, no might nor multitude, that can reſiſt God.

O proud reuolt! O trayterous felony!
See in what ſort the Lord hath puniſht thee
By this Confuſion: ah, that language ſweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendſhips maſtike meet,
Strong curbe of anger, yerſt vnited, now
In thouſand drie Brookes ſtrayes, I wote not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-griefe fancie-mouer,
That calm-rage harts-theefe, quel-pride coniure-louer:
That pureſt coyne, then currant in each coaſt,
Now mingled, hath ſound, waight, and colour loſt,
'Tis counterfeit: and ouer euery ſhoare
The confuſd fall of *Babel* yet doth roare.

Diſcommodities proceeding from the confuſion of Tongues.

Then, *Finland*-folke might viſite *Affrica*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Townes about, our tongues doe alſo mound:
For, who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumbe (alas) his reaſon's toole doth loſe:

Or if we talke but with our neere confines,
We borrow mouthes, or elſe we worke by ſignes.
Vn-toild, vn-Tutor'd, ſucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men vnderſtood;
And (ſeuen-yeeres-old) in glaſſe-duſt did commence
To draw the round Earths faire circumference:
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Caſtles higheſt part,
Where th' *Enciclopedie* her darlings Crownes,
In ſigne of conqueſt, with eterne renownes.
Now (euer-boyes) we waxe olde, while we ſeeke,
The Hebrew tongue, the Latine, and the Greeke:
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of natures ſecrets, and of th' *Eſſence* ſole
Which Eſſence giues to all, we tyre our mind
To vary verbes, and fineſt words to find;
Our letters, and our ſillables to waigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach vs yet to read, and giue vs (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Iuſtinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Deuiner lore*,
Where God appeares to whom him right adore.

The Hebrew tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confuſion of Languages.

What ſhall I more ſay? then, all ſpake the ſpeech
Of God himſelfe, th' old ſacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language where's no point, nor ſigne,
But hides ſome rare deepe myſterie deuine:
But ſince that pride, each people hath a-part
A baſtard gibberiſh, harſh, and ouerthwart;
Which daily chang'd, and looſing light; wel-neere
Nothing retaines of that firſt language cleere.

The

The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with faire *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their Languages prioritie,
Fondly impos'd the cenſuring authoritie
To ſilly Iudges, voyd of iudging ſence,
(Dumbe ſtammerers to treat of eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurſt by Mothers dumbe,
In ſilent Cels, where neuer noyſe ſhould come
Of charming humane voice, to eccho there;
Till triple-twelue months full expired were.
Then, brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zante*, the faint-breath'd childeren,
Crie often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words
That their tongue formes, or their dumb mouth affords.
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*,
Bek meaneth bread, much to reioyce began,
Glad that kind Nature had now grac't them ſo,
To grant this ſentence on their ſide to go.

A coneluſion tried, whereby appeareth that children are naturally apt to learn to ſpeake: not able of themſelues to ſpeake, without example.

Fooles, which perceiu'd not, that the bleating flocks
Which powld the neighbour Mountaines motly locks
Had taught this terme, and that no termes of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Iury*, come
Come borne with vs: but euery Countries tongue
Is learnt by much vſe, and frequenting long.
Onely, we haue peculiar to our race,
Aptnes to ſpeake; as that ſame other grace
Which, richly-diuers, makes vs differ more
From dull, dumbe wretches that in Deſarts roare.
Now, that Buls bellow (if that any ſay)
That Lyons roare, and ſlothfull Aſſes bray,

Anſweres to the obiect on taken frō the confuſed voice of Beaſts.

Now

Now low, now lowd; and by ſuch languages
Diſtinctly ſeeme to ſhew their courages:
Thoſe are not words, but bare expreſſions
Of violent fits of certaine paſſions:
Confuſed ſignes of ſorrow, or anoy,
Of hunger, thirſt, of anger, loue, or ioy.

To another Obiection, of the chirping of Birds.

And ſo I ſay of all the winged quiars,
Which mornly warble, on greene trembling briars
Eare-tickling tunes: for though they ſeeme to prattle
A-part by payres, and three to three to tattle;
To wind their voice a hundred thouſand waies,
In curious deſcant of a thouſand laies:
T'haue taught *Apollo* in their Schoole, his skill;
Their ſounds want ſence; their notes are word-leſſe ſtill,
Their ſong repeated thouſand times a-day,
As dumbe diſcourſe, flies in the Woods away.

Aduantage of Man endued with Reaſon, aboue the reſt of the Creatures.

But, onely man can talke of his Creator,
Of heauen, and earth, and fire, and ayre, and water,
Of Iuſtice, Temperance, Wiſedome, Fortitude,
In choiſe ſweet termes, that various ſence include.
And not in one ſole tongue his thoughts diſſunder,

Ioſephus Scaliger, *skilfull in 13. languages.*

But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,
The learned's Sunne; who eloquently can
Speake Spaniſh, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chalde, Syriak, Engliſh, Arabike,
(Beſides) the Perſian, Hebrue, Latine, Greeke.
O rich quick ſpirit! O wits Cameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on.
Great *Iulius* Sonne, and *Siluius* worthy brother,
Th'immortall grace of *Gaſconie*, their mother.

And, as for Iayes, that in their wyerie gaile
Can aske for victuals, and vnuictuail'd raile;
Who, daring vs for eloquences meed,
Can plaine pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th'are like that voice, which (by our voice begot)
From hollow vales babbles it wots not what.
In vaine the ayre they beat, it vainly cleauing,
And dumbly speake, their owne speech not conceauing,
Deafe to themselues: for, Speech is nothing (sure)
But th'vnseene soules resounding purtraiture:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plaine,
As it was all, yer that rough-hunters raigne.

Answere to a third obiection touching Parots resembling Echo, and speaking without speech.

Now, when I note how th'Hebrew breuity,
Euen with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceites; and leades the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazie hart:
Better then Greeke with her *Synonymaes*,
Fit *Epithetes*, and fine *Metaphoraes*,
Her apt Coniunctions, Tenses, Moodes, and Cases,
And many other much-esteemed graces.

The Hebrew Tongue the principall.

First reason.

When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeues, or eyes behold;
That in the law, the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious paine) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort.
For, as in cifering, th'onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation:

Second reason.

So th' *Anagram* ſtrengthens, or ſlacks a name,
Giuing a ſecret twiſt vnto the ſame.
Or whether wee (euen as in groſſe) beſtowing
The numbers, which from one words letters flowing,
Vnfold a ſecret; and that word againe
Another of like number doth containe:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a ſentence in one word be ſhut:
As *Egypts* ſilence ſealed-vp (myſterious)
In one Character, a long ſentence ſerious.

Third reaſon. When I obſerue, that from the *Indian* Dawning,
Euen to our *Iriſh Aetna's* fierie yawning:
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou ſeeſt (O Sunne!) no Nation ſo barbarian,
Nor ignorant in all the Lawes diuine,
But yet retaines ſome termes of *Paleſtine*,
Whoſe Elements (how-ſo diſguiz'd) draw-nigh
The ſacred names of th' old Orthographie.

Fourth reaſon. When I conſider that Gods ancient WILL
Was firſt enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That neuer *Vrim*, *Dreame*, or *Viſion* ſung
Their Oracles, but all in *Iſaaks* tongue:
That in the ſame, the Lord himſelfe did draw
Vpon two Tables his eternall Law:
And that (long ſince) in *Sions* Languages,
His heauenly Poſts brought downe his meſſages.

Fifth reaſon. And (to conclude) when I conceiue, how then
They gaue not, idle, caſuall names to men,
But ſuch as (rich in ſence) before th' euent,
Mark't in their liues ſome ſpeciall accident;

And,

And yet, we ſee that all thoſe words of old
Of Hebrew ſtill the ſound and ſence doe hold:
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eua (tranſlated) ſignifieth life:
Cain, firſt-begot: *Abel*, as vaine: and *Seth*,
Put in his place: and he that vnderneath
The generall Deluge, ſaw the World diſtreſt,
In true interpretation, ſoundeth Reſt.
To th'Hebrew Tongue (how-euer *Greece* doe grudge)
The ſacred right of Elderſhip I iudge.

Praiſe of the Hebrew Tongue, Mother and Queene of all the Reſt.

All haile, therefore, O ſempiternall ſpring
Of ſpirituall pictures! ſpeech of Heau'ns high King,
Mother, and Miſtreſſe, of all Tongues the prime,
Which (pure) haſt paſt ſuch vaſt deep gulphes of Time:
Which haſt no word but waies, whoſe Elements
Flow with hid ſence, thy points with Sacraments.
O ſacred *Dialect*! in thee, the names
Of Men, Townes, Countries, regiſter their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of Birdes,
Of Water-gueſts, and Forreſt-haunting Heards,
Are open Bookes, where euery man might read
Their natures ſtorie; till th'Heau'n-ſhaker dread
In his iuſt wrath, the flaming ſword had ſet,
The paſſage into Paradice to let.

Adam *gaue Hebrew names to all the creatures.*

For, *Adam* then (in ſigne of maiſtrie) giuing
Peculiar names vnto all creatures liuing,
When in a generall muſter ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull ſight,
He framed them ſo fit, that learned eares
Bearing the ſoule the ſound, the maruailes beares,

Where-with th'All-forming voice adorned faire,
Th'inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayre.
And, for each body, acts, or ſuffers ought,
He inriched that Language with the compoſition of Verbes and Clauſes.
Hauing made Nownes, his Verbes he alſo wrought:
And then, the more t'enrich his ſpeech, he brings
Small particles, which ſtand in lieu of ſtrings,
The maſter members fitly to combine:
As two great boards, a little glew doth ioyne:
And ſerue, as plumes, which euer dauncing light
Deck the proud creſts of helmets burniſht bright:
Frenges to mantles; eares, and rings to veſſels:
To marble ſtatues; baſes, feet, and treſſels.
This (*Adams* language) pure perſiſted ſince,
The Hebrue Tongue cõtinued from Adam to the time of Nimrod: Since when it reſted in the houſe of Heber, of whom it is called Hebrew.
Till th'iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince:
Reſounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-les accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it ſelfe retyred
To *Hebers* houſe: whether of the conſpired
Rebels, he were not; but in ſober quiet,
Dwelt farre from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whither, thether by compulſion brought,
With ſecret ſighes he oft his God beſought,
So with vnwilling hands helping to make
The walls he wiſht deepe ſunke in Stigian Lake:
As wretched Gally-ſlaues (beating the Seas
With forced oares, fighting againſt their eaſe
And liberty) curſe in their grieued ſpright
Thoſe, for whoſe ſake, they labour day and night:
Or whether els, Gods liberall hand, for euer
(As it were) meeting holy mens indeuour,

For his owne ſake, of his free grace and pleaſure,
To the Hebrew race depoſited this treaſure:
While the proud remnant of thoſe ſcattered Maſons
Had falſed it in hundred thouſand faſhions,
When euery one where Fate him called flew,
Bearing new words into his Country new.
But ſlippery Time, enuiouſly waſting all,
Disfigur'd ſoone thoſe Tongues autenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred
On *Tygris* banks, o're all the earth were ſpred:
And, aye the world the more confus'd to leaue,
The leaſt of them in many Tongues did cleaue.
Each language alters, either by occaſion
Of trade, which, cauſing mutuall commutation
Of th'earths and Oceans wares, with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange, and truck:
Or elſe, becauſe Fame-thirſting wits, that toyle,
In golden termes to trick their gracious ſtile,
With new-found beauties prank each circumſtance,
Or (at the leaſt) doe new-coyn'd words inhaunce
With currant freedome: and againe reſtore
Th'old, ruſty, mouldy, worme-gnawne words of yore.
For, as in Forreſts, leaues doe fall and ſpring:
Euen ſo the words, which whilome flouriſhing,
In ſweet Orations ſhin'd with pleaſing luſtre;
Like ſnow-white Lillies in a freſh greene paſture,
Paſſe now no more; but baniſht from the Court,
Dwell with diſgrace among the Country ſort:
And thoſe, which Eld's ſtrict doome did diſallow,
And damn for bullion, goe for current now.

A ſub-deuiſion of the Language firſt deuided.

Whereof proceed the ſundry changes in one ſelfe-ſame Language.

Simile.

The liberty of a witty, learned, and iuditious Wrighter.

A happy wit, with gracious iudgement ioyn'd,
May giue a Paſport to the words new coyn'd
In his owne ſhop: alſo adopt the ſtrange:
Ingraft the wilde: inriching with ſuch change,
His powerfull ſtile; and with ſuch ſundry ammell
Paynting his phraſe, his Proſe or Verſe enammell.
One language hath no law but vſe: and ſtill
Runnes blind, vnbridled, at the vulgars will.
Anothers courſe, is curiouſly incloſed
In liſts of Art; of choiſe fit words compoſed.
One in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold
With the yeere-ſpinners. One vnhappy-founded,
Liues in a narrow valley euer bounded:
Another, 'mong the learned troupe doth preſſe
From *Alexanders* Altars, euen to *Fez*.

Excellencie of the Hebrew, Greeke, & Latine Tongues aboue the reſt.

And ſuch are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greeke*, and *Latine*:
Th'*Hebrew*, becauſe, of it we hold the Patten
Of *Thrice-Eternals* euer ſacred Word:
And of his Law, that is the firſt Record.
The *Greeke*, as hauing cunningly compris'd
All kind of knowledge that may be deuis'd.
And manly *Roman*, ſith the ſword vndaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

A pleaſant introduction to his following Diſcourſe, wherein Poetically Hee deſcribeth and bringeth in the principall Lan-

Writing theſe latter lines, wearie wel-neere
Of ſacred *Pallas* pleaſing labours deere:
Mine humble chin ſaluteth oft my breſt,
With an *Ambroſial* deaw mine eyes poſſeſt
By peece-meale cloſe; all mouing powers be ſtill;
From my dull fingers drops my fainting quill;

Downe in my ſloath-lou'd bed againe I ſhrinke;
And in darke *Lethe* all deepe cares I ſinke:
Yea, all my cares, except a zeale to ſen
A gainefull pleaſure to my Country-men.
For th'holy loues-charme burning for their ſake,
When I am ſleeping, keepes my ſoule awake.
Gold-winged *Morpheus*, Eaſtward iſſuing
By's chriſtall gate (it earlier opening
Then daies bright doore) fantaſticke leads the way
Downe to a vale, where moiſt-coole night, and day:
Still calmes and ſtormes: keen cold, and ſultry ſmother:
Raine, and faire weather follow not each-other:
But *May* ſtill raignes, and roſe-crown'd *Zephyrus*
With wanton ſighes makes the greene Trees to buſſe,
Whoſe whiſpering boughes, in Ouall forme doe fence
This flowrie field's delightfull excellence.
Iuſt in the midſt of this enammeld vale
Roſe a huge Rock, cut like a Pedeſtall;
And on the Cornich a Coloſſus ſtands
Of during braſſe, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thouſand chaines, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound faſt by th'eares, but faſter by the hart.
Before his feet, Boares, Beares, and Tygers lie
As meeke as Lambes, reclaim'd from cruelty.
Neere hils doe hop, and neighbour-Forreſts bound,
Seeming to daunce at his ſweet voices ſound.
Of *Carian* pillars raiſd with curious Art
On baſes firme, a double row doth ghert

guages, together with ſuch as haue excelled in each of them.

The God of Dreames.

Deſcription of the Houſe and Image of Eloquence: and of the principall Languages.

The ſoules-charme Image of ſweet Eloquence:
And theſe faire Piles (with great magnificence)
Beare foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for faireſt doth allow.

1. The Hebrew. *Supported by* 4. *Pillars.* (*Viz.*)

Now, 'mong the Heau'n-deere ſpirits ſupporting here
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whoſe browes appeare
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heau'n-adorning brand,
Who holds a greene-drie, wither'd-ſpringing wand:

Moſes.

And in his armes the ſacred Regiſter
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth beare;
Is *Iſraels* guide: firſt Author, he that firſt
Vnto his heires his Wrightings offer durſt:
Whoſe hallowed pages not alone preceede
All *Grecian* Writ, but euery *Grecian* Deede.

Dauid.

Dauid's the next, who with the melodie
Of voice-matcht fingers, drawes *Spheares* harmonie
To his Heau'n-tuned Harpe, which ſhall reſound
While the bright day-ſtar rides his glorious round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall ceaſe their Galliard, th'euer-bleſſed ſoules
Of *Chriſt* his champions (cheer'd with his ſweet ſongs)
Shall daunce to th'honour of the *Strong* of *ſtrongs*:
And all the Angels glory-winged hoaſtes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy God of Hoaſtes.*

Salomon.

The third, his Sonne, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wiſe leſſons ſowne,
More golden words, then in his crowne there ſhinde
Pearles, Diamonds, and other gemmes of *Inde.*

Eſay.

Then *Amos* Sonne, in threatnings vehement,
Gracc-fellowed, graue, holy, and eloquent.

Sweet-

Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greeke* ſupports,
Whoſe Schoole hath bred the many-differing ſorts
Of ancient Sages: and through euery Realme,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to ſtreame.
Plato, the all-deuine, who like the *Fowle*
(They call) of *Paradice*, doth neuer foule
His foote on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher then Heauen from Hell, aboue the skies:
Cleere-ſtyl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demoſthen*,
Gold-mouthed harts-King, law of learned men.

2. The Greeke by Homer. Plato. Herodotus. Demoſthenes.

Th'arch-Foe to factious *Catiline* and (ſince)
To *Anthonie*, whoſe thundring eloquence
Yeelds thouſand ſtreames, whence (rapt in admiration)
The rareſt wits are drunke in euery Nation.
Cæſar, who knowes as well to write, as warre:
The ſinewie *Saluſt*: and that Heau'n-falne ſtarre,
Which ſtragling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brinke,
Who neuer ſeemes in all his Workes to winke;
Who neuer ſtumbled, euer cleere and graue;
Baſhfully-bold, and bluſhing modeſt-braue:
Still like himſelfe, and elſe, ſtill like to no-man:
Suſtaine the ſtately, graue-ſweet, ancient *Roman*.

3. The Latine by Cicero. Cæſar. Saluſt. Virgil.

On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuſcan* plac't:
Bold, choice-term'd *Petrarch*, in deepe paſſions grac't:
The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithie, various, quick affection-ſtirrer:
And witty *Taſſo*, worthy to indight
Heroicke numbers, full of life and light;
Short, ſharp-conceipted, rich in language cleere,
Though laſt in age, in honour formoſt heere.

4. The Italian by Boccace. Petrarch. Arioſto. Taſſo.

Th'*Arabian*

5. The Arabik by Aben-Rois. Eldebag. Auicen. Ibnu-farid.

Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillers found,
Great *Aben-Roes* moſt ſubtil, and profound.
Sharpe *Eldebag*, and learned *Auicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* figure-flowing Pen.

6. The Dutch by Beuther. Luther. Peucer. Butric.

The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the ſtorie
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Iſleban* (laſting glorie
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Peucer* guilding bright
His pleaſing ſtile: and *Butric* my delight.

7. The Spaniſh by Gueuarra. Boſcan. Granada. Garcilace.

Gueuarra, *Boſcan*, and *Grenade*, which ſup
With *Garcilace*, in honey *Pytho's* cup
The ſmiling Nectar, beare th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,
Rauiſht *Oſyas*, he might well haue claymed
The *Spaniſh Laurel'* mong theſe laſtly named.

8. The French by Marot. Amiot. (Or Viginere). Rondſard. Pleſsis.

Now, for the *French*, that ſhape-les *Columne* rude,
Whence th' idle Maſon hath but groſly hewd
(As yet) the rough ſcales from the vpper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-les Art
Buſily toyles: and prickt with praiſe-full thirſt,
Brings *Helicon* from *Po* to *Quercy* firſt:
Whom, as a time-torne Monument, I honor:
Or as a broken Toombe: or tattered Banner:
Or age, worne Image: not ſo much for ſhow,
As for the reuerence that to *Eld* I owe.

The next I know not well, yet (at the leaſt)
He ſeemes ſome skilfull Maſter with the reſt:
Yet doubt I ſtill, for now it doth appeare
Like *Iaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.

That, is great *Ronſard*, who his *France* to garniſh,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece* of their Art-various varniſh;

And

And hardy-witted, handleth happily
All ſorts of ſubiect, ſtile, and Poeſie.
And this *du Pleſsis*, beating *Atheiſme*,
Vaine *Paganiſme*, and ſtubborne *Iudaiſme*,
With their owne armes: and ſacred-graue, and ſhort,
His plaine-pranckt ſtile he ſtrengthens in ſuch ſort,
That his quicke reaſons wing'd with Grace and Art,
Pierce, like keene arrowes, euery gentle hart.
Our Engliſh Tongue, three famous Knights ſuſtaine;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which, former twaine
(*High Chancellors* of *England*) weaned firſt
Our Infant-phraſe (till then but homely nurſt)
And childiſh toyes, and rudenes chacing thence,
To ciuill knowledge, ioyn'd ſweet eloquence.
And (World-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *Theames*
His Swan-like tunes, ſo courts her coy proud ſtreames,
That (all with-child with Fame) his fame they beare
To *Thetis* lap, and *Thetis*, euery-where.

9. *The* Engliſh *by* Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Nicholas Bacone. Sir Phillip Sidney. *And the incomparable Queene*, Elizabeth.

But what new Sunne dazels my tender eyes?
What ſuddaine traunce raps me aboue the skies?
What Princely Port? O what imperiall grace!
What ſweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels face?
Say (learned Heau'n-borne Siſters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Miſtres,
The *Great Elixa*, making hers diſdaine,
For any Man, to change their Maydens raigne?
Who, while *Erinnis* (wearie now of hell)
With fire and ſword her neighbours States doth quell,
And while blacke *Horror* threates in ſtormie rage,
With dreadfull down-fall th'vniuerſall ſtage;

Her Prudence, Pietie, Iuſtice, Religion, Learning, and Eloquence.

In

In happy Peace her Land doth keepe and nouriſh,
Where reuerent *Iuſtice*, and *Religion* floriſh.
Who is not onely in her mother-voyce
Rich in oration; but with phraſes choice,
So on the ſodaine can diſcourſe in *Greeke*
French, *Latine*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spaine*, and *Italie*,
Plead all for right in her natiuitie.
Bright Northren pearle, *Mars*-daunting martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes*, and the *Artes* perſiſt;
And O if euer theſe rude rimes be bleſt
But with one glaunce of Nature's onely Beſt;
Or (luckie) light betweene thoſe Yuorie palmes,
Which hold thy State's ſterne, in theſe happy calmes,
View them with mild aſpect; and gently reed
That for thy praiſe, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I ſpake; O ſpirits deuine and learned:
Whoſe happy Labours haue your laudes eterned:
O, ſith I am not apt (alas) nor able
With you to beare the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble ſight*
So much as follow your Heau'n-neighbouring flight:
(At leaſt) permit me, proſtrate to imbrace
Your reuerend knees: permit me to inchaſe
Your radiant creſts with Aprils *flowerie Crowne;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renowne,
My feeble tunes eternall fames deriue;
While in my Songs your glorious names ſuruiue.
Granting my ſute, each of them bow'd his head,
The valley vaniſht, and the pillers fled:

End of the viſion.

And

And there-with-all, my Dreame had flowne (I thinke)
But that I lymde his limber wings with inke.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM



31 MA 59

THE COLONIES.

To the Right Ho-

norable Sir *Charles Blunt*, Knight;

Lord *Mountioy*, Earle of *Deuonſhire*: Lieutenant generall of *Ireland*, Maſter of the Ordinance, Gouernour and Captaine of the Towne and Gariſon of *Portſmouth*, and the Ile of *Portſey*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Maieſties moſt Honorable priuie Councell.

RENowned Scipio, *though thine* Ennius
Still merit beſt the beſt of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-farr'd
To ſound the Tryumphes thou haſt wonne for vs;
Yet, ſith one Penn, how-euer plenteous
(Were it the Mantuan *or* Meonian *Barde)*
Suffizeth not to giue Fames *full Reward*
To thy great Deedes, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer *be; Thou, his* Achilles;
Both by each other Happy: Thou (heere-in)
T'haue ſuch a Trumpe as his immortall Quill-is;
Hee, ſuch a Theame as thy High Vertues been:
It ſhall (Great Worthie) *no Diſ-Honour bee*
That (Engliſh) Bartas *hath Sung (thrice) to thee.*

Ioſuah Syluester.

THE COLONIES.

The thirde Booke of the ſecond Day, of the ſecond Weeke.

THE ARGVMENT.

To ſtop Ambition, Strife, and Auarice,
Into Three Parts the Earth deuided is:
To Sem *the Eaſt, to* Cham *the South, the Weſt*
To Iapheth *falls; their ſeuerall ſcopes expreſt:*
Their fruitfull Spawne did all the World ſupply:
Antiquities vncertaine Search; and why:
Aſſiria *Sceptred firſt; and Firſt imparts*
To all the reſt, Wealth, Honour, Armes, and Arts:
The New-found World: Mens diuers humors ſtrange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-Change.

WHile through the worlds vn-hanted wildernes,
I, th'olde, firſt Pilots wandring Houſe adreſſe:
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*) coaſting euery ſtrand,
I doe diſcouer many a *New-found Land*:
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious paine
I plant great *Noahs* plenteous Vine againe:
What bright-brown cloud, ſhal in the Day protect me?
What fierie Pillar ſhall by Night direct-me

Being here to intreat of the Tranſmigrations of ſo many Nations, iſſued out of the loignes of Noah, *our Poet deſireth to be adreſſed by ſome ſpeciall Fauour of God.*

Toward each Peoples primer Reſidence,
Predeſtin'd in the Court of Prouidence,
Yer our bi-ſexed Parents, free from ſinne,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O ſacred Lamp, that went'ſt ſo brightly burning
Beforr the *Sages*, from the ſpycie *Morning*,
To ſhew th'Almighty Infants humble Birth;
O chace the thick Clouds, driue the darknes forth
Which blindeth me: that mine aduenturous Rime,
Circling the World, may ſearch out euery Clime.
For, though my wits, in this long Voyage ſhift
From ſide to ſide; yet is my ſpeciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deere Babe, the *Man-God*, *Chriſt*, our King.

The true & only drift of all his endeuours.

As When the lowring Heau'ns with loudeſt raps,
Through Forreſts thrill their roaring thunder-claps,
The ſhiuering Fowles doe ſuddainly forgoe
Their neſts and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the darke ayre, and round about there rings
A whiſtling murmur of their whisking wings;
The griſſel Turtles (ſeeldome ſeene alone)
Diſ-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And euen the feeble downie feathered Yong
Venter to flie, before their quills be ſtrong:
Euen ſo, the Builders of that *Babel-Wonder*,
Hearing Gods voice a-loud to roare and thunder
In their rude voices barbarous difference,
Take (all at once) their fearefull flight from thence
On either hand; and through th'Earth voydly-vaſt
Each packs a-part, where God would haue him placte.

A compariſon expreſſing the effect of the aſtoniſhment, which the confuſion of Tongues brought in the Babel-*builders.*

For

For, Heau'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)
Hauing decreed to giue the World to man;
Would not, the ſame a neſt of theeues ſhould be,
That with the Sword ſhould ſhare his Legacie;
And brutely mixt) with mongrell ſtock to ſtoare
Our Elements, round, ſolide, ſlymie floare:
But rather, fire of Couetize to curbe,
Into three Parts he parts this ſpacious Orbe,
'Twixt *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Iapheth*: *Sem* the Eaſt,
Cham South, and *Iapheth* doth obtaine the Weſt.
That large rich Country, from *Peroſite* ſhoares
(Where ſtately *Ob*, the King of Riuers, roares,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent loade,
But little leſſe then ſixe dayes ſayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that beare
Cloues and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*
Sub-equinoctial: and the golden ſtreames
Of *Biſnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemmes:
From th'*Euxine* Sea and ſurge of *Chaldean* Twinnes
To th' *Anian* Streight: the ſloathfull, ſlymie Fennes
Where *Quinzay* ſtands; *Chiorze*, where Bulls as big
As Elephants are clad in ſilken ſhag,
Is great *Sems* Portion. For the Deſtinies
(Or rather Heau'ns immutable Decrees)
Aſſur to *Aſiria* ſend, that in ſhort time
Chale and *Rheſen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Niniue* (more famous then the reſt)
Aboue them raiſe her manie-towered Creſt:
The Sceptred *Elam* choſe the *Perſian* Hills,
And thoſe fat fields that ſwift *Araxis* fills:

Why God would not that the ſeed of Noah *ſhould re-ſide in the Plaine of* Shynaar.

The Earth diſtributed among the Sonnes of Noah.

To Sem the Eaſt.

Lud Lydia: *Aram* all *Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.

To Cham *the South.*

Cham, became Soueraigne ouer all thoſe Realmes
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne* ſtreames,
Botongas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poyſonie matter:
North-ward with narrow *Mid'terranian* Sea
Which from rich *Europe* parts poore *Affrica*:
Towards where *Titans* Euening ſplendor ſank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cap-verde*, and *Cap-blanc*:
And toward where *Phœbus* doth each Morning wake,
With *Adel* Ocean, and the *Crimſine* Lake.
And further, all that lies betweene the ſteepe
Mount *Lybanus*, and the *Arabian* Deepe,
Betweene th' *Erithrean* Sea, and *Perſian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Affrike* State doth ioine.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Iordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Iſrael*):
Pheud peopled *Lybia*: *Mizraim Egipt* mann'd:
And's firſt-borne *Chus* the *Æthyopian* ſtrand.

To Iapheth *the North and Weſt.*

Iapheth, extends from ſtrugling *Helleſpont*,
The *Tane* and *Euxine* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibaltar*, and that deepe Maine,
Whoſe tumbling billowes bathe the ſhoares of *Spaine*:
And from thoſe Seas, where in the ſteed of Keeles
Of winged Shipps, they rowle their Chariot wheeles,
To the *Marſilian*, *Morean*, and *Tyrhenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Iuſt oppoſite to *Aſia* rich in ſpice,
Pride of the World, and ſecond *Paradice*:

And that large Country ſtretcht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* ſhoares, and to the ſource of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomers* loignes (they ſay) ſprung all
The warr-like Nations ſcattred ouer *Gaule*,
And *Germanes* too (yerſt called *Gomerites*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Moſoch*, *Mazacans*:
From *Iauan*, *Greekes*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.
Heere, if I liſt, or lou'd I rouer-ſhooting,
Or would I follow the vncertaine footing
Of falſe *Beroſus* and ſuch fond Deluders
(Their zealous Readers inſolent Illuders)
I could deriue the Lineal Diſcents
Of all our Siers; and name you euery Prince
Of euery Prouince, in his time and place
(Succeſſiuely) through-out his Ancient Race:
Yea, ſing the Worlds ſo diuers populations;
And of leaſt Cities ſhow the firſt Foundations.
But, neuer will I ſo my ſailes abandon
To euery blaſt, and rowing ſo at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Starre
Which ſhines 'boue all the Heau'ns) venter ſo farre
On th'vnknowne ſurges of ſo vaſt a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers euery way:
Hauing no Pylot, ſaue ſome brain-ſick Wrighters
Which coyne Kings names, vaine fabulous Indighters
Of their owne fancies who (affecting glorie)
Vpon a Flyes foote build a goodly ſtorie.
Some words alluſion is no certaine ground
Whereon a laſting Monument to Found:

According to his accuſtomed modeſtie & diſcretion, the Poet chuſeth rather Silence, then to ſpeake vncertainly of things vn-knowne.

Reaſons why the Search of ſuch Antiquities is ſo obſcure.

Sith faireſt Riuers, Mountaines ſtrangely ſteepe,
And largeſt Seas, neuer ſo vaſt and deepe
(Though ſelfe-eternall, reſting ſtill the ſame)
Through ſundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befalls not alwayes, that his ſeed
Who builds a Towne, doth in the ſame ſucceed:
And (to conclude) ſith vnder Heau'n, no Race
Perpetually poſſeſſeth any place:
But, as all Tennants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forreſt, or a Hill:
And as (when winde the angry Ocean moues)
Waue hunteth waue, and billow billow ſhoues;
So doe all Nations iuſtle each the other,
And ſo one People doth purſue another;
And ſcarce the ſecond hath a firſt vn-houſed,
Before a third him thence againe haue rowſed.

Famous examples to this purpoſe.

So, th'ancient *Britan*, by the *Saxons* chacte
From's natiue *Albion*, ſoone the *Gaules* diſplacte
From *Armorike*; and then victorioufly
(After his name) ſurnam'd that *Britanie*.

Of the ancient Britans.

So, when the *Lombard* had ſurrendered
Faire, double-named *Iſters* flowrie-bed
To skar-fac'd *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiouſly
The reſt of *Gaules* from wealthy *Inſubrie*;
Which, after fell in *French-mens* hands againe,
Wonne by the Sword of *Worthy Charlemaine*.

Of the Lombards.

So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Seuil* by the *Goth*,
Seaz'd *Carthage* ſtraight: which after-ward they loſt
To wiſe *Iuſtinians* valiant *Romane* Hoaſt:

Of the Alains, Goths, and Vandals.

And

And *Romanes*, ſince, ioyn'd with the barbarous troope
Of curled *Moores*, vnto th' *Arabians* ſtoope.
The ſacriligious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters gliſtering glorious bright,
The thirſt of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of Eluiſh *Honour*, built on blood and death,
On deſolation, rapes, and robberies,
Flames, ruines, wracks, and brutiſh butcheries,
Vn-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through euery Clymate ſeeke new habitations.
I ſpeake not heere of thoſe *Alarbian* Rouers,
Numidian Sheepheards, or *Tartarian* Drouers,
Who ſhifting paſtures for their ſtore of Cattle,
Doe heere and there their hayrie Tents imbattle:
Like the black ſwarmes of Swallowes ſwiftly-light,
Which twice a-yeere croſſe with their nimble-flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, and pleas'd with pureſt aire,
Seeke euery Seaſon for a freſh repaire:
But other Nations fierce, who farre and nigh
With their owne bloods-price purchaſt Victorie;
Who, better knowing how to winne, then wield;
Conquer, then keepe; to batter, then to build;
And brauely chooſing rather Warre then Peace,
Haue ouer-ſpread the World by Land and Seas.
Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurſt,
On *Rugeland* and *Liuonia* ſeazed firſt;
Then, hauing well reueng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*; the bold Barbarian
Surpriſeth *Poland*; thence anon he preſſes
In *Rhines* faire ſtreames to renſe his Amber treſſes:

The cauſes of ſuch Tranſmigrations.

The originall, remoues, voyages and conqueſts of the Lombards.

Thence turning back, he ſeates him in *Morauia*;
After at *Buda*; thence he poſts to *Pauia*;
There raignes 200. yeares: tryumphing ſo,
That royall *Teſin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the Goths.

Such was the *Goth*, who, whilome iſſuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Viſtula*; but th'ayre (almoſt)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltike* Coaſt,
He with victorious armes *Sclauonia* gaines,
The *Tranſiluanian* and *Valacchian* Plaines.
Thence plies to *Thracia*: and then (leauing *Greekes*)
Greedy of ſpoile, foure times he brauely ſeekes
To ſnatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palmes which ſhe o're all the World had wonne:
Guided by *Rhadaguiſe*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaule*: and thence repulſt, his Legions
Reſt euer ſince vpon the *Spaniſh* Regions.

Of the ancient Gaules.

Such th'antike *Gaule*; who, rouing euery way
As farre as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seaz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Miſtreſſe ſackt
(Which rather *Mars* then *Romulus* compact):
Then pill'd *Panonia*: then with conquering ploughes
He furrowes-vp cold *Strymons* ſlymie ſlowes:
Waſts *Macedonia*: and (inclin'd to fleece)
Spares not to ſpoile the greateſt Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloyd with *Europe*) th' *Helleſpont* he paſt
And there Mount *Ida*'s neighbour World did waſt:
Spoyleth *Piſidia*: *Myſia* doth inthrall:
And midſt of *Aſia* plants another *Gaule*.

Moſt

Moſt famous Peoples darke Antiquitie,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temeritie,
Stumbles each ſtep; and learned Diligence,
It ſelfe intangles; and blind Ignorance
(Groaping about in ſuch *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits, and ponds, and boggs, and quag-mires lights.
It ſhall ſuffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coaſt the ſame about:
And, rightly tun'd vnto the golden ſtring
Of *Amrams* Sonne, in graueſt verſe to ſing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Iapheth* did re-plant
Th'vn-peopled World with new inhabitant:
And that againe great *Noahs* wandring Boate
The ſecond time o're all the World did floate.
Not that I ſend *Sem*, at one flight vnceaſt,
From *Babilon* vnto the fartheſt *Eaſt*,
Tartarian Chorats ſiluer waues t'eſſay,
And people *China*, *Cambalu* Cathay:
Iapheth to *Spayne*: and that prophaneſt *Cham*,
To thirſtie Countries *Meder*'and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala* vpon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, laſt coigne of *Africa*.
For, as *Hymetus* and Mount *Hybla*, were
Not ouer-ſpread and couered in one yeare
With buſie Bees; but yeerely twice or thrice
Each Hyue ſupplying new-come Colonies (taines,
(Heau'ns tender Nurcelings) to thoſe fragrant Moun-
At length their Rocks diſſolu'd in Honey Fountaines:
Or rather, as two fruitfull Elmes that ſpred
Amidſt a Cloaſe with brookes enuironed,

He affirmeth finally that the three Sonnes of Noah *peopled the World, and ſheweth how.*

2. *Fit compariſon to repreſent the ſame.*

Ingender

Ingender other Elmes about their rootes;
Thoſe, other ſtill; and ſtill, new-ſpringing ſhootes
So ouer-grow the ground, that in few yeares
The ſometimes-Mead a great thick Groue appeares:
Euen ſo th'ambitious *Babel*-building rout
Diſpearſt, at firſt goe ſeat themſelues about
Meſopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawne, in ſundry Colonies
Croſſing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the greene-mantled neither Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th'Almighty (glorious Iudge
Of quick and dead) this Worlds ill dayes abridge,
There ſhall no ſoyle ſo wilde and ſauage bee,
But ſhall be ſhadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

Why the firſt Monarkie began in Aſiria.

Therefore, thoſe Countries neereſt *Tigris* ſpring,
In thoſe firſt Ages were moſt flouriſhing,
Moſt ſpoken-of, firſt Warriours, firſt that guide,
And giue the Law to all the Earth beſide.
Babilon (liuing vnder th'awefull grace
Of Royall Greatnes) ſway'd th'Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greekes* had any Towne at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yer *Gaules* had houſes, *Latines* Burgages,
Our Brittans Tents, or *Germanes* Cottages.

The Hebrewes and their next neighbours were religious & learned, before the Grecians knew any thing.

The *Hebrewes* had with Angels Conuerſation,
Held th'Idol-Altars in abhomination,
Knew the Vnknowne, with eyes of Faith they ſaw
Th'inuiſible *Meſsias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldes*, Audite of the Starres had made,
Had meaſur'd Heau'n, conceau'd how th'Earths (ſhade thicke

Eclipſt

Eclipſt the ſiluer browes of *Cynthia* bright,
And her browne ſhadow quencht her brothers light:
The *Memphian* Prieſts were deepe Phyloſophers,
And curious gazers on the ſacred Starres,
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematikes;
Yer any Letter, knew the ancient'ſt *Attikes*.
Proud *Ægipt* gliſtred all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (vnder *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vulture-rented
Promætheus, 'mong the *Greekes* had fire inuented.
Gaules, were not yet; or were they (at the leaſt)
They were but wilde; their habite, plumes; their feaſt,
But Maſt and Acornes, for the which they gap't
Vnder the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gaine)
Durſt rowe about the ſalt-blew *Afrike* Maine;
Traffik't abroad, in Scarlet Roabes were dreſt,
And pompe and pleaſure *Euphrates* poſſeſt.
For, as a ſtone that midſt a Pond yee fling,
About his fall firſt formes a little ring,
Wherein, new Circles one in other growing
(Through the ſmooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the Ponds Center, where the ſtone firſt fell;
Till at the laſt the largeſt of the Rounds
From ſide to ſide gainſt euery banke rebounds:
So, from th'Earths Center (which I heere ſuppoſe
About the Place where God did Tongues tranſpoſe)
Man (day by day his wit repoliſhing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,

The Egyptians, and Tirians had their fill of Riches, and Pompe, and Pleaſure; before the Greekes or Gaules knew what the World meant.

As

As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in diuers ſhoales
His fruitfull Spawne, round vnder both the *Poles*.

The firſt Colonies of Sem *in the Eaſt.*

Forth from *Aſsiria*, Eaſt-ward then they trauaile
Toward rich *Hytanis* with the golden grauell:
Then people they the *Perſian Oroatis*;
Then cleere *Choaſpis*, which doth humbly kiſſe
The Walls of *Suſa*; then the Vallies fat
Neere *Caucaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſate:
Then manne they *Media*; then with humane ſeed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plaine they ſpeed.

The ſecond.

The Sonnes of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpred
O're all the Country which is bordered
With *Chieſel* Riuer, 'boue *Thacaliſtan*;
Gadel and *Cabul*, *Bedane*, *Baleſtan*.

The third.

Their off-ſpring then, with fruitfull ſtems doth ſtoare
Biſinagar, *Nayarde*, and either ſhoare
Of famous *Ganges*; *Aua*, *Toloman*,
The Kingdome *Mein*, the Muskie *Charazan*;
And round about the Deſart *Op*, where ofte
By ſtrange *Phantaſmas* Paſſengers are ſcoft.

The fourth

Some Ages after, linckt in diuers knots,
Tipur they take (rich in Rhinocerots)
Caichin in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the ſhoare
Of *Quinz'* and *Anie* lets them ſpread no more.

Firſt Colonies of Iapheth *in the Weſt.*

From that firſt Center to the Weſt-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephewes farre and wide extending,
Seaze leſſe *Armenia*; then within *Cilicia*,
Poſſeſſe the Ports of *Tharſis* and of *Iſſea*,
And the delicious ſtrange *Corycian* Caue
(Which warbling ſound of Cymballs ſeemes to haue)

Ionia

Ionia, *Capadocia*, *Taurus* hornes,
Bithynia, *Troas*, and *Meanders* turnes.
Then paſſing *Seſtos* Straights; of *Strimon* cold, *The ſecond.*
Herber, and *Neſt* they quaffe; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plaines
Where great *Danubius* neere his death complaines.
Thrace, on the one ſide, ſubtle *Greece* beſwarmes; *The third, deuided into many branches.*
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Arts and Armes):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spayne*, and *Germanie*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Brittanie*.
On th'other ſide, it ſpreads about *Moldauia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Morauia*,
With *Tranſyluania*, *Seruia*, and *Panonia*,
The *Pruſsian* Plaines, and ouer all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Viſtula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.
Now turne thee South-ward: ſee, ſee how *Chaldea* *First* Colonies *of* Cham, *toward the South.*
Spewes on *Arabia*, *Phœnice*, and *Iudea*,
Chams curſed Ligne, which (ouer-fertile all)
Betweene two Seas doth into *Ægipt* fall:
Sowes all *Cyrenia*, and the famous Coaſt
Whereon the roaring *Punike* Sea is toſt:
Fez, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzole*, *Aden*,
Terminan, *Tombut*, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:
The ſparkling Deſarts of ſad *Libya*,
Zeczec, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And ſçalding quick-ſands of thoſe thirſtie Plaines
Where IESVS name (yet) in ſome reu'rence raignes;
Where *Preſter Iohn* (though part he *Iudaize*)
Doth in ſome ſort deuoutly *Chriſtianize*,

But

Colonies of the North.

But would'ſt thou know, how that long Tract, that lies
Vnder Heau'ns ſtarrie Coach, cou'red with yce,
And round embraced in the winding armes
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but ſeldome warmes)
Came peopled firſt? ſuppoſe, that paſſing by
The Plaines, where *Tigris* twice keepes companie
With the farre-flowing ſiluer *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foote of hoarie *Nyphates*.
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Cholcos*, and *Boſphorian* ſtrand.
And then from thence toward the bright *Leuant*,
That vaſt Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant,
In wandring troopes; and towards th'other ſide,
Which (neere her ſource) long *Volga* doth deuide,
Moſcouie Coaſt, *Permia*, *Liuonia*, *Pruſsia*,
Biarmia Scrifinia, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Ruſsia*.

How the New-found World (diſcouered in our Time) came peopled.

But whence (ſay you) had that *New-World* his Gueſts,
Which *Spayne* (like *Delos* floating on the Seas)
Late digg'd from darknes of Obliuions graue,
And it vndoing, it new Eſſence gaue?

A double queſtion.

If long agoe; how ſhould it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Perſian*, *Greeke*, no *Roman*;
Whoſe glorious Peeres, victorious Armies guiding
O're all the World, of this had neuer tyding?
If but of late? how ſwarme their Cities ſince
So full of Folke? how paſſe their Monuments
Th'*Ægiptian Spyres*, *Mauſolus* ſtately Tombe,
The Walls and Courts of *Babilon* and *Rome*?

R. Anſwere.

Why! think yee fond, thoſe people fell from Heau'n
All-readie-made; as in a Sommers Euen

After

After a ſwelting Day, ſome ſultry ſhower
Doth in the Marſhes heapes of Tadpals poure,
Which in the ditches (chapt with partching weather)
Lie cruſht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or elſe, that fetting certaine ſlips, that fixt
Their ſlender rootes the tender mould betwixt,
They ſaw the light of *Phœbus* lyuening face;
Hauing, for milke, moiſt deawes; for Cradle, graſſe?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-ſtooles, Turneps, Leeks, and Beets haue birth?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerſt did ſow)
Were brauely borne armed from top to toe?
That ſpacious Coaſt, now call'd *America*,
Was not ſo ſoone peopled as *Africa*;
Th'ingenious, Tower-full, and Law-louing Soile
(Which, *Ioue* did with his Lemans name en-ſtile)
And that which from cold *Boſphorus* doth ſpread
To pearl'd *Auroras* Saffron-coloured Bed.
Becauſe, theſe lye neerer the diaprie verges
Of teare-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-ſwifter ſurges
Whence our amaz'd firſt Grand-ſires faintly fled,
And like ſprung Partridge euery-where did ſpred,
Except that World, where vnder *Caſtiles* King,
Famous *Colombus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
Th'infinite Treaſures, various Gouernments,
Show that long ſince (although at ſundry times)
Thad Colonies (although from ſundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempeſtuous weather
Some broken Veſſels haue inforced thether;

Whether

Whether, ſome deſperate, dire extremitie
Of Plague, Warre, Famine; or th'Authoritie
Of ſome braue *Typhis* (in aduenture toſt)
Brought wearie Caruels on that *Indian* Coaſt.

Coniectur.s touching the Peopling of the ſame

Who maketh doubt but yerſt the *Quinzay* Fraights
As well might venture through the *Anian Straights*,
And finde as eaſie and as ſhort a way
From the *Eaſt Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As vſually the *Aſian* Shippes are wont
To paſſe to *Greece* a-croſſe the *Helleſpont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*:
Through *Meſsine* ſtreame th'*Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolme* and *Quiuir's* ſpacious Plaines (wherein
Bunch-backed Calues, with Horſe-like manes are ſeene,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azaſia*
Toua, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Coſsia*,
Mechi, *Auacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where Floods are froze).

Wonders of the New-found World.

On th'other ſide, *Xaliſco* ſoile they Manne
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cuſule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexike* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a Citie-*Ile*).
Strange things there ſee they (that amaze them much)
Greene Trees to wyther with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountaine top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flathes belches vp.
Thence, reach they th'*Iſthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Oucanama*,
With *Caſſamalca*, *Cuſco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru's* very golden Strand

Admire

Admire the Lake that laueth *Colle* about,
Whoſe Waues be ſalt within, and freſh without:
And ſtreames of *Cinca* that with vertue ſtrange,
To hardeſt ſtone, ſoft Mud and Chalke doe change.
Then ſeaze they *Chili*, where, all day, the Deepe
Runnes roaring downe, and all the night doth ſleepe,
Chinca, the *Patagons*, and all the ſhoare
Where th'azure Seas of *Magellan* doe roare.
Left-ward, they ſpread them 'longſt the *Darians* ſide;
Where through th'*Vrabian* Fields the *Huo* doth ſlide,
Neere *Zenu*'s ſtreame, which toward the Ocean drags
Pure graines of Gold, as big as Pullets Eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount emboſt
With Emeraldes doth ſhine; *Cumanean* Coaſt,
Where noyſome vapours (like a duskie night)
Bedimmes their eyes; and doth impaire their ſight:
Therefore ſome troopes, from *Cumana* they carrie
To *Caripana*, *Omagu*, and *Pari*:
By *Maragnon*, all-ouer fell *Braſile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plaines, where flowes another *Nile*.
Gueſſe too, that *Grotland* yerſt did *Picne* ſtore,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;
As *Tombut*, *Melli*, *Gago* and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plaines and ſhoares of *Corican*.
Yet (happily) thou'lt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition aye ſo bound-les is,
That ſteepeſt Hills it ouer-climbes with eaſe,
And runnes (as dry-ſhod) through the deepeſt Seas:
And (maugre meagre Thirſt) her Caruells Lands,
On *Afrike*, *Tolman*, and *Arabian* ſands.

How it was poſſible that Noah *and his 3 Sonnes ſhould ſo multiply.*

But hardly credit'ſt, that one Familie,
Out of foure couples ſhould ſo multiplie,
That *Aſia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and All
Seemes for their off-ſpring now too ſtreight and ſmall.
1. *Anſwere.* If thou ſet-light by th'euerlaſting Voyce,
Which now againe re-bleſt the Loue-full Choyce
Of ſacred Wedlocks ſecret-binding band;
Saying, *Increaſe*, Flouriſh and *Fill the Land.*
2. And if (prophane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seauntie Iewes*, in *Ægipt* (in affliction)
Within foure hundred yeeres and halfe three-ſcore,
Grew to fiue-hundred-thouſand ſoules and more.
3. Conſider yet, that being fed that while,
With holeſome Fruites of an vn-forced ſoile,
And kindly meates, not marred by the Booke,
And wanton cunning of a ſawcie Cooke:
Waigh furthermore, that being not cut-downe
With bloody ſwords when furious neighbours frowne;
Nor worne with Trauaile, nor infeebeled
With hatefull Sloath: Our Grand-ſires flouriſhed
Hundreds of yeeres in Youth; and euen in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Eſcuage:
And that *Polygamie* (in thoſe dayes common)
Moſt Men vſurping more then one ſole Woman,
Made then the World ſo mightily augment
In vpright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull Loignes of one old Father-ſtock,
So many branches of man-kinde to Flock:
Compariſons to that purpoſe. Euen as an eare of Corne (if all the yield
Be yeerely ſowne ſtill in a fertile Field)

Fills

Fills Barnes at length; and ſpreads in ſpacious Plaine
Millions of millions of like eares againe.
Or, as two Fiſhes, caſt into a Meer,
With fruitfull Spawne will furniſh in few yeere
A Towne with victuall; and ſerue (furthermore)
The neighbour Waters with their Frye to ſtore.
Haue not our Dayes a certaine Father knowne,
Who with the fruite of his owne body growne,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And iſſue-bleſt (the Crowne of Old Deſires)
In his owne life-time, his owne off-ſpring ſaw
To wed each other, without breach of Law;
So farre, the branches of his fruitfull Bed,
Paſt all the Names of Kindreds-Tree did ſpread:
'Tis knowne that few *Arabian* Families
New-planted *Lybia* with their Progenies
In compaſſe of three hundred yeeres and leſſe;
And *Bugie*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tez*,
Fez, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tombut*, *Terminan*
With hatefull Lawes of *Heathniſh Alcoran*.
If this, among the *Africans* we ſee,
Whom cor'ziue humour of Melancholie
Doth alwaies tickle with a wanton Luſt,
Although leſſe power-full in the *Paphian* Iouſte
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed
Of *Loues-Delight*, enfeebles much their ſeed:
And inly, ſtill they feele a Winterie Feuer,
As outwardly, a ſcortching Sommer euer) (proach
Gueſſe how much more, thoſe, whoſe hoare heads ap-
And ſee the turnings of Heau'ns flaming *Coach*,

An example of our Dayes.

Another example.

Doe multiply; becauſe they ſeldome venter,
And but in ſeaſon, *Venus* liſts to enter.
And, the cold, reſting (vnder th' *Artike* Starre)
Still Maiſter of the Field in champian Warre,
Makes Heate retire into the Bodies-Tower.
Which there vnited, giues them much more power.

The North hath exceedingly multiplied in people the South not ſo.

For, thence indeed, *Hunns*, *Herules*, *Franks*, *Bulgarians*,
Circaſsians, *Sweues*, *Burgognians*, *Turkes*, *Tartarians*,
Dutch, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Allains*, *Oſtrogothes*,
Tigurines, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Viſigothes*,
Haue ſwarm'd (like Locuſts) round about this Ball,
And ſpoil'd the faireſt Prouinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doo t'aſſemble
(In all) two Hoaſts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the One, that one-ey'd Champion lead,
Who famous *Carthage* rais'd, and ruined:
Th'other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martel* martir'd ſo;
That neuer ſince, could *Afrike* Armie ſhow.

Whence our Author taketh occaſion to enter into an excellent diſcourſe of Gods wondrous worke in the diuers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners, of ſo many Nations in the World.

O ſee! how full of Wonders ſtrange is Nature!
Sith in each *Climate*, not alone in ſtature,
Strength, haire, and colour, that men differ doo,
But in their humours and their manners too.
Whether that, cuſtome into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th'Elds example range:
Or diuers Lawes of diuers Kingdomes, vary-vs:
Or th'influence of Heau'nly bodies carie-vs.
The Northern-man is faire, the Southern foule;
That's white, this black; that ſmiles, & this doth ſcoule:
Th'one's blyth and frolike, th'other dull and froward;
Th'one's full of courage, th'other fearefull coward:

Th'one's

Th'ones haire is harſh, big, curled, th'others ſlender;
Th'one loueth Labour, th'other Bookes doth tender:
Th'one's hot and moiſt, the other hot and dry;
Th'one's Voice is hoarce, the other's cleere and high:
Th'one's plaine and honeſt, th'other all deceipt;
Th'one's rough and rude, the other handſome, neate:
Th'one (giddie-brain'd) is turn'd with euery winde;
The other (conſtant) neuer changeth minde:
Th'one's looſe and wanton, th'other continent;
Th'one thrift-les lauiſh, th'other prouident:
Th'one milde Companion; th'other ſterne & ſtrange,
(Like a wilde Wolfe) loues by himſelfe to range: (cteth:
Th'one's pleas'd with plaineſſe, th'other pompe affe-
Th'one's borne for Armes, the other Arts reſpecteth.
But, midling Folke, who their abiding make
Betweene theſe two, of eithers guiſe partake:
And ſuch, haue ſtronger limbes, but weaker wit,
Then thoſe that neere *Nyles* fertile ſides doe ſit;
And (opoſite) more wit, and leſſer force
Then thoſe that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* ſhoares.
For, in the Cirque of th'Vniuerſall *Citie*;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-wittie)
Builds all on Dreames, deepe Extacies, and Traunces,
Who meaſures Heau'ns eternall-mouing Daunces,
Whoſe ſearching ſoule, can hardly be ſuffiz'd
With vulgar Knowledge, holds the Place of Prieſt.
The *Northern*-man, whoſe wit in's Fingars ſettles,
Who what him liſt can worke in Wood and Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfaite;
With men of Armes, and Artizans is ſet.

The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds grauely-wiſe the roome of Maieſtrate.
Th'one (to be briefe) loues ſtudious *Theorie*,
The other Trades, the third deepe *Policie*.
Yet true it is, that ſince ſome later luſtres,
Minerua, *Themis*, *Hermes*, and his *Siſters*
Haue ſet as well, their Schooles in th' *Artike* Parts,
As *Mars* his Liſts, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.

Notable differences betweene the Nations of Europe.

Nay, ſee we not among our ſelues, that liue
Mingled almoſt (to whom the Lord doth giue
But a ſmall Turffe of Earth to dwell-vpon)
This wondrous odds in our condition?
We finde the *Alman*, in his Fight couragious,
But ſalable; th' *Italian* too-outragious;
Suddaine the *French*, impatient of delay;
The *Spaniard* ſlow, but ſubtle to betray:
Th' *Alman* in Counſaile cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconſtant, *Spaniard* politike:

Eſpecially the French, German, Italian, & Spaniard.

Fine Feedes th' *Italian*, and the *Spanyard* ſpares,
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares:
Milde ſpeakes the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and braue,
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* graue:
Th' *Italian* proud in tyre, *French* changing much,
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and vn-fit the *Dutch*:
The *French*-man braues his Foe, th' *Italian* cheeres-him,
The *Alman* ſpoiles, the *Spaniard* neuer beares-him:
The *French*-man ſings, th' *Italian* ſeemes to bleat,
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:
Spaniards like Iuglers lett; th' *Almans* like Cocks,
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Oxe:

Dutch

Dutch Louers, proud; th' *Italian* enuious,
Frolike the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.
Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should ouer-ſpread th'Earths vniuerſall Face:
That drawing ſo his Children from the crimes
Which ſeeme peculiar to their Natiue Climes,
He might reueale his grace: and that Heau'ns Lights
Might well incline (but not conſtraine) our ſprights:
That ouer all the World, his Saints, alwayes
Might offer him ſweet Sacrifice of Praiſe:
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name, as farre
Might aye reſound, as Sun-burnt *Zanzibar*:
And that the treaſures which ſtrange Soyles produce,
Might not ſeeme worth-les, for the want of vſe;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter
And vent their Wares about to euery quarter.

Cauſes why the Lord would haue Man-kinde ſo diſpearſed ouer all the World.

For, as in LONDON *(ſtuft with euery ſort)*
Heere's the Kings Pallace, there the Innes of Court:
Heere (to the Thames-ward all a-long the STRAND*)*
The ſtately Houſes of the Nobles ſtand:
Heere dwell rich Marchants; there Artificers;
Heere Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-Smithes, Iewellers:
There's a Church-yard furniſht with choice of Bookes;
Heere ſtand the Shambles, there the Row of Cookes:
Heere wonne Vp-Holſters, Haberdaſhers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Taylours, Turners:
Here Shoo-makers; there Ioyners, Coopers, Curriers;
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlars, Felters, Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS*, that of Diars:*
This Shop with Tapers, that with Womens Tyars:

The World compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell People of all conditions, cõtinually trafficking together, & exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.

For coſtly Toyes; Silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawne,
Heere's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWNE:
And All's but an Exchange, *where (brieflie) no-man*
Keepes ought as priuate: Trade makes all things common.
So come our Sugars from *Canarie* Iles:
From *Candie*, Currans, Muskadines, and Oyles:
From the *Moluques* Spices: Balſamum
From *Egipt*: Odours from *Arabia* come:
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemmes, and Iuorie:
From *Syria*, Mummie: black-red Ebonie
From burning *Chus*: From *Peru*, Pearle and Gold:
From *Ruſsia*, Furres (to keepe the rich from cold):
From *Florence*, Silks: From *Spayne*, Fruit, Saffran, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres, and Flaxe:
From *France* and *Flanders*, Linnen, Woad, and Wine:
From *Holland* Hops: Horſe from the banks of *Rhine*.
In briefe, each Country (as pleas'd God diſtribute)
To the Worlds Treaſure payes a ſundry Tribute.

Man, Lord of the World, which for the commoditie of his life contributes bountifully all maner of neceſſaries.

And, as ſometimes that ſumptuous *Perſian Dame*
(Out of her Pride) accuſtomed to name
One Prouince for her Roabe, her Rayle another,
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother,
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chaine,
This her rare Bracelets, that her ſtately Traine:
Euen ſo may Man; For what wilde Hill ſo ſteepe?
What ſo vaſt Deſart? what ſo dangerous Deepe?
What Sea ſo wrackfull? or ſo barren ſhoare
In all the World may be ſuppos'd ſo poore,
But yields him Rent: and free from enuious Spight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

Th'in-

The ſame more eſpecially dilated in the particulars.

Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glaſſe
Of ſiluer Brookes in curled ſtreames doth paſſe,
Serue vs for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affoords vs Syth-worke, yeerely twice or thrice:
The Plaines for Corne: the ſwelling Downs for Sheep:
Small Hills for Vines: the Mountaines ſtrangely-ſteep
(Thoſe Heau'n-climbe Ladders, laberinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and Shops of ſulphry Thunder;
Where ſtormie Tempeſts haue their vgly birth;
Which thou miſ-call'ſt the blemiſh of the Earth;
Thinking (prophane) that God (or Fortune light)
Made them of enuie or of ouer-ſight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Beare mighty Forreſts full of Timber-Trees,
(Whereof thou buildeſt Ships and Houſes faire,
To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew ſpacious Riuers, full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with freſh, ſweet fertile Miſts;
Driue gainefull Mills; and ſerue for Forts and Liſts
To ſtop the Furie of Warres waſt-full hand;
And ioyne to th'Sea the middle of the Land.
The Wylds and Deſarts, which, ſo much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Paſtures that doe daily graze-thee
Millions of Beaſts for tillage, and (beſides)
Store thee with fleſh, with Fleeces, and with Hydes.
Yea, the vaſt Sea, which ſeemes but onely good
To drowne the World; and couer with his Flood
So many Countries, where we elſe might hope,
For thrifty paines to reape a thankfull Crop,

Is

Is a large Lardar, that in brynie Deepes,
To nouriſh thee, a World of Creatures keepes:
A plenteous Victualler, whoſe prouiſions ſarue
Millions of Cities that elſe needes muſt ſtarue.
(Like halfe-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie
Gaſping for thirſt vpon the ſand, a-drie):
'Tincreaſeth Trade, Iournies abreuiats,
The flitting Clouds it ceaſe-les exhalates,
Which, cooling th'ayre, and guſhing downe in raine,
Make *Ceres* Sonnes (in ſight) to mount a-maine.

But, ſhall I ſtill be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be ſtill ſterne Neptunes *toſſed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy natiue ſmoake,
(*Deere* Ithaca)? *Alas, my Barke is broake,*
And leakes ſo faſt, that I can rowe no more:
Help, help (*my Mates*) *make haſt vnto the ſhoare,*
O we are loſt; vnleſſe ſome friendly bancks
Quickly receaue our Tempeſt-beaten plancks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde armes I ſee*
Wide-ſtretched-out, to ſaue and welcome mee:
Thou (*tender Mother*) *wilt not ſuffer Age*
To ſnow my Locks in Forreine *Pilgrimage:*
That fel Breſile *my breath-les Corpes ſhould ſhrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my Praiſe be prowd,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verſe:*
Thou gau'ſt me Cradle, thou wilt giue me Herſe.
All-haile (*deere* ALBION) Europes *Pearle of price,*
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradice:
Thrice-happy Mother, which aye bringeſt-forth
Such Chiualry as daunteth all the Earth,

Here (*as it were*) *wearied with ſo long a voyage, from ſo broad & bottom-les an Ocean* (*in imitation of the inimitable Author*) *the Tranſlator hoping kind entertainment, puts in for the Port of* England: *whoſe happy Praiſes he proſecutes at large. Cõcluding with a Zealous Prayer for preſeruation of the* King, *and proſperity of his Kingdomes.*

Planting

(*Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Armes*
By Sea and Land, where euer Titan *warmes*):
Such Artizans as doo wel-neere Eclipſe
Faire Natures praiſe in peere-les Workmanſhips:
Such happy Wits, as Egipt, Greece, *and* Rome.
(*At leaſt*) *haue equal'd, if not ouer-come*;
And ſhine among their (*Modern*) *learned Fellowes,*
As Gold doth glister among paler Yellowes:
Or as Apollo *th'other* Planets *paſſes*:
Or as His Flower excels the Medow-graſſes.
Thy Riuers, Seas; *thy* Cities, *Shires dooſeem*;
Ciuil in manners, as in Buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy ſoile exceeding Fat,
Fenc'd from the World (*as better-worth then That*)
With triple Wall (*of Water, Wood, and Braſſe*)
Which neuer Stranger yet had power to paſſe
(*Saue when the Heau'ns haue for thy haynous Sinne,*
By ſome of Thine, with falſe Keyes *let them in*).
About thy borders (*O Heau'n-bleſſed* I L E)
There neuer crawles the noyſome Crocodile;
Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, *basking in thy ſand,*
Meaſures an Acre of thy flowerie Land;
The ſwift-foot Tigre, *nor fierce* Lyoneſſe
Haunt not thy Mountaines, nor thy Wilderneſſe;
Nor rau'ning Wolues *woory thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for helpe vnto their help-les Dammes;
Nor ſubtle Sea-Horſe, *with deceiptful* Call
Intice thy Children *in thy Floods to fall.*
What though thy Thames *and* Twede *haue neuer rowld*
Among their grauel maſsie graines of Gold?

What

What though thy Mountaines ſpew no Siluer-*ſtreames?*
Though euery Hillock yield not precious Gemmes?
Though in thy Forreſts hang no Silken *Fleeces?*
Nor ſacred Incenſe, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the cluſters of thy colder Vines
Diſtill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muſcadines?
Yet are thy Woolls, *thy* Corne, *thy* Cloath, *thy* Tinne,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europes *Queene,*
Yea Empreſſe of the World. *Yet not ſufficient*
To make thee thankfull to the Cauſe efficient
Of all thy Bleſsings: Who, beſides all this,
Hath (now nine Luſtres) lent the greater Bliſſe,
His bleſſed Word (*the witnes of his fauour*)
To guide thy Sonnes vnto his Sonne (*their* Sauer)
With Peace and Plenty: while from Warre and Want,
Thy neighbour Countries neuer breathed Scant.
And laſt, not leaſt (ſo farre beyond the ſcope
Of Chriſtians *Feare, and* Anti-Chriſtians *Hope*)
When all, thy Fall *ſeem'd to Prognoſticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In rayſing STVARDS *to thy Regal Throne,*
To Rule (*as* Dauid *and as* Salomon)
With Prudence, Proweſſe, Iuſtice, and Sobrietie,
Thy happy People in Religious Pietie.
O too-too happy! too-too fortunate!
Knew'ſt thou thy Weale: or wert thou not ingrate.
But leaſt (at laſt) Gods righteous wrath conſume-vs,
If on his Patience ſtill we thus preſume-vs:
And leaſt (at laſt) all Bleſsings had before
Double in Curſes to torment-vs more:

Deere

Deere Mother ENGLHND, *bend thine aged knee,*
And to the Heau'ns lift-vp thy hands with mee;
Off with thy Pompe, *hence with thy* Pleaſures *paſt:*
Thy Mirth be Mourning, *and thy Feaſt a* FAST:
And let thy ſoule, with my ſad ſoule, confeſſe
Our former Sinnes, and foule vnthankfulnes.
Pray we the Father, *through th' adopting* Spirit,
Not meaſure vs according to our merit;
Nor ſtrictly waigh at his High Iuſtice *Beame*
Our bold Rebellions, *and our* Pride *extreame:*
But, for his Sonne (*our deere* Redeemers) *ſake*
His Sacrifice *for our Sinnes* Ranſome *take;*
And looking on vs with milde Mercies *Eye,*
Forgiue our Paſt, our Future Sanctifie.
That neuer more, his Furie we incenſe
To ſtrike (as Now) with raging Peſtilence
(*Much leſſe prouoke him by our guilt ſo farre,*
To wound vs more, with Famine *and with* Warre).
Lord, ceaſe thy wrath, Put-vp into thy Quiuer
This dreadfull Shaft: Deere Father vs deliuer:
And vnder wings of thy Protection keepe
Thy Seruant IAMES, *both waking and a-ſleepe:*
And (furthermore) we (with the Pſalmiſt) ſing
Lord giue thy Iudgements to (*our Lord*) the King,
And to his Sonne: *and let their aye be one*
Of his male Seed to ſit vpon his Throne;
To feed thy Folke in Iacob; *and (aduance)*
In Iſrael *thy (deere) Inhæritance:*
And (long-long-lyued) full of Faith *and* Zeale,
Reforme (like Aſa) *Church and Common-weale:*

Rayſing poore Vertue, *razing proudeſt* Vice,
Without reſpect of Perſon, or of Price:
That all bold Atheiſts, *all* Blaſphemers, *then,*
All Popiſh Traytors *may be weeded cleane.*
And, Curſt be All that ſay not heere, Amen.

FINIS.



31 MA 59

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE COLUMNES.

To the Honorable,

learned, and religious Gentleman,

M. *Peter Young* of *Seton*, Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Maiesties Priuie Counsaile there.

YOVNG, *Ancient Seruant of our Soueraigne Lord,*
Graue Maister of thy Maister's minor-yeares;
Whose Prudence and whose Piety appeares
In His Perfection, which doth Thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His royall Trusts approue
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peeres:
Whose Duty and Deuotion He en-deeres
With present Fauours of His Princely Loue.
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for Memorial of Thy kind regard
Of these poore Orfanes (pyn'd in Hope-les cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firme Loues reward,
Where-in (so Heau'ns prosper what we haue sung)
Through euery Age thou shalt liue euer YOVNG.

Iosuah Sylvester.

THE COLUMNES.

The fourth Booke of the second Day, of the second Weeke.

THE ARGVMENT.

Seth's *Pillars found*: Heber *instructs his* Sonne
In th'vse thereof, and who them first begun;
Opens the one, and findes on seuerall Frames,
Foure lyuely Statues *of foure louely Dames*
(*The* Mathematikes) *furnisht each a part*
With Equipages of their seuerall Art:
Wonders of Nombers *and* Geometrie:
New Obseruations in Astronomie:
Musikes *rare force*: Chanaan (*the Cursed*) *cause*
Of Hebers *stop*; *and* BARTAS *with his pause.*

IF euer (Lord) the purest of my Soule
In *sacred Rage* were rapt aboue the *Pole*:
If euer, by thy Spirit my spirit inspired,
Offred thee Layes that learned *Fraunce* admired:
Father of Light, Fountaine of learned Art,
Now, now (or neuer) purge my purest part:
Now quintessence my Soule, and now aduance
My care-free Powers in some celestiall Trance:

Being about to treat of the Mathematikes, *our Poet heere implorath especiall assistance in handling so high and difficult a Subiect.*

That (purg'd from Paſſion) thy Deuine adreſſe
May guide me through Heau'ns gliſtring Pallaces;
Where (happily) my deere VRANIAS grace,
And her faire Siſters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Spheares,
Charming my ſences in thoſe ſweets of theirs)
So rauiſhed, I may at reſt contemple
The Starrie Arches of thy ſtately Temple:
Vnto this end, that as (at firſt) from thee
Our Grand-ſires learn'd Heau'ns Courſe and Quality;
Thou now mai'ſt prompt me ſome more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subiect doth belong.

The occaſion and ground of this Diſcourſe.

AFTER THAT Mens ſtrife-hatching, haute Ambition,
Had (as by Lot) made this low Worlds partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Piller*, which vpright did ſtand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean ſet,
Seeming great *Neptunes* ſurly pride to threat,
Whereon, a *Pharos* beares a Lanthorne bright,
To ſaue from Ship-wrack thoſe that ſayle by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtately, nor ſo neat:
For on the flow'rie Field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of ruſty Tyles, and Slat:
Whereas the Firſt was builded faire and ſtrong
Of Iaſpire ſmooth, and Marble laſting long.

Phalecs Queſtion.

What Miracles! what monſtrous heaps! what Hills
Heau'd-vp by hand? what Types of antike Skills
In forme-les Formes (quoth *Phalec*)? Father ſhow
(For th'Ages paſt I know full well you know)

Pray

Pray teach me, who did both theſe Works erect:
About what Time: and then to what effect.
Old *Seth* (ſaith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerſt
(Who was the Scholler of his Maker firſt)
Hauing attain'd to know the courſe and ſcites,
Th'aſpect and greatnes of Heau'ns gliſtring Lights;
He taught his Children, whoſe induſtrious wit
Through dilligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their Flocks on flowerie ſhoares they kept
Of th'*Eaſterne* Floods, while others ſoundly ſlept
(Huſhing their cares in a Night-ſhortning nap,
Vpon *Obliuions* dull and ſence-les Lap)
They liuing luſty thrice the age of Rauens,
Obſeru'd the Twinckling Wonders of the Heau'ns:
And on their Grand-fires firme and goodly ground
A ſumptuous building they in time doo found.
But (by Tradition *Cabaliſtike*) taught
That God would twice reduce this World to nought,
By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunningly
This ſtately payre of *Pillers* which you ſee:
Long-time ſafe-keeping for their after Kin,
A hundred learned Miſteries therein.

Hebers *anſwer.*

This hauing ſayd, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Where (*Phalec* following) ſoone perceaue they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortall Light.

The opening of the Pillars.

As a meane perſon, who (though oft-diſgacte
By churliſh Porters) is conuaigh'd at laſt
To the Kings Cloſet; rapt in deepe amaze,
At th'end-les Riches, vp and downe doth gaze:

Simile.

So *Phalec* fares. O Father (cries he out)
What Shapes are theſe heere placed round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure raine-drops cannot more like diſtill?
What Tooles are theſe? what deuine ſecrets lie
Hidden within this learned Miſterie?

The lib-rall Sciences.

Theſe Foure (quoth *Heber*) Foure bright Virgins are,
Heau'ns Babes, and Siſters the moſt faire and rare,
That e're begot th'eternall Spirit (ex-ſpired
From double Spirit) or humane ſoule admired.

Arithmetike.

This firſt, that ſtill her lips and fingars moues,
And vp and downe ſo ſundry-wayes remoues
Her nimble Crownes; th'induſtrious Art it is
Which knowes to caſt all Heau'ns bright Images,
All Winters haile, and all the gawdy flowers
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
Shee's ſtately deckt in a moſt rich Attire:
All kinde of Coynes in gliſtring heapes lye by-her:
Vpon her ſacred head Heau'n ſeemes to drop
A richer ſhower then fell in *Danaes* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a Glaſſe (to looke)
Downe by her girdle hangs a Table-booke,
Wherein the chiefe of her rare Rules are writ,
To be ſafe-guarded from Times greedy bit.

Her Nombers. 1.

Marke heere, what Figure ſtands for *One*, the right
Roote of all Nomber; and of Infinite:
Loues happines, the praiſe of Harmonie,
Nurcerie of All, and end of *Polymnie*:
No Nomber, but more then a Nomber yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.

Now

Now, note *Two*'s Character, Ones heire aparant, 2
As his Firſt-borne; firſt Nomber, and the Parent
Of Female Payres. Heere now obſerue the *Three*, 3
Th'eldeſt of Odds, Gods Nomber properly;
Wherein, both Nomber and no-Nomber enter:
Heau'ns deereſt Nomber, whoſe incloſed Center
Doth equally from both extreames extend:
The firſt that hath beginning, mid'ſt, and end.
The (*Cubes*-Baſe) *Foure*; a full and perfect ſumme, 4
Whoſe added parts iuſt vnto Tenne doo come;
Nomber of Gods great Name, Seaſons, Complexions,
Windes, Elements, and cardinall Perfections.
Th'Hermophrodite *Fiue*, neuer multiplide 5
By't ſelfe, or Odd, but there is ſtill diſcride
His proper face: for three times *Fiue* ariue
Vnto Fifteene; *Fiue Fiues* to Twenty-*fiue*.
The perfect *Sixe*, whoſe iuſt proportions gather, 6
To make his whole, his members altogether:
For *Three*'s his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two* his *Third*;
And *One Two Three* make *Sixe* in One confer'd.
The Criticall and double-ſexed *Seauen*, 7
The Nomber of th'vnfixed Fires of Heau'n;
And of th'eternall ſacred *Sabaoth*;
Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth iointly both.
Th'*Eight* double-ſquare. The ſacred note of *Nine*, 8. 9.
Which comprehends the *Muſes* Triple-Trine.
The *Tenne*, which doth all Nombers force combine: 10
The *Tenne*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*:
The *Figure*, th'*Hundred*, *Thouſand* (ſolide corpes) 100. 1000.
Which oft re-doubled, on th'*Atlantike* ſhoares

Can ſumme the ſand, and all the drops diſtilling
From weeping *Auſter*, or the Ocean filling.

Addition. See many *Summes* heere written ſtraight and euen
Each ouer other, are in one contriuen:
See heere ſmall Nombers drawne from greater count:
Subſtraction.
Multiplication. Heere *Multiplide* they infinitely mount:
And laſtly, ſee how (on the other ſide)
Diuiſion. One ſumme in many doth it ſelfe *Deuide*.

That ſallow-fac't, ſad, ſtooping *Nymph*, whoſe eye
Still on the ground is fixed ſtedfaſtly,
Geometrie. Seeming to draw with point of ſiluer Wand
Some curious Circles in the ſliding ſand;
Who weares a Mantle brancht with flowery Buds,
Emboſt with Gold, trayled with ſiluer Floods,
Bord'red with greeneſt Trees, and Frindged fine
With richeſt azure of Seas ſtorme-full brine:
Whoſe duſty Buskins (olde and tatter'd out)
Show ſhe hath trauail'd farre and neere about
By North and South; it is *Geometrie*,
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symetrie*,
The Life of Inſtruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the World erect.

Her Inſtruments, and Figures. Heere's nothing heere, but *Rules, Squires, Compaſſes, Waights Meaſures, Plommets, Figures, Ballances.*
Lo where the Work-man with a ſtedie hand
Ingeniouſly a leuell *Lyne* hath drawne,
War-like *Triangles*, building-fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kindes of Formes of *Manie-Angles*
Straight, *Broad*, and *Sharpe*: Now ſee on th'other ſide
Other, whoſe *Tracts* neuer directly ſlide,

As

As with the *Snayle*, the crooked *Serpenter*,
And that which moſt the learned doo prefer,
The compleat *Circle*; from whoſe euery-place
The *Center* ſtands an equi-diſtant ſpace:
See heere the *Solides*: *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Priſmas*, *Dodechædrons*: (hends
And there the *Spheare*, which (Worlds Type) compre-
In't-ſelfe it-ſelfe; hauing nor midſt nor ends:
Arts excellence, praiſe of his peeres, a wonder
Wherein conſiſt (in diuers ſort) a hunderd:
Firme *Mobile*, an vp-downe-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See how ſo ſoone as it to veere begins,
Both vp and downe, foreward and back it wends,
And rapt by other, not it ſelfe alone
Moues, but moues others with its motion
(Witnes the Heau'ns): yea, it doth ſeeme beſide,
When it ſtands ſtill, to ſhake on euery ſide,
Becauſe it hath but one ſmale point where-on
His equall halues are equi-peiz'd vpon.
And yet this goodly *Globe* (where we aſſemble)
Though hung in th' Aire, doth neuer ſelfly tremble:
For it's the midſt of the Con-Centrike Orbes
Whom neither Angle nor out-nooke-diſturbes.
All *Solides* els (caſt in the Ayre) reflect
Vn-ſelfe-like Formes; but in a Globe each tract
Seemes ſtill the ſame, becauſe it euery-where
Is vni-forme, and differs not a haire.
More-ouer, as the Buildings *Ambligone*
May more receaue then Manſions *Oxigone*

(Becauſe th'*acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too,
Stride not ſo wide as *Obtuſe Angles* doo)
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit ſpan
More roome then any other *Figure* can.
Th'other are eas'ly broke, becauſe of ioints,
Ends and beginnings, edges, nookes, and points:
But th'*Orbe*'s not ſubiect vnto ſuch diſtreſſe,
Becauſe 'tis ioint-les, point-les, corner-leſſe.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hether bend thy minde,
And learne Two Secrets which but few ſhall finde,
Two buſie knots, Two laberinths of doubt,
Where future Schooles ſhall wander long about,
Beating their braines, their beſt endeuours troubling:
The *Circles* Squarenes, and the *Cubes* re-Doubling.
Print euer faſter in thy faithfull braine
The certainty of Ceometrie. Then on braſſe leaues, theſe *Problems* proued plaine,
Not by Sophiſtike ſubtle Arguments,
But euen by practiſe and experience:
Vn-diſputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World ſhall fill.
Her rare Inuentions. Heereby, the Waters of the loweſt Fountaines,
Milles. Shall play the Millars (as the Winds on Mountaines)
And graine ſo ground within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his nigard Dame.
Heere-by, a Bullet ſpew'd from brazen breſt
Gunnes. In fierie fume againſt a Towne diſtreſt,
With roaring power ſhall paſh the Rocks in ſunder,
And with the noiſe euen drowne the voice of Thunder.
Shippes. Heere-by, the wings of fauourable Windes
Shall beare from Weſterne to the Eaſterne *Indes*,

From

From *Africa* to *Thule*'s fartheſt Flood,
A Houſe (or rather a whole Towne) of Wood,
While ſitting ſtill, the Pilot ſhall at eaſe
With a ſhort Leauer guide it through the Seas.
Heere-by, the PRINTER, in one Day ſhall rid — *Printing.*
More Bookes, then yerſt a thouſand Wrighters did.
Heere-by, a Crane ſhall ſteed in building, more — *The Crane.*
Then hundred Porters buſie paines before:
The *Iacobs-Staffe*, to meaſure heights, and Lands, — *The Staffe.*
Shall farre excell a thouſand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* euen;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures* Heau'n.
A Wand, Sand, Water, ſmall Wheeles turning aye,
In twice-twelue parts ſhall part the Night and Day. — *Dials & Clocks.*
Statues of Wood ſhall ſpeake: and fained Spheares — *Spheares.*
Show all the Wonders of true Heau'n in theirs.
Men raſhly mounting through the empty Skie,
With wanton wings ſhall croſſe the Seas wel-nigh:
And (doubt-les) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another World, where (to his working minde)
To place at pleaſure and conuenience
His wondrous Engines and rare Inſtruments,
Euen (like a little God) in time he may
To ſome new place tranſport this World away.
Becauſe theſe Two our paſſage open ſet
To bright *Vranias* ſacred Cabinet,
Wherein ſhe keepes her ſumptuous Furniture,
Pearles, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Becauſe to clime *Starrie Parnaſſus* top,
None can vnleſſe theſe Two doo helpe him vp

(For

(For who ſo wants either of theſe Two eyes,
In vaine beholds Heau'ns gliſtring Canapies)
The Caruer (heere) cloſe by *Geometrie*
And *Numb'ring Art*, hath plac't *Aſtronomie*.
A ſiluer Creſcent weares ſhe for a Crowne,
Aſtronomie. A hairy Commet to her heeles hangs downe,
Browes ſtately bent in milde-Maieſtike wiſe,
Beneath the ſame two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle wauing at her back,
With two bright Claſpes buckled about her neck,
From her right ſhoulder ſloaping ouer-thwart-her,
A watchet Skarfe, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flouriſht with Beaſts of ſundry ſhapes, and each
With gliſtring Starres imboſt and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes ſhe weares
Of that proud Bird which ſtarrie Rowells beares.
But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) ſeemes ſhe thus,
Her 2. Globe. With ſpreading armes to reach and offer vs?
My Sonne (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there,
1. The Terreſtrial. With croſſing Circles, is the Mundane Spheare;
Wherein, the Earth (as the moſt vile and baſe,
And Lees of All) doth hold the loweſt place,
Whom prudent Nature girdeth ouer-thwart
With azure Zone: or rather, euery part
Couers with Water winding round about,
Saue heere and there ſome Angles peeping out:
For th'Oceans liquid and ſad ſlyding Waues
Sinking in deepeſt of Earths hollow Caues,
Seeke not (within her vaſte vnequall height)
The Center of the widenes, but the waight.

There

There, ſhould be th'Aire, the Fire, & wandring Seauen
The Firmament, and the Firſt-mouing Heau'n
(Beſides th'Empiriall Pallace of the *Sainctes*)
Each ouer other, if they could be painted.
But th'Artiſt, faigning in the ſteed of theſe, His 10, Circles.
Tenne Circles, like Heau'ns Super-ficies;
To guide vs to them by more eaſie Path,
In hollow Globe the ſame deſcribed hath.
'Mid th'ampleſt *Sixe*, whoſe croſſing difference 1
Deuides in two the Spheares Circumference, The Equi-noctiall.
Stands th'*Equinoctiall*; equi-diſtant all
From thoſe two *Poles* which doo ſupport this Ball.
Therefore each Starre that vnderneath it ſlides,
A reſt-les, long, and wearie Iourney rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more ſpeedy farre
Then any other ſteddy-fixed Starre
(which waxeth ſlow the more it doth aduance
Neere either *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* driues his Load of Light
Vnder this *Lyne*, the Day and duskie Night
Tread equall ſteps, for learned Natures hand
Then meaſures them a-like in euery Land.
The next, which there beneath it ſloaply ſlides, 2
And his faire Hindges from the Worlds deuides The Zodiak.
Twice-twelue Degrees; is call'd the *Zodiake*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th'Yeeres Reuolution: through new *Houſes* ranging,
To cauſe the *Seaſons* yeerely foure-fold changing.
Th'other, which (croſſing th'Vniuerſall Props, 3
And thoſe where *Tytans* whirling Chariot ſloaps) The 1. Colure.

Rect-

Rect-angles formes; and crooking, cuts in two
Heere *Capricorne*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sunne's ſtops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Becauſe his Teeme doth ſeeme to trot more tame
On theſe cut points: for heere he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but vp the Spheares ſteepe ſide.

4 *The* 2. Colure.
Th'other, which cuts this equi-diſtantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Skale*, is (like-wiſely)
The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This

5 *The* Meridian.
Which neuer in one Point of Heau'n perſiſts;

6 *The* Horizon.
But ſtill purſues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconſtant *Horizon* our ſhifting ſight.

7 and 8 *The* Tropiks.
For the foure ſmall ones: heere the *Tropiks* turne,
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorne*.

9 and 10 *The South and North* Circles.
And neerer th'Hindges of the golden Spheare,
Heere's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:
Which *Circles*, croſſe not (as you ſee) at all
The Center-point of th'Vniuerſall Ball;
But parting th'Orbe into vn-equall elles,
'Twixt th'*Equi-noxe* and them reſt *Paralels*.

The celeſtiall Globes.
The other Ball her left hand doth ſupport,
Is Heau'ns bright Globe: for though that Art com ſhort
Of Nature farre, heere may ingenious ſoules
Admire the ſtages of Starr-ſeeled *Poles*.

The diuers aſpects of the celeſtial Bodies.
O what delight it is, in turning ſoft
The bright Abridgement of that Vpper Loft,
(To ſeeme) to ſee Heau'ns glorious Hoaſt to march
In gliſtring Troopes about th'*Ætherial* Arch:
Where, one for Armes beares Bow and Shafts: a Sword
A ſecond hath; a trembling Launce a third:

One

One falls; another, in his Chariot rowles
On th'azure Braſſe of th'euer-radiant Bowles:
This ſerues a foote, that (like a Horſe-man) rides:
This vp, that downe; this back, that forward ſlides:
Their Order order-les, and Peace-full Braule
With-child's the World; fills Sea, and Earth, and All.
I neuer ſee their glaunces inter-iect *Simile.*
In *Triange*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aſpect,
Now milde, now moody: but, me thinks I ſee
Some frollike Swaines amid their Dauncing glee,
Where Men and Maydes together make them merrie
With Iiggs and Rounds till Pipe and all be wearie:
Where, on his Loue one ſmiles with wanton eye,
Where-at his Riuall frownes for Ielouſie.
But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th'All-Faire, who frames *Queſtion.*
Nought heere below but's full of Beauties flames,
Ingrauen on th'Orbes of th'azure Chriſtaline
(Where Beauties ſelfe and Loue ſhould euer ſhine)
So many hideous Beaſts and Monſters fell
Bellowes more fit for th'vgly Fiends in Hell.
Surely (ſaith *Heber*) God's all-prudent pleaſure *Anſwere.*
Makes nothing Art-les, nor without iuſt meaſure:
And this the Worlds chiefe praiſe of Beautie carries,
That in each part it infinitely varies.
Our learned Elders then, who on this Spheare *The reaſon of the names giuen to the 12. Signes of the Zodiak.*
Heau'ns ſhining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-faire,
Did vnto each ſuch Shape and Name deuiſe,
As with their Natures neerely ſymbolize.
In forme of *Ramm* with golden Fleece they put 1. Aries.
The bi-corn'd *Signe* which the Yeeres bounds doth but,

Becauſe

Becauſe the World (vnder his temp'rate heate)
In fleece of flowers is pranked richly-neat.
2. Taurus. Of *Bull* the next: becauſe the Husband-men
With yoaks of flow-pac't, ſmoaking Bullocks then
Teare-vp their Fallowes, and with hope-full toyle
Furbiſh their Coultars in the Corne-fit-ſoyle.
3. Gemini. Of *Twinns* the third: becauſe then, of two ſexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole Body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruites double grow,
Then Flowers doo flouriſh, & Corne Fields doo ſhow
4. Cancer. The fourth a *Lobſtars* name and frame they made,
Becauſe then South-ward *Sol* doth retro-grade,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and ſo neuer ſtinteth,
But ſtill his wheeles in the ſame track reprinteth.
5. Leo. The fifth a *Lyon*: for as Lyons breath
Is burning hot: ſo likewiſe vnderneath
This fierie *Signe* th'Earth ſparkles, and the ſtreames
Seeme ſod-away with the Sunnes glowing beames.
6. Virgo. The ſixt a *Mayde*: becauſe with Mayd-like honour,
Th'Earth loatheth thē the Sunnes Loue-glances on her
T'inflame her loue: and (reclus'd as it were)
This Virgin ſeaſon nought at all doth beare.
7. Libra. *Ballance* the ſeauenth: becauſe it equall-waighs,
Nights louing-ſilence, and griefe-guiding-Dayes;
And Heat and Cold: and in *Muſte*-Month, the Beame
Stands equi-poiz'd in equi-peizing them.
8. Scorpio. *Scorpion* the next: becauſe his piercing ſting
Doth the firſt tydings of cold Winter bring.
9. Sagitarius. The ninth, an *Archer* both in ſhape and Name
Who day and night followes his faireſt game;

And

And his keen Arrowes euery-where beſtowes,
Headded with Ice, feather'd with ſleet and ſnowes.
The next a *Kidd*: becauſe as Kidds doo climbe
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins againe vp towards vs to clamber.
And then, becauſe Heau'n alwayes ſeemes to weepe
Vnder th'enſuing *Signes*; on th'Azure ſteepe
Our Parents plac'd a *Skinker*: and by him,
Two ſiluer *Fiſhes* in his Floods to ſwim.

10. Capricornus.

11. Aquarius.

12. Piſces.

But if (my Sonne) this ſuperficiall gloze
Suffice thee not: then may we thus ſuppoſe,
That as before th'All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be Alls wombe and *Embryon*,
Th'eternall Plot, th'*Idea* fore-conceaued,
The wondrous Forme of all that Forme receaued,
Did in the Work-mans ſpirit deuinely lye,
And, yer it was, the World was wondrouſly:
Th'Eternall *Trine-One*, ſpreading euen the Tent
Of th'All-enlightning glorious Firmament.
Fill'd it with Figures; and in various Marks
Their pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.

A deeper & more curious reaſon of the ſame.

See heere the pattern of a ſiluer Brooke
Which in and out on the azure ſtage doth crooke,
Heere th'Eagle playes, there flies the rau'ning Crow,
Heere ſwims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth rowe,
Heere bounds the Courſer, there the Kidd doth skip,
Heere ſmoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creepe:
There's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Aire,
But hath in Heau'n ſome like reſemblance faire.

In Heauen are Patterns of all things that are in Earth.

Yea

Yea, euen our Crownes, Darts, Launces, Skeyns, and
Are all but Copies of Heau'ns Principalls; (Skales,
And ſacred patternes, which to ſerue all Ages,
Th'Almighty printed on Heau'ns ample ſtages.

A third witty, pleaſant, and elegant reaſon of the names aforeſayd.

Yea ſurely, durſt I (but why ſhould I doubt
To wipe from Heau'n ſo many ſlanders out,
Of prophane Rapine and deteſted Rapes,
Of Murder, Inceſt, and all monſtrous Scapes,
Where-with heereafter ſome bold-fabling *Greekes*
Shall fouly ſtaine Heau'ns Roſie-bluſhing cheekes)
Heere could I ſhow that vnder euery *Signe*
Th'Eternall grau'd ſome Miſterie deuine
Of's *holy Citie*; where (as in a Glaſſe)
To ſee what ſhall heere-after come-to-paſſe:
As Publike and Autentike Rowles, fore-quoating
Confuſedly th'Euents moſt worthy noting,
In his deere *Church* (his Darling and Delight).

Plauſtrum. O thou faire *Chariot* flaming brauely-bright,
Which like a Whirle-winde in thy ſwift Careere
Rapt'ſt-vp the *Thesbite*; thou doo'ſt alwayes veere
About the *North-Pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble ſpoaks in th'Ocean, neither ſtabling
Thy ſmoaking Courſers vnder th'Earth, to bayte:
The while *Eliſha* earneſtly doth wayte,

Bootes. Burning in Zeale (ambitious) to inhærit
His Maiſters Office, and his mighty Spirit;
That on the ſtarrie Mountaine (after him)
He well may manege his celeſtiall Teem.

Hercules. Cloſe by him, *Dauid* in his valiant Fiſt
Holds a fierce *Lyons* fierie flaming *Creſt*:

Heere

Heere ſhines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crowne*, Lyra.
There th'vgly *Beare* beares (to his high renowne) Corona *Borealis.*
Seau'n (ſhining) *Starres*: Lo heere the whiſtling *Launce*, Vrſa *minor.*
Which frantike *Saul* doth at him fiercely glaunce. Pleiades.
Cuſpis.
Pure Honours Honour, Praiſe of Chaſtitie,
O faire *Suſanna*, I ſhould mourne for thee, Andromeda.
And moane thy teares, and with thy friends lament Caſſiopeia.
(With Heau'n-lift-eyes) thy woefull puniſhment, Cepheus.
Saue that ſo timely (through Heau'ns prouidence)
Young *Daniel* ſaues thy wronged Innocence:
And by a dreadfull radiant ſplendor, ſpread Perſeus.
From Times-Childe Truth, not from *Meduſas* head, Caput *Meduſæ.*
Condemnes th'olde Leachers, and eft-ſoones vpon
Their curſed heads there Hayles a ſtorme of ſtone.
Alſo, as long as Heau'ns ſwift Orbes ſhall veere,
A ſacred Trophe ſhall be ſhining heere
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idol fell, Draco.
Which the ſame Prophet ſhall in *Babel* quell.
Where-to more fit may *Pegaſus* compaire, Pegaſus.
Then to thoſe Courſers flaming in the Aire,
Before the Tyrant of *leſſe-Aſia*'s furie,
Vſurpes the faire *Metrapolis* of *Iurie*?
Whereto the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*
That ſo well driues the Coach of *Iſrael*?
Where-to the *Swanne*, but to that *Proto-Martir*,
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture, Cygnus.
(Yea Death) for his dead Lord; whom ſure to meet,
So neere his end ſings ſo exceeding ſweet?
Whereto the *Fiſh* which ſhineth heere ſo bright, Piſcis *Borealis.*
But to that Fiſh that cureth *Tobies* ſight?

Delphinus. Where-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meeke Man
Who dry-ſhod guides through Seas *Erythrean*
Old *Iacobs* Frye: And *Iordans* liquid Glaſſe,
Makes all his Hoaſt dry (without Boat) to paſſe?
And furthermore, God hath not onely grauen
On the braſſe Tables of ſwift-turning Heau'n
Trigonos. His ſacred *Mot*; and in *Triangle* frame
His *Thrice-One* Nature ſtamped on the ſame:
Ophiucus. But alſo, vnder that ſtout *Serpent-Slayer*,
His Sathan-taming Sonne (Heau'ns glorious heire)
Who with the Engine of his *Croſſe* abats
Th'eternall Hindges of th'Infernall gates:
And, vnder that faire, Sun-fix-gazing *Foule*,
Aquila. The God of Gods deere Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaues Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Loue, which viſites earthly Climes
In plumie Shape: for, this bright-winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and ſtarrie back (in fine)
No leſſe reſembles the milde ſimple *Doue*,
Then crooke-bill'd *Eagle* that commaunds aboue.
What ſhall I ſay of that bright *Bandeleer*
Which twice-ſixe *Signes* ſo richly garniſh heere?
Aries. Th'Yeares Vſher, doth the *Paſchal* Lambe fore-tell:
Taurus. The *Bul*, the Calfe, which erring *Iſrael*
Gemini. Sets-vp in *Horeb*: Theſe faire ſhining *Twinnes*,
Thoſe ſtriuing Brethren, *Iſaacs* tender Sonnes:
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawles
Cancer. Backward from Vertue; and (foule Swine-like) falls
In Vices mire; prophaneſt olde (at laſt)
In ſoule and body growne a-like vn-chaſt:

The

The fift, that *Lyon*, which the Haire-ſtrong Prince — Leo.
Teares as a Kidd, without Warres inſtruments:
The ſixt, that *Virgine*, euer-mayden Mother, — Virgo.
Bearing for vs, her Father, Spouſe, and Brother:
The next, that *Beame* which in King *Lemuels* hand — Libra.
So iuſtly waighes the *Iuſtice* of his Land:
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* ſtings — Scorpio.
Th'Apoſtles hand, and yet no blemiſh brings;
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the ſame
A ſpotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name:
Th'*Archer*, is *Hagars* Sonne: The *Goate* (I gueſſe) — Sagitarius.
Is *Arons* Scape-Goate in the Wildernes: — Capricornus.
The next, the deere Sonne of dumbe *Zacharias*; — Aquarius.
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Meſsias*;
Who in cleare *Iourdan* waſheth cleane the ſinne
Of all that rightly doo repent with-in:
Theſe *Two* bright *Fiſhes*, thoſe wherewith the Lord — Pisces.
(Through wondrous bleſſing of his powerfull Word)
Feedes with fiue Loaues (vpon *Aſphaltis* ſhoare)
Abundantly fiue thouſand Folke and more.
But, turne we now the twinckling *Globe*, and there
Let's marke as much the *Southern* Hemi-ſpheare.
Ah! know'ſt thou not this glorious *Champion* heere — Orion.
Which ſhines ſo brightly by the burning *Steere*?
'Tis *Nun's* great Sonne, who through deep *Iordan* leads — Eridanus.
His Armie dry-ſhod: and (tryumphant) treads
On *Chanaan Currs*, and on th' *Ammorrean Hare*, — Canis. Canicula.
Foyl'd with the feare of his victorious warre. — Lepus.
See th'ancient *Ship*, which, ouer winds and waues — Hydra.
Tryumphing ſafe, the Worlds ſeed-remnant ſaues.

Hydra. Lo heere the *Brazen Serpent* ſhines, whoſe ſight
Cures in the Deſart thoſe whom Serpents bite.
Corvus. Heere th'happy *Rauen* that brings *Elias* Cates:
Cratera. Heere the rich *Cup* where *Ioſeph* meditates
His graue Predictions: Heere that Heau'nly *Knight*,
Centaurus. Who preſt appearing armed all in white,
To *Macchabeus*, with his flaming *Speare*
So deepe (at laſt) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth teare,
Lupus. That on Gods *Altar* (yerſt prophan'd ſo long)
Ara. Sweet *Incenſe* fumeth; and the ſacred Song
Of *Leuites* ſoundeth in his Houſe againe;
And that rich Crowne th' *Aſmonean* Race doth gaine,
Corona *auſtralis*. To rule the *Iewes*. Lo there the happy *Fiſh*
Piſcis *Auſtralis* Which payes *Chriſts* Tribute (who our Ranſome is):
Balæna. And heere the *Whale*, within whoſe noyſome breſt
The Prophet *Ionas* for three dayes doth reſt.

A notable correction of the Poet vpon theſe laſt Diſcourſes.

But while (my ſpoaks-man, or I rather his)
Thus *Heber* comments on Heau'ns *Images*,
Through path-les paths his wandring ſteps doth bring,
And boldly quauers on a Mayden ſtring:
Suppoſe not (Chriſtians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he heere propounds;
Or that olde *Zeno*'s Portall I ſuſtaine,
Or *Stoike Fate* (th'Almighties hands to chaine):
Or in Heau'ns Volume reading things to-come,
Erroniouſly a *Chalde*-Wiſe become.
No, no ſuch thing; but to refreſh againe
Your tyred Spirits, I ſung this Nouell ſtraine:
That, hether-to hauing with patience paſt
Such dreadfull Oceans, and ſuch Deſarts vaſt,

Such gloomy Forreſts, craggy Rocks and ſteepe,
Wide-yawning Gulphs, and hideous Dungeons deepe;
You might (at laſt) meet with a place of pleaſure
Where-on the Heau'ns lauiſh their plenteous treaſure,
Where *Zephire* puffs perfumes, and ſiluer Brooks
Embrace the Meads, ſmiling with wanton Looks.
Yet (curteous Readers) who is it can ſay
Whether our Nephewes yet another-day
(More zealous then our ſelues in things Deuine)
This curious *Art* ſhall Chriſtianly refine;
And giue to all theſe gliſtring *Figures* then,
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?
But, ſeeke we now for *Heber*, whoſe Diſcourſe
Informes his *Phalec* in the *Planets* courſe:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-Centrike*,
With *Apoge*, *Perige*, and *Ex-Centrike*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedſter of debate),
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate),
Saturne, and *Ioue*, three Spheares in one retaine,
Smooth *Hermes* fiue, faire *Cinthia* two-times-twaine.
For, the Deuine Wits whence this Art doth flow,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neere, now farre from Natures Naue: aboue,
Confuſion, voyde, and Rupture to remoue,
Which would be cauſed through their wanderment,
In th'Heau'ns inclos'd within the Firmament:
Haue (more then men) preſum'd to make, within
Th'eternall Wheeles where th'erring Tapers been,
Sundry ſmall Wheeles, each within other cloſed,
Such equi-diſtance each-where inter-poſed,

He proceedes to diſcouer the ſecrets of Aſtronomie.

That (though they kiſſe) they cruſh not; but the baſe
Are vnder th'high, the high the low imbrace:
Simile. Like as the Cheſt-nut (next the meat) within
Is couer'd (laſt) with a ſoft ſlender skinne,
That skinne inclos'd in a tough tawnie ſhell,
That ſhell in-caſe't in a thick thiſtly fell.
The vſe of the Aſtrelabe. Then takes he th' *Aſtrelabe*, where-in the Spheare
Is flat reduced: he diſcouers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycantharats*,
With th' *Azimynths* and the *Almadarats*
(Pardon me Muſe, if ruder phraſe defile
This faireſt Table, and deface my ſtile
With Barbariſme: For in this Argument,
To ſpeake *Barbarian*, is moſt eloquent).
On th'other ſide, vnder a veering *Sight*,
A Table veers, which, of each wandring Light
Showes the ſwift courſe; and certaine Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Monthes, and *skale* of *Altitudes*.
Remouing th' *Alhidade*, he ſpends ſome leaſure
To ſhow the manner how a Wall to meaſure,
A Fountaines depth, the diſtance of a place,
A Countries compaſſe by Heau'ns ample face:
In what bright ſtarrie *Signe*, th'Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely *Planet* daily billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Eleuation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an entire *Signe* muſt weare
While it aſcendeth on our *Hemi-ſpheare*:
Poles eleuation: The *Meridian line*:
And diuers Houres of Day and Night to finde.

Theſe

Theſe learned wonders witty *Phalec* marks,
And heedfully to euery Rule he harks:
Wiſe Alchimiſt, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turnes, increaſing manie-fold:
And then preſents it to his Noble ſeed,
Who ſoone their Doctor in his Art exceed.
But, euen as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus* bright, *Simile.*
Goe viſite now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Iaue*, then *Guynney*; and (inclin'd to change)
Oft ſhifting Houſe, through both the Worlds do range *Aſtronomy, by whom and how maintained.*
(Both Worlds euen-halu'd by the *Equinoctial Line*):
So the perfection of this Art deuine,
Firſt vnder th' *Hebrewes* bred and borne: Anon
Comes to the *Chaldes* by adoption:
Scorning anon, th'olde *Babilonian* Spires,
It leaues ſwift *Tigris* and to *Nyle* retires;
And waxen rich, in *Egipt* it erects
A famous Schoole: yet, firme-leſſe in affects,
It falls in loue with ſubtile *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands a while it ſelfe commits;
But, in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raigne,
It doth re-viſite the deere *Memphian* Plaine:
Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* trie;
From thence to *Rome*: From *Rome* to *Germanie*.
O true *Endymions*, that imbrace aboue
Vpon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Loue
(Great Queene of Heauen) about whoſe Bed, for Guard, *The praiſe of learned Aſtronomers, and the profit of their Doctrine.*
Millions of Archers with gold Shields doo ward.
True *Atlaſſes*: You Pillars of the *Poles*
Empireall *Pallace*; you faire learned ſoules;

But for your Wrightings, the Starres-Doctrine ſoone
Would ſinke in *Læthe* of Obliuion:
'Tis you that Marſhall monthes, and yeeres, and dayes:
'Tis you that quoat for ſuch as haunt the Seas
Their proſperous Dayes,& Dayes whē Death ingrauen
On th'angry Welkin, warnes them keepe their Hauen:
'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to ſowe:
When the braue Captaine to the Field ſhall goe;
When to retire to Garriſon againe;
When to aſſault a batter'd Peece;and when
To conuoy Victuailes to his valiant Hoaſt:
'Tis you that ſhow what ſeaſon fitteth moſt
For euery purpoſe; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *let-blood*:
And how *Phyſitions*, skilfully to mixe
Their Druggs, on Heau'n their curious eyes muſt fixe.
'Tis you that in the twinckling of an eye
Through all the Heau'nly Prouinces doo flie:
'Tis you that (greater then our greateſt Kings)
Poſſeſſe the whole World in your Gouernings:
And (to conclude) you Demi-Gods can make
Betweene your hands the Heau'ns to turne and ſhake.
O deuine Spirits! for you my ſmootheſt quill
His ſweeteſt honey on this Booke ſhould ſtill;
Still ſhould you be my Theame: but that the Beautie
Of the laſt *Siſter* drawes my Loue and Duty.
For,now I heare my *Phalec* humbly craue
The fourth Maydes name: his Father mildly-graue,
Replies him thus. Obſerue (my deereſt Sonne);
Thoſe cloud-leſſe browes, thoſe cheekes vermillion

Thoſe

Thoſe pleaſing Lookes, thoſe eyes ſo ſmiling-ſweet, *The deſcription of Muſike.*
That grace-full poſture and thoſe pretie feet
Which ſeeme ſtill Dauncing: all thoſe Harps & Lutes,
Shawmes, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Place't round about her; proue in euery part
This is the noble, ſweet, Voice-ord'ring *Art*,
Breaths Meaſurer, the Guide of ſuppleſt fingars
On (lyuing-dumbe, dead-ſpeaking) Sinnew-ſingars:
Th'Accord of Diſcords: ſacred *Harmonie*,
And numbrie Law, which did accompanie
Th'Almighty-moſt, when firſt his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to Reſt, and Heau'n to Daunce.
For (as they ſay) for ſuper-Indendent there, *The Heauens Harmonie.*
The ſupreme Voice placed in euery Spheare
A *Syrene* ſweet; that from Heau'ns Harmonie
Inferiour things might learne beſt Melodie:
And their rare Quier with th'Angels Quier accord
To ſing aloud the praiſes of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautifide
With gliſtring Tapers, and all ſacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one ſelfly blaſt breath'd out *Simile.*
From panting bellowes, paſſeth all-about
Winde-Inſtruments; enters by th'vnder-Clauers
Which with the Keyes the Organ-Maiſter quauers,
Fills all the Bulke, and ſeuerally the ſame
Mounts euery Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reuiuing lofty *Cymballs* voice
Flutes ſweeteſt aire, and *Regalls* ſhrilleſt noiſe:
Euen ſo th'all-quickning ſpirit of God aboue
The heau'ns harmonious whirling wheeles doth moue,

So,

So that, re-treading their eternall trace,
Th'one beares the Treble, th'other beares the Baſe.
A foure-fold Conſort in the humors, ſeaſons, and Elements.
But, brimmer farre then in the Heau'ns, heere
All theſe ſweet-charming Counter-Tunes we heare:
For *Melancholie*, *Winter*, *Earth* below,
Beare aye the *Baſe*; deepe, hollow, ſad, and ſlow:
Pale *Phlegme*, moiſt *Autumne*, *Water* moiſtly-cold,
The Plommet-like-ſmooth-ſliding *Tennor* hold:
Hot-humide *Blood*, the *Spring*, tranſparant *Aire*,
The Maze-like *Meane*, that turnes and wends ſo faire:
Curſt *Choler*, *Sommer*, and hot-thirſty *Fire*,
Th'high-warbling *Treble*, loudeſt in the Quire.
The power of Muſike towards all things.
And that's the cauſe (my Son) why ſtubborn'ſt things
Are ſtoopt by *Muſike*; as reteyning ſprings
Of Nomber in them: and, they feebly liue
But by that Spirit which the Heau'ns dance doth driue.
Sweet *Muſike*, makes the ſterneſt men-at-Armes,
Towards Men.
Let-fall at once their anger and their Armes:
It cheeres ſad ſoules, and charmes the frantike fits
Of Lunatikes that are bereft their wits:
It kills the flame, and curbes the fond deſire
Of him that burnes in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whoſe ſoule ſeduced by his erring eyes,
Doth ſome proud Dame deuoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents bane-full bit, whoſe anguiſh
In deadly torment makes men madly languiſh:
Towards Beaſts, Birdes, Flyes, & Fiſhes.
The Swan is rapt, the Hind deceau'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th'Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing ſwarme
Of buſie Bees the tintling Braſſe doth charme.

O, what is it that *Muſike* cannot doo;
Sith th'all-inſpiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the ſame downe from the Empireall Pole
Deſcend to Earth into a Prophets ſoule:
With deuine accents tuning rarely right
Vnto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright?
Sith, when the Lord (moſt moued) threatneth moſt,
With wrathfull tempeſt arming all his Hoaſt;
When angry ſtretching his ſtrong ſinnewie armes,
With bended back he throwes downe thundry ſtormes:
Th'harmonious ſighes of his hart-turning Sheepe
Supple his ſinnewes, lull his wrath a-ſleepe;
While milde-ey'd Mercy ſtealeth from his hand
The ſulphry Plagues prepar'd for ſinfull Man?

Towards God himſelfe

But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Old *Muſikes* vſe and excellence haue tolde;
Curſt *Canaan* (ſeeking *Iordans* fatall courſe)
Paſt by the *Pillars*, and brake his Diſcourſe,
And mine with-all; for I muſt reſt me heere,
My wearie Iournie makes me faint well-neere:
Needs muſt I craue new ayde from High, and ſtep
A little backe, that I may farther leap.

Concluſion of the 2. Day of the 2. Weeke.

The end of the Second Day of the Second Weeke.

1

~~Hippocrates~~ 27

L.57.d.41

FRAGMENTS,
and other ſmall
Workes of *Bartas*.

With other Tranſlations.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



1605.

To my euer-moſt-honoured Miſtreſſe, Mris. *Eſſex*, wife to the right worthie *William Eſſex* of *Lamborne* Eſquire: and eldeſt Daughter of the right valiant, and Nobly-deſcended, Sir *Walter Harecourt* of *Stanton-Harecourt* Knight, Barron of *Ellen-Hall*.

(***)

WIts, Beauties, Vertues, *perfect Quinteſſence*
(*Yet grace't in* ſoul *with more Deuine* perfectiõ)
Grace with a glance of your milde Eyes reflection
This humble Pledge of Zeale *and* Reuerence:
Which (*as the* Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where ſhe hath bred, one of her Birds beſtoweth)
My thankfull Muſe (*who you like* Duty *oweth*)
Heere conſecrates *to your deere excellence.*
Deere ESSEX, *heere* (*to make your* Faith *apparant*
Vnto the Faithfull, and confirme the ſame)
Embrace (*I pray*) *the* Faith *of* ABRAHAM
Off'ring his Iſaac (*on th' All-mighties warrant*)
So ſhall th' Imputer *of his* Righteouſnes
Impute you yours; *and your young* Iſaacs *bleſſe.*

Your Vertues

euer-vowed Seruant

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

The Fathers.

A Fragment of the Historie of ABRAHAM.

O 'Tis a Heau'nly and a happy turne,
Of godly Parents to be timely borne:
To be brought-vp vnder the watchfull eyne
Of milde-ſharpe Maiſters awe-full Diſcipline:
(Chiefly) to be, euen from the very firſt,
With the pure milke of true Religion nurſt.
Such hap had *Iſaac*: but his Inclination
Exceedes his Birth, excells his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, and Iudgement ſage,
Out-ſtripping Time; anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he feares th'Eternall Lord,
And wiſely waytes all on his Fathers word;
Whoſe ſteddy ſteps ſo duly he obſerues,
That euery looke, him for a leſſon ſerues:
And euery geſture, euery winke and beck,
For a commaund, a warning, and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His Fathers hopes and holy Document.

Now,

Now, though that *Abram* were a man diſcreet,
Sober and wiſe, well knowing what is meet;
Though his deere Sonne ſometimes he ſeeme to chide:
Yet hardly can he his affection hide;
For, euermore his loue-betraying eye
On's Darling *Iſaak* glaunceth tenderly:
Sweet *Iſaaks* face ſeemes as his Glaſſe it were,
And *Iſaaks* name is Muſike in his eare.
But God, perceauing this deepe-ſetled Loue,
Thence takes occaſion *Abrams* Faith to proue;
And Tempteth him: But not as doth the Deuill
His Vaſſalls tempt (or Man his Mate) to euill:
Sathan ſtill drawes vs to Deaths diſmall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath:
Aye Sathan aimes our conſtant Faith to foile;
But God doth ſeale it, neuer to recoile:
Sathan ſuggeſteth ill; God moues to grace:
The Deuill ſeekes our Baptiſme to deface;
But God to make our burning *Zeale* to beame
The brighter aye in his *Ieruſalem*.
A Prince that meanes effectuall proofe to make
Of ſome Mans Faith that he doth newly take,
Examines ſtrictly, and with much a-doo,
His Words and Deeds, and euery geſture too;
And as without, within as well to ſpie-him,
Doth carefully by all meanes ſift and try-him.
But God ne'r ſeekes by Triall of Temptation
To ſound Mans hart and ſecret cogitation,
(For well he knowes Man, and his Eye doth ſee
All thoughts of men, yer they conceaued bee):

But

But this is ſtill his high and holy drift,
When through temptation he his Saints doth ſifte,
To leaue for patterne to his Churches ſeede,
Their ſtedfaſt Faith and neuer-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of ſeaſon God doth neuer trie
His new-conuerted Children, by and by:
Such nouices, would quickely faint and ſhrinke:
Such ill-Rigg'd Shippes, would euen in launching ſinck:
Their Faith's light bloſſomes, would with euerie blaſt
Be blowne away, and beare no fruit to laſt:
Againſt ſo boiſtrous ſtroakes they want a ſhield:
Vnder ſuch waight their feeble ſtrength would yeild.
But when his Words deere ſeede that he hath ſowne
Within their hearts, is rooted well, and growne:
And when they haue a broad thicke Breſt-plate on
High Perrill-proofe againſt affliction:
Such as our *Abram*: Who, now waxen ſtrong,
Through exerciſe of many trialles long,
Of faith, of loue, of fortitude, and right:
Who by long wearie wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* Impriſonment,
His Wifes twiſe taking, *Iſmaels* baniſhment,
Being made inuincible for all aſſaults
Of Heauen and earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the voice which made all things:
Which Sceptreth ſhepherds, and vn-Crowneth Kings:
Giue me a voyce, now (O voice all Deuine)
With ſacred fier inflame this breſt of mine,
Ah rauiſh me, make all this Vniuerſe.
Admire thine *Abram* pourtrayd in my Verſe.

Mine *Abram* (ſaid the Lord) deere *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *Iam*:
Hie ſtraight to *Salem*, and their quickly kill
Thine owne Sonne *Iſaac*; on that ſacred Hill
Heawe him in peeces, and commit the ſame
In Sacrifice vnto the rage-full Flame.
As he that ſlumbering on his carefull Bed,
Seemes to diſcerne ſome Fancie full of dread,
Shrinkes downe himſelfe, and fearefull hides his face,
And ſcant drawes breath in halfe an howers ſpace:
So *Abraham*, at theſe ſharp-ſounding words
(Which wounde him deeper then a thouſand ſwords)
Seaſed at once with wonder, griefe, and fright,
Is well-nigh ſuncke in Death's eternall night;
Death's aſh-pale Image in his eyes doth ſwimme
A chilling Ice ſhiuers through euerie Limb,
Flat on the ground himſelfe he groueling throwes,
A hundred times his cullour comes and goes,
From all his bodie a cold deaw doth drop,
His ſpeach doth faile, and euerie ſence doth ſtop.
But, ſelfe-return'd, two ſounding ſobbes he caſt,
Then two deepe ſighes, then theſe ſad words at laſt:
Cruell command (quoth He) that I ſhould kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill:
That in cold blood (I barbarouſly) ſhould murder
My (feare-les, fault-les) faithfull Frend: nay (further)
Mine owne deere Sonne: and what deere Sonne (alas)?
Mine only *Iſaac* (whoſe ſweet vertues paſſe
The louely ſweetnes of his Angell-face)
Iſaac, ſole Patterne of now-Vertue knowne;
Iſaac, in yeares young, but in wiſedome growne;

Iſaac, whom good-men loue, the reſt enuye:
Iſaac, my hearts heart, my lifes life, muſt die.
That I ſhould ſtaine an execrable Shrine,
With *Iſaac's* warme blood, iſſued out of mine.
O might mine ſerue, 'twere tollerable loſſe,
'Twear little hurt: nay, 'tweare a welcome Croſſe.
I beare no longer fruit, the beſt of Mee,
Is like a fruit-les, branch-les, ſap-leſſe Tree,
Or hollow Truncke, which only ſerues for ſtaies
To crawling Iuie's weake and winding ſprayes.
But, looſing *Iſaac*, I not only leeſe
My life withall (which Heauens haue linck't to his)
But (O) more millions of Babes yet vn-bore,
Then there be Sands vpon the *Lybian* ſhoare.
Canſt thou, mine Arme? O canſt thou, cruell Arme,
In *Iſaac's* breſt thy bloodie weapon warme?
Alas! I could not but euen die for griefe,
Should I but yield mine Ages ſweete Reliefe.
(My Bliſſe, my Comfort, and mine eyes Delight)
Into the hands of Hang-mens ſpare-les ſpight:
But, that mine owne ſelfe (O extreameſt Rigour!)
What my ſelfe formed, ſhould my ſelfe, diſ-figure:
That I (alas) with bloodie hand and knife.
Should rip his boſome, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely-ruthles) I ſhould once preſent
Vpon a ſacred Altar an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abomination):
That I ſhould broyle his Fleſh, and in the Flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the ſame:

Tis horrible to thinke, and helliſh too,
Cruell to wiſh, impoſſible to doo.
Doo't he that liſt, and that delights in bloud,
I neither will, nor can, become ſo wood,
T'obay in this: God, whom we take to be
Th'eternall Piller of all veritie,
And conſtant faith; will he be faith-les now?
Will he be falſe; and from his promiſe bowe?
Will he (alas) vndoe what he hath done,
Marre what he makes, and looſe what he hath wonne?
Saile with each winde? and ſhall his promiſe then,
Serue but for ſnares t'intrap ſincereſt men?
Sometimes, by his eternall ſelfe he ſweares,
That my Sonne *Iſaacs* number-paſſing Heires
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race,
Shalbe the bleſſed leauen of his Grace.
Now he commands me his deare life to ſpill,
And in the Cradle my health's Hope to kill:
To drowne the whole World in the bloud of him:
And at one ſtroake vpon his fruitfull ſtem,
To ſtrike-off all the heads of all the flocke,
That ſhould heare-after his dread name inuoake,
His ſacred noſtrils with ſweet ſmels delight,
His eares with prayſes, with good deeds his ſight.
Will God impugne himſelfe? and will he ſo
By his commaund his couenant ouerthrow?
And ſhall my faith my faith's confounder be?
Then faith or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas what ſaiſt thou (*Abram*?) pawſe thou muſt:
He that reuiues the *Phœnix* from her duſt:

And

And,from dead Silk-worm's Toombes(their ſhining
A liuing Bird with painted wings renewes? (Clewes)
Will he forget *Iſaac*,the only ſtocke
Of his chaſte Spouſe(his Church and choſen Flocke)
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the only Light
Of all the World,for Vertues luſtre bright?
Or ,can he not(if't pleaſe him)euen in death
Reſtore him life,and re-inſpire him breath?
But marke,the while thou bringeſt for defence,
The All-proofe Tower of his Omnipotence,
Thou ſhak'ſt his Iuſtice. This is certaine (too)
God can doo all,ſaue that he will not doo.
He loues none ill: for,when the wreakefull Waues
Were all return'd into their wonted Caues,
When all the Meades and euerie fruitfull Plaine
Began(with Ioy) to ſee the Sunne againe;
So ſoone as *Noah* (with a gladſome heart)
Forth of his floating Priſon did depart,
God did forbid Murder:and nothing more
Then Murder doth his *Maieſtie* abhorre,
But (ſhallow man)ſound not the vaſt Abiſſe
Of God's deepe Iudgements where no ground there is:
Be ſober-wiſe:ſo,bound thy fraile deſire:
And,what thou canſt not comprehend,admire.
God our Law-maker(Iuſt and righteous)
Maketh his Lawes,not for him ſelfe,but vs:
He frees himſelfe; and flies with his Powers wing,
No where,but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good:but not therefore
Muſt he needes doo it,cauſe'twas good before:

But good is good, becauſe it doth (indeede)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountaine of pure Righteouſneſſe:
From him, whoſe goodnes, nothing can expreſſe.
Ah profane thoughts! O wretch, & think'ſt thou then
That God delights to drinke the blood of men?
That he intends by ſuch a ſtrange impietie
To plant his ſeruice? You, you forged deitie
Of *Moloch*, *Milcom*, *Camoſh*, *Aſtaroth*,
Your damned Shrines with ſuch dire *Orgies* blott:
You Tirants, you delight in Sacrifice
Of ſlaughtred Children: 't is your bloodie guiſe
(You cruell Idols) with ſuch *Hecatombes*
To glut the rage of your outragious doomes:
You hold no ſent ſo ſweete, no gift ſo good,
As ſtreaming Riuers of our luke-warme blood:
Not *Abram's* God (aye gratious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but only for Man-kinde:
Who hates the bloodie hands: his Creatures loues:
And con*trite* hearts for Sacrifice approoues.
You, you, diſguiz'd (as Angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this deſpight,
Supplant my Faith on his ſure promiſe built,
And ſtaine his Altars with this bloodie guilt.
No, no, my ioye, my Boy thrice-happie borne,
(Yea more then ſo, if furious I forlorne,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father ſhalt thou be
Of happie People that ſhall ſpring from thee.
Feare not, (deere Child) that I, vnnaturall,
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all:

Or by th'exploit of ſuch deteſted deede
Commend my name to them that ſhall ſucceed.
I will, the Fame that of my name ſhall ring
In time to-come, ſhall flie with fairer wing.
The loftie Pine that's ſhaken to and fro
With Counter-pufs of ſundrie winds that blowe,
Now ſwaying South-ward teares ſome Root in twaine,
Then bending North-ward doth another ſtraine,
Reeles vp and downe, roſt by two Tirants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconſtant Neuter, that to both doth yield)
Which of the two is like to winne the Field:
So *Abraham*, on each ſide ſet-vpon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection ſwayes:
Now winnes Religion, anon reaſon waighes:
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull Father:
Now reſolute, anon relenting rather:
One while the Fleſh hath got the vpper hand:
Anon the Spirit the ſame doth countermand
Hee's loath (alas) his tender Sonne to kill,
But much more loath to breake his Fathers will.
For thus (at laſt) Hee ſaith, now ſure I know
'Tis God, 'tis God; the God that loues me ſo,
Loues, keepes ſuſtaines: whom I ſo oft haue ſeen:
Whoſe voyce ſo often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Sathan cannot ſhine ſo bright,
Though Angeliz'd: No, 'Tis my God of Might.
Now feele I in my Soule (to ſtrength and ſtirr-it),
The ſecret Motions of his ſacred Spirit.

God,this ſad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may,I muſt obedient be.
The ſable Night diſ-lodg'd:and now began
Aurora's Vſher with his windie Fanne
Gently to ſhake the Woods on euerie ſide,
While his faire *Miſtreſſe* (like a ſtately Bride)
With flowers, and Iemms,& *Indian* gold doth ſpangle
Her louely lockes,her Louers lookes to tangle;
When glyding through the Aire,in Mantle blew,
With ſiluer frendg'd;ſhe drops the Pearlie deaw.
With Her goes *Abram* out: and the third day,
Arriues on *Cedrons* Margents greenly-gay:
Beholds the ſacred Hill,and with his Sonne
(Loaden with ſacred wood) he mounts anon.
Anon,ſaid *Iſaac*, Father; heere I ſee,
Knife, Fier, and Fagot,readie inſtantly,
But wher's your *Hoſte*? Oh, let vs mount my Sonne,
(Said *Abram*) God will ſoone prouide vs one.
But,ſcant had *Iſaac* turn'd his face from him,
A little faſter the ſteepe Mount to climbe,
Yer *Abram* changed cheere;and, as new Wine,
Working a new, in the new Caſke(in fine)
For being ſtopt too-ſoone,and wanting vent,
Blowes-vp the Bung or doth the Veſſell rent,
Spewes out a purple ſtreame,the ground doth ſtaine,
With *Bacchus* cullour where the Caſke hath layne:
So,now the Teares(which manly ſo rtitude
Did yerſt as captiue in the Braine include)
At the deere names of Father and of Sonne,
On his pale Cheekes in pearly drops did run:

His

His eyes full Veſſels now began to leake:
And thus th'old *Hebrue* muttering gan to ſpeake,
In ſubmiſſe voyce, that *Iſaac* might not heare
His bitter griefe that he vnfoldeth here.
Sad Spectacle! O now my hap-leſſe hand,
Thou whet'ſt a Sword, and thou dooſt teend a Brand,
The Brand ſhall burne my heart, the ſwordes keen blade
Shall my bloods blood and my lifes life inuade:
And thou (poore *Iſaac*) beareſt on thy backe,
Wood that ſhall make thy tender fleſh to Cracke,
And yeeld'ſt thee (more for mine, then thine amiſſe)
Both Preiſt and Beaſt of one ſame Sacrifice.
O hap-les Sonne! O more then hap-les Sire!
Moſt wicked wretch, O what miſfortune dire
In-gulfes vs here, where miſerable I,
To be true godly, muſt Gods Law denie:
To be true faithfull, muſt my faith tranſgreſſe:
To be God's Sonne, I muſt be nothing leſſe
Then *Iſaacs* Sier: and *Iſaac* (for my ſake)
Muſt Soyle, and Sire, and life and all forſake?
Yet, on he goes, and ſoone ſurmounts the Mount,
And ſteel'd by Faith, he cheeres his moornfull Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princeſſe*, when her Grace
In *Thetis* Waues hath lately waſh't her face)
He builds his Altar, laies his wood there-on,
And tenderly binds his deere Sonne anon.
Father (ſaid *Iſaac*) Father, Father deere:
What, doo you turne away, as loath to heare?
O Father, tell me, tell me what you meane:
O crueltie vn-knowne! Is this the meane.

Whereby

Whereby, my Loignes (as promiſed long-ſince is)
Shall make you Grand-ſire of ſo many Princes?
And ſhall I (glorious) if I heere do die,
Fill Earth with Kings, with ſhining Starres the Skye?
Backe *Phœbus*, bluſh, goe hide thy golden head:
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* waterie Bed:
See not this ſauage ſight. Shall *Abram's* minde
Be milde to all; and to his Sonne vn-kinde?
And ſhall great *Abram* do the damned deed,
That Lyons, Tygres, Boares, and Beares would dread?
See how (incenſt) he ſtops his eare to me,
As dreaming ſtill on's bloodie Miſterie.
Lord, how preciſe! ſee how the Parricide
Seemes to make conſcience in leſſe ſinnes to ſlyde:
And he that meanes to murther me (his Sonne)
Is ſcrupulous in ſmaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) heare mee: not, that I deſire
With ſugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In God's name reap the Graine your ſelfe haue ſowne,
Come, take my life, extracted from your owne,
Glut with my blood your blade, if you it pleaſe
That I muſt die; welcome my death (mine eaſe):
But tell me yet my fault (before I die)
That hath deſeru'd a puniſhment ſo high.
Say (Father) haue I not conſpir'd your death,
Or with ſtrong poyſon ſought to ſtop your breath?
Haue I deuiſ'd to ſhort my Mothers life?
Or with your Foes taen part in any ſtrife?
O thou Etherial Pallace Chriſtalline
(God's higheſt Court) If in this heart of mine

So damned thoughts had euer any place,
Shut-up for euer all thy Gates of Grace
Againſt my Soule;and neuer let,that I
Among thy winged Meſſengers doo flie.
If none of theſe, *Abram*(for I no more
Dare call thee Father)tell me further-more
What reſts beſides that damned I haue donne,
To make a Father Butcher of his Sonne:
In memorie,that fault I faine would haue,
That (after God's)I might your pardon craue
For ſuch offence; and ſo,th'Attonement driuen,
You liue content,and I may die forgiuen.
My Sonne (ſaid Hee)thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie,nor thine owne foule fault:
God (our God) calles thee,and Hee will not let
A Pagan ſword in thy deere blood be wet.
Nor burning Plague,nor any pyning paine
With Languor turne thy fleſh to duſt againe:
But Sacrifiz'd to him(for ſweete perfume)
Will haue thee heere within this fire conſume.
What? Feares my Loue,my Life,my Iemme,my Ioy?
What God commands,his ſeruants muſt obay,
Without conſulting with fraile Fleſh and Blood,
How he his promiſe will in time make good:
How he will make ſo many Scepters ſpring
From thy dead duſt? How Hee (All-wiſe) will bring
(In his due ſeaſon)from thy ſence-les Thyghes
The glorious Sonne of righteouſnes to riſe,
Who ſhall the Mountaines bruiſe with Iron Mace,
Rule Heau'n and Earth and the Infernall Place?

For he that (paſt the courſe of Natures kinde)
Firſt gaue thee birth, can with his ſacred winde,
Raiſe thee againe out of the loweſt duſt:
Ten-thowſand meanes he hath to ſaue the iuſt:
His glorious wiſdome guides the worlds ſocietie
With equall Raines of power and of Pietie.
Mine owne ſweet *Iſaac*, deereſt of my ſeed,
(Too ſweete (alas) the more my greife doth bleed,
The more my loſſe, the more (with ceaſe-les anguiſh)
My vexed Bowels for thy lacke ſhall languiſh)
Adue deere Sonne (no longer mine, but his
Who calles thee hence) let this vn-happie kiſſe
Be the ſad Seale of a more ſad Fare-well
Then witte can paint, or words haue power to tell.
Sith God commands, and (father) you require
To haue it ſo, come Death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death, diſpatch:
The Heauens are open, God his Armes doth reach
T'imbrace my Soule: O let me brauely flie
To meete my Lord, and Deaths proud dartes defie.
What (Father) weepe you now? Ah ceaſe thoſe ſhow-
Weepe not for me, for I no more am yours: (ers,
I was the Lords yer I was borne (you know)
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoile and (Coward) loſe the Crowne
So neere your head, to heape you with renowne?
Shall we ſo dare to dally with the Lord,
To caſt his yoake and to contemne his Word?
Where ſhall we flie his hand? Heauen is his Throne:
The earth his foot-ſtoole: and darke *Accheron*

(The

(The Dungeon where the damned ſoules be ſhut)
Is of his Anger euermore the Butte.
On him alone all, our good-Hap depends:
And he alone from dangers vs defends.
Ah weepe no more: This ſacred Turfe doth craue
More blood then Teares: let vs vs ſo behaue,
That ioyn'd in zeale, we yeeld vs willingly
To make a vertue of neceſſitie.
Let's teſtifie we haue a time abod,
I, in your Schoole, you in the Schoole of God:
Where we haue learned that his ſacred Word
(Which made of Nothing, all that euer ſtir'd;
Which all ſuſtaines, and all directeth ſtill)
To diuers ends, conducts the good and ill.
Who loues not God, more then all Kinn's-reſpect,
Deſerues no place among his deare Elect:
And who doth once God's Tillage vnder-take,
Muſt not looke backe, neither his Plough forſake.
Herewith, th'old *Hebrue* cheerfuller became,
And (to himſelfe) cries, Courage *Abraham*:
The World, the Fleſh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone ſubſiſting be.
Lord, by thy Spirit vnto my hand annexe
So liuely Faith, that ſtill mine eyes may fixe
On thy true *Iſaac* whoſe ſharpe (ſinne-les) Suffering,
Shall purge from ſinne, me and my ſinfull offering.
Scarce had he draw'n his ſword (in reſolution)
With heaued hand for inſtant execution,
When inſtantly the thundring voyce of God,
Stay'd heart and hand: and thus the Fact forbod.

Abr'am,

Abram, inough: hold, hold thy hand (ſaid he)
Put-up thy ſword, thine *Iſaac* ſhall not die:
Now, of thy faith I haue had perfect proofe,
Thy Will, for deed I doe accept, inough.
Glad *Abram* then, to God giue thankes and praiſe,
Vnbinds his Sonne, and in his roome he layes
A Lambe (there ſtrangely hampered by the head)
And that, to God deuoutly Offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroike* Facts:
And, that pure Law a Sonne of thine ſhall wright,
Shall nothing els but thy braue Deeds recite.
Extol who liſt, thy wiſedomes excellence,
Victorious Valour, franke Benificence,
And Iuſtice too (which euen the *Gentiles* honor)
Ill dares my Muſe take ſuch a taſke vpon-her.
Only thy Faith (not all withall th'Effects)
Only one fruite of thowſand ſhe ſelects,
For glorious ſubiect: which (to ſay the right)
I rather loue to wonder-at, then wright.
Goe *Pagans*, turne, turne-ouer euerie Booke:
Through all Memorials of your Martirs looke,
Collect a Scroule of all the Children ſlaine
On th' Altars of your Gods: dig-up againe
Your lying *Legends*: Run through euerie Temple,
Among your Offerings, choſe the beſt example
(Among the Offerings which your Fathers paſt
Haue made, to make their names eternall laſt)
Among them all (fondlings) you ſhall not finde
Such an example, where (vnkindly-kind.)

Father and Sonne ſo mutually agree,
To ſhow themſelues, Father nor Sonne to be:
Where man's deepe zeale, & God's deere fauour ſtroue
For Counter-conqueſt in officious loue.
One, by conſtraint his Sonne doth ſacrifice:
Another meanes his Name t'immortalize
By ſuch a Fact: Another hopes to ſhunne
Some diſmall Plague, or dire Affliction:
Another, only that he may conforme
To (Tyrant) Cuſtom's, awe-les law-les Forme,
Which bleares our eyes, and blurrs our Sences ſo,
That Ladie *Reaſon* muſt her ſeat forgoe:
Yea, blinds the iudgement of the World ſo farre,
That *Vertue's* oft araign'd at *Vices* Barre.
But, vn-conſtrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Vpon a Mountaine, to the Guiſe of none
(For it was odious to the *Iewes* to doo)
And in a time of Peace and plentie too,
Fights againſt Nature (prickt with wondrous zeale)
And ſlaying *Iſaac*, warres againſt his Weale.
O ſacred Muſe, that on the double Mount,
With withering Bayes bind'ſt not thy Singers front;
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire
With Crownes of Glorie dooſt their browes attire,
Tell (for thou know'ſt) what ſacred Miſterie
Vnder this ſhadow doth in ſecret lie?
O Death, Sinne, Sathan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall,
So liuely figur'd? To behold Gods Bowe
So readie bent to cleaue your heart in two?

To ſee young *Iſaac*, Patterne of that Prince,
Who ſhall, Sinne, Sathan, Death and Hell conuince?
Both only Sonnes; both ſacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mightie States,
Both ſanctified, both Saints Progenitors,
Both beare their Croſſe, both Lambe-like ſufferers,
Both bound, both blame-leſſe, both without replie,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to die
Vpon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mounte
Serues vs for Ladder to the Heau'ns to mount:
Reſtores vs *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Loſt through the eating of the fruite forbidden,
By wretched *Adam* and his weaker Wife)
And bleſſed beares the holy Tree of life.
Chriſt dies indeede, but *Iſaac* is repriu'd
(Becauſe Heau's Councell otherwiſe Contriu'd)
For *Iſaac's* blood was no ſufficient price
To ranſome Soules from Hell to Paradice:
The Leproſie of our contagious ſinne,
More power-full Riuers muſt be purged in.

FINIS.

31 MA 59

BRITISH MUSEUM

JONAS.

To the Right vertu-

ous (fauourer of Vertue, furtherer of Learning) Sir *Thomas Smith* (of *London*) Knight: Lord Embaſſadour for his Maieſtie, to the Emperour of *Ruſſia*.

TO thee, long toſt in a fell Storme *of* State;
Caſt out, and ſwallowed *in a Gulph of* Death,
On falſe-ſuſpect *of thine vn-ſpotted* Faith,
And flying frõ thy (*Heau'n-giuen*) Charge, *of late*:
For much reſemblance of thy troublous Fate,
(*Much like in* caſe *to that he ſuffereth*,
Though (*in effect*) *thy* cauſe *farre differeth*)
I ſend my IONAS; *to congratulate*
Thy (*happy*) Reſcue; *and thy holy* Triall:
Where-by (*as Fire doth purifie the Gold*)
Thy Loyaltie *is more notorious* Loyall,
And worthy th'Honours *which thou now doo'ſt hold.*
Thus, Vertues Palmes, *oppreſſed*, mount *the more*:
And Spices, *bruz'd, ſmell* ſweeter *then before.*

Ioſuah Syluеſter.

IONAS.

A Fragment of the

Hiſtorie of that Prophet, concerning *his Ship-wrack, and the Repentance of* Niniue.

AS, after tedious and continuall raine,
The honey-Flies haſt from their Hiues againe;
Suck here and there, and beare into their bower,
The ſweeteſt ſap of euery fragrant flower:
So from beſieg'd *Samaria* each man hies
Vnto the Tents of feare-fled Enemies;
Where-in, ſuch ſtore of corne and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Towne they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croude that iſſueth,
Treads th'vnbeleeuing Courtiar downe to death;
So that (at once) euen both effects agree
Iuſt with *Eliſha's* holy propheſie.
From this Schoole comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twiſe-borne Preacher to the *Niniuite*.
Ionas, be gone, hie, hie thee (ſaid th' Almightie)
To *Niniue*, that great and wanton Citie,
And day and night cry-out vnto them all;
Yet fortie dayes, and Niniue *ſhall fall.*

But,'gainſt th'Eternall,*Ionas* ſhuts his eare,
And ſhips himſelfe to ſaile another-where:
Wherefore, the Lord (incenſed) ſtretcht his arme,
To wrack the wretch in ſuddaine feareſull ſtorme.
Now, *Nereus* foames, and now the furious waues
All topſie-turned, by th'*Æolian* ſlaues,
Do mount & roule: Heau'ns warre againſt the Waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earths greene bulwarks batters:
A ſable ayre ſo muffles-vp the Skie,
That the ſad Saylours can no light deſcrie,
Or, if ſome beame breake through their pitchy night,
'Tis but dread flaſhing of the Lightning bright.
Strike, ſtrike our ſaile (the Maiſter cries) amaine,
Vaile miſne and ſpritt-ſaile, but he cries in vaine;
For in his face the blaſts ſo bluſter aye,
That his Sea-gib'riſh is ſtraight borne away.
Confuſed Cries of men diſmay'd in minde,
Seas angry noiſe, lowd bellowing of the winde,
Heauens Thunder-claps, the tackles whiſteling,
(As ſtrange Muſitians) dreadfull deſcant ſing.
The Eaſterne winde driues on the roaring traine
Of white-blew billowes, and the clouds againe,
With freſh Seas croſſe the Sea, and ſhe doth ſend
(In counter-change) a raine with ſalt y-blend.
Heauens (headlong) ſeeme in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas ſcale the skies, and God to arme this All
Againſt one ſhip, that skips from ſtarres to ground,
From waue to waue (like *Balloones* wyndie bound)
While the ſad Pilot, on a foamie Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to ſee Hells pit profound;

And then, caſt downe vnto the ſandy ſhole,
Seemes from low Hell to ſee the lofty Pole:
And feeling foes within and eke without,
As many waues, ſo many deaths doth doubt.
The Billowes beating round about the ſhip
Vncauke her keele, and all her ſeames vnrip,
Whereby, the waters entring vncontrould,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold:
For euery Tun the plied Pumpe doth rid,
A floud breakes in; the Maiſter maiſtered
With dread and danger (threatning euery-way)
Doubts where to turne him, what to doo, or ſay,
Which waue to meet, or which ſalt ſurge to flie;
So yeelds his charge in Sea to liue or die.
As, many Cannons 'gainſt a Caſtle bent
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And ſhake the wall, but yet the lateſt ſhock
Of fire-wing'd bullets batters downe the Rocke:
So, many mounts that muſter gainſt this ſaile,
With roaring rage doo this poore ſhip aſſaile;
But yet the laſt (with foaming furie ſwolne,
With boiſtrous blaſts of angry tempeſts bolne)
Springs the main-maſt, the maſt with boiſtrous fall
Breakes downe the deck, and ſore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one ſtands with armes a-croſſe:
One moanes himſelfe: one mournes his children loſſe:
One, more then Death, this forme of Death affrights:
Another calls on Heauens vn-viewed Lights:
One, fore his eyes his Ladies lookes beholds:
Another, thus his fainting feare vnfolds:

Curſt thirſt of gold! Ohow thou cauſeſt care:
My bed of Doune I change for hatches bare:
Rather than reſt, this ſtormie warre I choſe:
T'enlarge my fields, both land and life I loſe:
Like peiz-leſſe plume, borne vp by *Boreas* breath,
With all theſe wings I ſoare to ſeeke my death,
To Heauen and Hell by angry *Neptune* led,
Where leaſt I ſcape it, all theſe ſailes I ſpred.
Then thus another. Sure no winde (quoth he)
Could raiſe this ſtorme; ſome rarer Prodigie
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cauſe of all our greefe)
Some *Atheiſt* dogge, ſome Altar-ſpoiling theefe
Lurkes in this ſhip: come (Mates) by lots let's trie
(To ſaue the reſt) the man that ought to die.
'Tis I (quoth *Ionas*) I indeed am cauſe
Of this black night, and all the feareful flawes
Of this rough Winter; I muſt ſole appeaſe
(By my iuſt death) theſe wrath-full wrack-full Seas.
Then vp they heaue him ſtraight, and from the waſte
Him ſuddainly into the Sea they caſt.

The King of Windes calls home his churliſh trayne,
And *Amphitrite* ſmoothes her front againe:
Th'Aires cloudy Robe returnes to chriſtal cleere,
And ſmiling Heau'ns bright Torches re-appeere,
So ſoone as *Ionas* (to them all appeaſe)
O're head and eares was ſouſed in the Seas.

Thrice comes he vp, and thrice againe goes downe
Vnder the waues (yer he doo wholy drowne)
But then he ſinks, and (wretched) roul'd along
The ſands, and Oaſe, and rocks, and mud among;

Thus,

Thus, thus he cries with lips of zealous faith:
Mercy (my God) ſhew mercy Lord (he ſaith).
Then God (who euer heares his childrens wiſh)
Prouided ſtraight a great and mighty Fiſh,
That ſwilling ſwallowed *Ionas* in her wombe,
A liuing Corps laid in a liuing Toombe.
Like as a Roach, or Ruffe, or Gudgeon, borne
By ſome ſwift ſtreame into a weer (forlorne)
Frisks too and fro, aloft and vnder dyues,
Fed with falſe hope to free their captiue lyues:
The Prophet ſo (amazed) walkes about
This wondrous Fiſh to finde an iſſue out,
This mighty Fiſh, of Whale-like hugineſſe,
Or, bigger-bellied, though in body leſſe.
Where am I, Lord? (alas) within what vaults?
In what new Hell dooſt thou correct my faults?
Strange puniſhment! my body thou bereau'ſt,
Of mother earth, which to the dead thou leau'ſt:
Whether thy wrath driues me I doo not know,
I am depriu'd of aire, yet breath and blow:
My ſight is good, yet can I ſee no skie:
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-ſhore am I:
Reſting, I runne; for mouing is my Caue:
And quick, I couch within a liuing graue.
While thus he plain'd; the third day, on the ſand
The friendly Fiſh did caſt him ſafe a-land.
And now, as if his wearie limbs had beene
So long refreſht, and reſted at an Inne,
He ſeemes to flie; and com'n to *Niniue*:
Your ſinnes haue reached vp to Heau'n (quoth he)

Woe and alas, woe, woe vnto you all:
Yet forty dayes and Niniue *ſhall fall.*
Thus *Ionas* preacht: But ſoone the Citizens
Sincerely toucht with ſence of their foule ſinnes;
Diſpatch (in haſt) to Heauen, *Repentance* ſad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Faſting* hairy-clad.
Repentance, makes two Torrents of her eyes,
Her humble browe dares ſcant behold the skies:
Her ſobbing breſt is beaten blew and black:
Her tender fleſh is rent with rugged ſack:
Her head (all hoar'd with harty ſorrowes paſt)
With duſt and aſhes is all ouer-caſt.
Prayers hat, and ſides, and feet are ſet about
With gawdy wings (like *Ioues Arcadian* Scout)
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incenſe*, *Mummie*, and all rich Perfumes.
Faſting (though faint) her face with ioy ſhe cheeres,
Strong in her weakenes, young in aged yeeres;
Quick healths-preſeruer, curbing *Cupids* fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining-wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand-Vſher of th'Empireal Court)
Vſhers theſe Legates by a golden Port
Into the *Preſence*, and them face to face.
Before th'All-Monarchs glorious Throne doth place,
Where (zealous) proſtrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* ſpeakes in name of all the Three.
God, ſlow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, ſheath againe thy vengeance ſword a ſpace:
If at thy beame of Iuſtice thou wilt waigh
The works of men that wander euery day:

If

If thou their mettall by that touchſtone try,
Which fearefull-ſounding from thy mouth doth flie:
If thou ſhalt ſumme their Sinnes (which paſſe the ſand)
Before thee (Lord) who ſhall indure to ſtand?
Not *Niniue* alone ſhall periſh then;
But all this All be burnt to aſhes cleane:
And euen this day ſhall thy iuſt wrath preuent
The dreadfull Day of thy laſt Doomes euent.
This world to *Chaos* ſhall againe returne;
And on thine Altars none ſhall incenſe, burne.
O therefore ſpare (Lord) ſpare the *Niniuites*,
Forgiue their Sinnes; and in their humbled ſprights,
From this time forth thy ſacred Lawes ingraue:
Deſtroy them not, but daigne them Lord to ſaue:
Looke not (alas) what they haue beene before,
But vs regard, or thine owne mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, vnfolds his frownes,
Diſ-armes his arme of Thunder bruſing-Crownes,
Bowes graciouſly his glorious flaming Creſt,
And mildly grants (in th'inſtant) their requeſt.

FINIS.

31 MA 59

URANIA.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To Vertues Patterne,

and Beauties Paragon, Mistris *Ione Essex*: onely Sister of the no lesse nobly-qualified, then Honourably-descended Gentleman, *William Essex* of *Lamberne*, vnder whose kinde Roofe, most of these Orphanes receaued their Second Birth.

VRANIA (*noblest of the learned* NINE)
Comming from Heau'n to call my Muse from Earth,
From Loues, loose Sonnets, & lasciuious Mirth;
In sacred WEEKES *to sing the Workes diuine:*
Of all the Nymphes extract from mortall Ligne,
For sweet Companion picks you onely forth
(*As best resembling her selfes grace and worth*)
Decre Beauties best, Wits wonder, Vertues shrine.
Sweet, heau'nly temper of a humane soule
(*Whose louely smiles set coldest harts a-fire,*
But instantly, with modest browes controule
Th'aspiring hope of any bold Desire)
Daigne t'entertaine in your milde gracefull manner
This Heau'nly Mayde, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Iosuah Sylvester.

VRANIA.

OR THE HEAVENLY *Muſe.*

1.

SCarce had I th' *Aprill* of mine Age begunne,
When braue Deſire t'immortalize my Name,
Did make me oft, reſt and repaſt to ſhunne,
In curious Proiect of ſome learned *Frame.*

2.

But, as a Pilgrime, that full late doth light
Vpon a croſſe-way, ſtops in ſodaine doubt;
And 'mid the ſundry Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit then with his feete doth ſcout:

3.

Among the many flowerie Pathes that lead
Vp to the Mount, where (with greene Bayes) *Apollo*
Crownes happy numbers with immortall meed,
I ſtood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4.

One while I ſought, the *Greekiſh Scæne* to dreſſe
In *French* Diſguiſe: In loftier *Stile* anon
T'imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Geſts,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycena*, and proud *Ilion.*

Anon,

5.

Anon, I ſacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countries Storie; and, condemning much
The common error, rather tooke in hand
To make the *Mein French*, then the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

6.

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praiſe
Vn-worthie Princes; and, with gold and glory
T'inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raiſe,
Baſely to make my *Muſe* a Mercenarie.

7.

Then (gladly) thought I, the (Wagg) Sonne to ſing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-ſweet,
That *Too-much Loue*, to the beſt Wits doth bring:
Theame, for my Nature and mine age too-meet.

8.

While, to and fro thus (toſſed by *Ambition*)
Yet vn-reſolued of my Courſe, I roue;
Lo ſuddainly a ſacred Aparition,
Some Daughter (thinke I) of ſupernall *Ioue*.

9.

Angelicall her geſture and her gate;
Deuinely-ſweet her ſpeech and countenance,
Her *Nine*-fold Voice did choicely imitate
Th' *Harmonious* Muſike of *Heauens* nimble Dance:

10

Vpon her Head, a glorious *Diademe*,
Seauen-double-folded, mouing diuerſly;
And on each Fold ſparkled a pretious Gemme,
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11.

The firſt of *Lead*, the ſecond *Tinne* (me thought)
Third *Steele*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was caſt,
The fift of pale *Electrum*, ſeemed wrought;
Sixt *Mercurie*, of *Siluer* was the laſt:

12.

An *azure Mantle* on her back ſhe wore,
With art-les Art, in orderly diſorder
Flouriſht, and fill'd with thouſands *Lamps* and more,
Her ſacred Beautie to ſet-forth and further:

13.

Heere flames the *Harpe*, there ſhine the tender *Twinnes*,
Heere *Charles his Wayne*, there twinckling *Pleiades*,
Heere the bright *Ballance*, there the ſiluer *Finnes*,
And thouſand *Starres* more then I can expreſſe.

14.

I am VRANIA (then a-loud ſaid ſhee)
Who humane-kinde aboue the *Poles* tranſport,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to ſee
All th'enter-courſe of the *Celeſtiall Court*.

15.

I quint-eſſence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Paſſing himſelfe) in a Deuine Diſcourſe
To draw the deaffeſt, by the eares vnto-it,
To quicken ſtones, and ſtop the Oceans courſe.

16.

I graunt, my learned Siſters warble fine,
And rauiſh millions with their *Madrigalls*:
Yet all, no leſſe inferiour vnto mine,
Then Pies to Syrens, Geeſe to Nightingalls.

Then

17

Then, take me (BARTAS) to conduct thy Pen,
Soare-vp to Heau'n; Sing-me th'Almighties praiſe,
And tuning now the *Ieſſean* Harpe againe,
Gaine thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

18.

I cannot (griefe-les) ſee my Siſters wrongs
Made Bawdes to *Louers*, in deceiptfull faynings,
In forged ſighes, falſe teares, and filthy Songs,
Laſciuious ſhowes, and counterfait complaynings.

19.

Alas, I cannot, with dry eyes, behold
Our holy Songs ſold, and prophaned thus
To grace the grace-les; praiſing (too-too bold)
Caligula, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20.

But, moſt I mourne to ſee rare *Verſe* applide
Againſt the Author of ſweet *Compoſition*:
I cannot brooke to ſee Heau'ns King defide
By his owne Souldiars, with his owne Munition.

21.

Mans eyes are ſield-vp with *Cimmerian* miſte:
And, if ought pretious in his Life he reach,
Through ſundry hands, by the Heau'ns bounty is't:
But God himſelfe, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22.

Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meere *Heauenly gift*; and none can taſte
The Deawes we drop from *Pindus* plenteouſly,
If *ſacred Fire* haue not his breſt imbracte.

Thence

23

Thence is't, that many great *Phyloſophers*,
Deepe-learned *Clarkes* (in *Proſe* moſt eloquent)
Labour in vaine to make a grace-full *Verſe*,
Which many a Nouice frames moſt excellent.

24

Thence is't, that yerſt, the poore *Meonian* Bard,
Though, Maiſter, meanes, and his owne eyes he miſſes,
Of Olde and New is for his Verſe prefard,
In's ſtout *Achilles*, and his wiſe *Vliſſes*.

25.

Thence is't, that *Ouid* cannot ſpeake in *Proſe*:
Thence is't, that *Dauid* (Shepheard, turned *Poet*)
So ſoone doth learne my *Songs*: and Youthes compoſe
After our *Arte*, before (indeede) they know-it.

26.

Dyue day and night in the *Caſtalian* Fountaine,
Dwell vpon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muſe*,
Climbe night and day the double-topped Mountaine,
Where the *Pierian* learned *Maydens* vſe:

27.

Read while thou wilt, read ouer euerie Booke
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous Cittie
That her great name, of *Alexander* tooke;
Still ply thy Pen, practiſe thy language (wittie):

28.

Take time inough, chooſe ſeat and ſeaſon fit,
To make good *Verſe* at beſt aduantage place-thee:
Yet worthy fruite thou ſhall not reap of it,
For all thy toile, vnleſſe *Minerua* grace thee.

For

29

For, out of Man, Man muſt him all aduance,
That Time-proofe *Poems* euer hopes to vtter,
And Extaſed (as in a *holy Trance*)
Into our hands his *Senſiue part* muſt put-her.

30.

For, as a humane Furie, makes a man
Leſſe then a man: ſo *Deuine-Furie* makes-him
More then himſelfe; and ſacred *Phrenzie* than
Aboue the Heau'ns bright-flaming Arches takes-him.

31

Thence, thence it is, that Deuine *Poets* bring
So ſweet, ſo learned, and ſo laſting *Numbers*,
Where Heau'ns and Natures ſecret Works they ſing,
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall ſlumbers.

32

True *Poets*, right are like winde-Inſtruments,
Which full, doo ſound; emptie, their noiſe ſurceaſes:
For, with their *Furie*, laſts their Excellence;
Their *Muſe* is ſilent, when their *Furie* ceaſes.

33.

Sith therefore *Verſes* haue from Heau'n their ſpring,
O rareſt ſpirits! how dare you (damned ſcorners)
Prophanely wreſt againſt Heau'ns glorious King,
Theſe ſacred gifts giuen for your lyues adorners?

34

Shall your ingratefull Penns be alwayes wayting,
As Seruants to the *Fleſh*, and ſlaues to *Sinne*?
Will you your *Volumes* euermore be fraighting
With *Dreames* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to winne?

35.

Still will you fill the World with *Loue-ſicke* groanes?
Still will you fawne on Fooles, and flatter euill?
Still will you par-breake loathſome paſſions?
Still will you make an Angell of a Deuill?

36.

Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weaue idle Webs of folly?
O, ſhall we neuer heare you ſing the glorie
Of God, the great, the good, the iuſt, the holy?

37.

Is't not enough, that in your ſoules, yee feele
Your *Paphian Fire*? but eu'ry Brothel-Louer,
T'inchaunt the wanton with his wanton ſtile,
Muſt (Strumpet-like) his luſtfull flame diſcouer?

38.

Is't not enough, that you your ſelues, doo wallow
In foule delights? but that you muſt intice
Your heed-les *Readers* your looſe Race to follow,
And ſo, for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39.

Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers*, whence we doo transferre
Th'harmonious power that makes our *verſe* ſo pleaſing,
The ſterneſt *Catoes* are of force to ſtirre,
Mans nobleſt ſpirits with *gentle Furie* ſeazing.

40.

And, as a Seale printeth in waxe (almoſt)
Another Seale: A learned *Poet* graueth
So deepe his paſſions in his Readers Ghoſt;
That oft the Reader, th'Authors forme receiueth.

For

41.

For, *Verſes* Vertue ſlyding ſecretly
(By ſecret Pipes) through th'*intellectuall Notions*;
Of all that's pourtraide artificially
Imprinteth there both good and euill motions.

42.

Therefore did *Plato*, from his *None-Such* baniſh
Baſe *Poetaſters*, that with vicious verſe
Corrupted manners, making Vertue vaniſh,
The wicked, worſe; and euen the good, peruerſe.

43.

Not thoſe, that car'd to match their grace-full Phrazes
To graue-ſweete matters: ſinging now the praiſe
Of iuſteſt *Ioue*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th'vn-ſteddie, calling-back the ſtrayes.

44.

O prophane Wrighters! your laſciuious rime
Makes our beſt *Poets* to be baſely deemed,
As Iuglers, Ieſters, and the ſcum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar, leſſe then theſe eſteemed.

45.

You make chaſte *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon* a Stewes: your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (ſtrict in their opinion)
To barre their Children reading *Poetrie*.

46.

But, if you would (yet at the laſt) in-vre yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the duſt to trample,
And rouze the *Genius* of your *ſacred-Furie*,
To ſhow the World ſome holy *Workes* example.

47

All would admire your Rimes, and doo you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heau'nly Court,
And *Maieſtie* would make you wayte vpon-her
To manage cauſes of the moſt import.

48

The chaine of *Verſe* was at the firſt inuented
To handle onely ſacred Miſteries
With more reſpect: and nothing elſe was chanted
For long time after in ſuch *Poeſies*.

49

So did my *Dauid* on the trembling ſtrings
Of his deuine *Harpe*, onely ſound *his God*:
So milde-ſoul'd *Moſes*, to *Iehouah* ſings
Iacobs deliuerance from th'*Egiptians* Rod.

50

So *Debora* and *Iudith*, in the Campe;
So *Iob* and *Ieremie*, in cares oppreſſed;
In tune-full *Verſes* of a various ſtampe,
Their ioyes, and ſighes, deuinely-ſweet expreſſed.

51

And therefore, *Sathan* (who transformes him ſlylie
T'an Angel of the Light, the more t'abuſe)
In's Oracles and Idols, ſpeaking wylie,
Not common Proſe, but curious *Verſe* did vſe:

52

So the fond *Maid-Prieſts* of *Apollo*, ſung
His *Oracles* in ſweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hap-les-hopefull, conquered-Conquerers.

So

53.

So th'ancient voice in *Dodone* worshipped,
So *Æsculapius*, *Hamon*, and the faire
And famous *Sibils*, spake and prophecied
In *Verse*: in *Verse* the Priest did make his prayer,

54.

So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Hesiodus*,
(Whereof the first Charm'd stockes and stones (they say)
In sacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit vs)
Their deuine secrets of deepe Skill conuaigh.

55.

O you that long so, for the *Laurel Crowne*,
Wher's possible a richer Theame to take, (round,
Then his high praise, who makes the Heau'ns go
The Mountaines tremble, and darke Hell to quake?

56.

This *subiect*, is a deepe, broad, bound-les Ocean,
Th'abundant *Horne* of *Plentifull* discourse;
The Magazine of wealth for Wits quicke motion;
Of Deuine Eloquence th'immortall source.

57.

Base Argument, a base stile euer yields:
But (of it selfe) a loftie subiect raises
Graue stately words, and (of it selfe) it guilds
It selfe; and crownes the Authors Penne with praises.

58.

If then you would suruiue your selues so gladly,
Follow not him, who burnt (to purchase fame)
Dianas Temple: neither him that madly
To get renoune, a *Brasen Bull* did frame.

59.

Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your ſpirit
On *Cytharea* and her winged Sonne;
How better neuer to be named weare-it,
Then named (blamed) for a miſcheife donne?

60.

Wee, *Thrice-three Siſters of Parnaſſus Hill*,
Be *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* ſelfe is ſo,
So is that ſacred *Tree-turn'd Ladie* ſtill,
From whoſe pure Locks your ſtil-green Garlands grow

61

Then, conſecrate-me rather your Wits miracles,
To ſacred Stories: ſpend your Eloquence
In ſinging loude thoſe holy heau'nly *Oracles*,
Poure there your Soules pure pretious quint-eſſence:

62.

Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mountaine*
Whereon to *Muſe*; and, for the winged hooue
Of *Pegaſus*, to digge th' Immortall Fountaine,
Take th' *Holy-Ghoſt*, type't in a *Siluer Doue*.

63

Excelling VVorkes, preſerue the Memorie
Of thoſe that make them: The *Mauſolean* Tombe
Makes *Artemiſia*, *Scopas*, *Timothie*,
Liue to this day, and ſtill in time to come.

64.

Name-les had *Hiram* beene, but for his ayde
Towards Gods *Temple*, built in *Iſrael*:
And, but for God's *Arke*, in darke ſilence laide
Long ſince had ben, th' *Hebrue Bezeleel*.

Then

65.

Then, ſith theſe great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers, *after death abide*;
Although themſelues haue *Vaniſhed* long ſince,
By Age, and Rage, Fier, Armes and Stormes deſtroy'd:

66

O thinke (I pray) how-much-much greater glorie
Shall you attaine, when your Deuiner qualitie,
In ſacred ſtraines ſhall ſing th' *Almightie's Storie*,
Sith from immortall things ſprings Immortalitie.

67

I know you'l anſweare, that the *Ancient Fictons*
Are (euen) your *Songs* ſoule: and that euerie *Fable*
Aye breeding other, makes by their commixions,
(To Vulgar eares) your *Verſe* more admirable.

68

But, what may be more admirable found,
Then *Faiths Effects*? or what doth more controule
Witt's curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reaſon of a humane ſoule?

69

I'ld rather ſing the *Tower of Babilon*,
Then thoſe *three Mountaines*, that in frantike mood
The *Giants* pylde, to pull *Ioue* from his Throne:
And *Noahs* rather then *Deucalions* Flood.

70

I'ld rather ſing the ſoudaine *ſhape-depriuing*
Of *Aſſurs* Monarch, then th' *Arcadian* King:
And the *Bethanian*, *Lazarus* reuiuing,
Then valiant *Theſeus* Sonnes re-ſodering.

71.

Th'one,only doth delight their eares,that heare it,
The other tends to profit,in ſome meaſure,
But,only *Hee the Laurel Crowne doth merit,*
Who wiſely mingles Profit with his Pleaſure.

72.

As ſweeteſt walkes are by the waters ſide,
And ſafeſt ſwimming neere the flowrie ſhoare:
So,prudent Writers neuer doe deuide
Knowledge from Mirth,Mirth from Inſtructions lore.

73.

Such ſhall you be,if ſuch a taſke you take;
For,teaching others,you your ſelues ſhall learne-all
Rules of good life :and(happie) ſo ſhall make,
As is your ſubiect,your owne Songs eternall.

74.

Abandon then thoſe *Old-wiues-Tales* and Toyes;
Leaue the *Blynd Lad*,who but the blind abuſes,
And only,addle,idle hearts annoyes.
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muſes.*

75

But O in vaine,in vaine(alas) I plaine-me;
Some (ſubtle Aſpiks) to eſchew my Charming,
Stop their dull eares;ſome (*Epieures*)diſdaine-me
And my aduice;and ſcoffe my zealous warning.

76.

Some,for a ſeaſon liſten to my Lawes,
But ſoone *Relaps*,through the Worlds ſorceries;
And this diſcourſe(which but the Vertuous drawes)
Enters at one eare, and at th'other flies.

Alas

77.

Alas, I ſee ſcarce one (nay none at all)
That courts not *Venus*; or corrupts not more
His golden *Hunnie*, with prophaner *Gall*:
Although this Age of happie Wits haue ſtore.

78.

But thou (my Darling) whom before thy birth,
The *Sacred Nine* that ſip th'immortall ſpring
Of *Pegaſus*, predeſtin'd to ſet forth
Th'Almighties glorie, and his praiſe to ſing:

79.

Although this ſubiect ſeeme a barren ſoile,
Which fineſt Wits haue left for fallow fields,
Yet, doe Thou neuer from this taſke recoile:
For, *what is rareſt, greateſt, Glorie yields.*

80.

Faint not (my-*Saluſte*) though fell *Enuie* barke
At the bright *Riſing* of thy faire *Renowne*;
Feare not her malice, for, thy liuing *Worke*
(In ſpight of ſpight) ſhall not be troden downe.

81.

That *Fames*-foe Monſter, is much like a Curre,
That fiercely barkes at euerie new-come Gueſt;
But once-acquainted, after doth not ſturre,
Sauing at ſtrangers; fawning on the reſt.

82.

Or like a thicke, darke, pitchie Clowde of ſmoake,
That round-about, a kindling fier ſuppreſſes
With wauing ſmoother, the new Flame to Choake;
But as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreaſes.

Wherefore,

83.

Wherefore(my deere)that *ſacred Path* purſue,
Where none but Heauen-bleſt happie ſpirits can pace!
And heere I ſweare,that ſhortly for thy due,
Among beſt Wittes thou ſhalt haue worthie place.

84

With theſe ſweet accents(grac't in vtterance)
VRANIA, holding in her Maiden hand
A glorious Crowne,rapt-vp (in *ſacred Trance*)
My proſtrate ſoule,preſt to her high command.

85

Since when,alone *that Loue* my heart hath fired;
Since when,alone that winde my ſayles hath ſpread:
O happie! might I touch that *Crowne* (deſired)
But with my hand,not put it on my head.

86.

Now,out of zeale to your deere Name *and* You
(*Deere* noble Name,*that I muſt aye affect*:
And whoſe Diſaſters,*I muſt euer rue*)
This Monument of Honour *I erect*
To you (*ſweete* ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due*,
For an Eternall token *of Reſpect*:
Where,your great worth,*and my* good-will *ſhall ſtand*
Inrowld for euer, with VRANIAS *hand.*

FINIS.

31 MA 59

BRITISH MUSEUM

TRYVMPH OF FAITH:


BE THOW FAITHFVL VNTO THE DEATH: AND I WIL GIVE THEE A CROVNE OF LYFE. REVELA. 2.
HALLELV-IAH
HALLELV-IAH
WE MVST ALL APPEERE BEFORE THE IVDGMENT SEAT OF CHRISTE. ROM. 14.

of
Faith,
formerlie
dedicated, and
now againe, for e-
uer conſecrated to the
gratefull Memorie of my
neuer-ſufficientlie-Honoured
deere Vncle, William Plumbe
(late) of Fulham Eſquire, deceaſed:
firſt kinde Foſterer of our tender Muſes.

(* * * * * * * * *)

For whoſe deere Bones we would a Tombe aduance
Of Golde, and Siluer, and CORINTHIAN Braſſe,
VVith Iuorie Pillars, mixt with Iette and Rance,
Rarer and richer then th'olde CARIANS was:
And ſtately deck the ſame
With Stories of his Fame:
And round-about it wright
His Vertues ſhining bright.
But, ſith the moſt of our poore Meanes (alas)
Not the leaſt parte of that Rich Pride affoordes,
For want of wealth, we build a Toombe of Words:
Which (though it coſt leſſe) ſhall out-laſt
The proud cloud-threatning Batlements,
Th'aſpiring Spires by NILVS *place't,*
And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.
For, greedy waſt of Houres, that all things els deuoures,
Spares the ſweete Maydes of ſacred HELICON:
And thoſe fayre Ladyes to theyr Friendes alone,
This pretious Gift doo giue, Still (after Death) to Liue.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac:

W. Saluſtius du BARTAS.

I Hate thoſe Satires that the beſt ſtill bite,
I hate the ſhameleſſe Penns that ſooth the vicious:
For theſe be flatterers, and thoſe malitious:
But, wiſe is he can hit the Meane a-right.
I pinch not oft, nor doo I often praiſe,
Yet muſt I needes praiſe the praiſe-worthie ſtill:
I cannot hold my free and forward quill
From thoſe whom Heauen adornes with ſpeciall rayes.
Now, all that God dooth by retaile beſtow
On perfect'ſt men, to thee in groſe he giues:
Therefore my Muſe thy praiſe ſo often driues,
For duties ſake, but not to flatter ſo.
Our Ages wonder! when thy tongue (refinde
By vſe and Art) in our Kings names dilates
With Counſailes, *Germaine* or furrd *Poliſh* States,
The ſweet-tongu'd *Cyneas* thou dooſt make vs minde.
In priuie counſell, when our miſeries
Thou dooſt be-moane, moſt *Neſtor*-like thou art:
And when in *Paris* Parlament, thy part
Of Lawes thou plead'ſt, thou ſeem'ſt to *Scæuolize*.
Thy Latine Proſe, dooth match ſmooth *Saluſt's* ſtile:
And when thy Pen diſtills the *Nectar* ſweet
Of *Helicon* (where all the Muſes meet)
Me thinks I read ſweet *Virgil* all the while.
In honour of theſe gifts, this gift I bring,
Small for my paines, great for the Argument:
But if the Heauens had richer treaſure lent,
Thy *New-yeeres-gift* ſhould be ſome better thing.

Canto

THE TRYVMPH of Faith.

Canto. I.

1.

NEere th'houre that *Erycin' Aurora* calls,
And ſhe the Sunne, ſad *Morpheus* entring in
Through's hornie gate, to ſhow me did begin
A ſacred Virgins ſtately TRYVMPHALLS.

2.

Then *Faith* (for ſo ſhe hight) bids, with celeritie,
Of Pen and Paper that I make prouiſion
To wright the ſumme of this celeſtiall Viſion,
To be recorded vnto all Poſteritie.

3.

I know my taske to be impoſſible:
I know, in this, mans eies are beetle blind:
His eares quite deafe: cleane void of ſenſe his mind:
But, hardeſt things *Faith* makes moſt poſſible.

Eternall

4.

Eternall Sunne! O ſcatter with thy Light
All miſtie clouds, that make me not to ſee
Thy health-full face; and giue true *Faith* to mee,
Since Faith (ſans *Faith*) cannot be knowne aright.

5.

FAITH ſits *Triumphant* on a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubals* making, where blew Saphires ſhine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought els, the world more coſtly hold.

6.

Her glorious Charret's rowling wheeles are like
The holy wheeles the great *Ezechiel* ſaw;
For, one ſelfe ſpirit, ſelfe winde, and will doth draw
Their reſtleſſe courſes, equall, both a-like.

7.

The Bird that led the *Romane* Standards out:
The Bird, that fixly can oppoſe his eies
Againſt the greateſt Light in all the skies;
High through the ayre, drawes this rich Coach about.

8.

Faith flaunts it not in ſiluer, ſilke, nor gold,
Nor pretious Scarlet of the *Tyrian* Die,
Nor paints her face to hide deformitie,
But as ſhe is, ſhe doth her ſelfe vnfold.

9.

Her body (that all bodies doth diſgrace)
Like *Iuno*'s Bird, is full of watchfull eies
Whoſe holy glaunces pierce the lofty skies,
Pierce Aire, and Heau'n, and ſee God face to face.

Sh'hath

10.

Sh'hath many ſweet and flowing tongues, to praiſe
The Lord of hoaſts: ſh'hath ſtrong and mighty wings
(Paſſing the ſwiftnes of all earthly things)
That in a moment vp to Heau'n her raiſe.

11.

Her glorious head is compaſt with a Crowne,
Not made of Oliue, Pine, or Lawrel bowe,
Nor Parſly Wreath which *Grecians* did allowe
Th'*Olimpian* games, for ſignals of renowne:

12.

But of freſh Roſes pluckt from Honours Tree,
That neuer ſhrinke for Winters chilling froſt,
Nor wither not, when *Titan* partcheth moſt:
For, by the Lord they euer watred bee.

13.

Now, ſtaine-les *Truth* for Standards doth diſplay
Two Teſtaments: next, *Courage* marſhals right
Th'vndaunted Troopes that are prepar'd to fight
Vnder her colours, into Battaile-ray.

14.

Then, *Conſtancie* beares a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield,
Whoſe brightnes hath inforſt more Monſters yield,
Then that which of grim *Gorgons* head was made.

15.

Next, *Charitie*, that kindly doth prefar
Her neighbours good before her owne vtilitie:
Repentance, *Hope*, and harty-milde *Humilitie*,
Doo ſlanke the wings of *Faiths* triumphant Carr.

10.

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vaine;
But, as the Sunne can neuer lacke his light,
Nor fire want heat, ſo (if we marke a right)
Faith cannot want theſe Hand-maydes in her traine.

11

Before this Coache, there is a Beldam gone,
That ſeemes (at firſt) fairer then *Hellen* was,
But neerer view'd, ſhe is more foule (alas)
Then fell *Megera*, *Alecto*'r *Teſiphon*.

12.

She neuer goes (like *Faith*) with open face,
But ſeekes for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloke on cloke, to keepe the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foule diſgrace.

13.

Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which ſhe boldly chats
Blaſpheming Heauen with filthy vanities;
Sh'hath eies (like *Faith*) but yet (alas) thoſe eies
See cleare by night, by day are blind as Bats.

14.

Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which ſhe ſoars on hie,
Like *Icarus*, ſhe proudly mounts aloft,
Forgetting that her feathers are ſo ſoft,
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings doo frie.

15.

She (whom, ſans reaſon, men haue *Reaſon* hight)
Since firſt, in Fire the Lord the Aire inclos'd;
In Aire the Sea, in Sea the Earth diſpos'd;
Hath with mild *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight.

Now,

16.

Now, arming Kings, and putting in their braines,
That nothing leſſe beſeemes their Royall State,
Then vnder *Faith* their Scepters to abate:
Then to endure her gentle-ruling raines.

17

Another-while, ſhe puffes with poys'nie pride,
(Whom their Diſciples onely Doctors deeme)
Such as (I grant) haue ſpent much oyle, and time,
To draw mens ſoules from the true way, too-wide.

18

Yet ſtill, the Lord (who ſtill vpholds the iuſt)
Hath ſtill the cauſe of holy *Faith* maintain'd:
Hath ſtill, ſo well her holy ſide ſuſtain'd,
That ſtill her Foes lie groueling in the duſt.

19.

A thouſand Princes, bound in fetters faſt,
Before her march, that her mi de Yoake diſdaign'd:
That all the Earth with blood of Saints diſtain'd:
And Chriſt his Church with Fire and Sword did waſte.

20.

He that (the firſt) in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leades this bloudy crew: *Cain.*
Then th'hardned Tyrant that did dare purſue
Through the Red-Sea Gods choſen Heritage. *Pharaoh.*

21

Then ſaw I him, that *Zacharie* did ſtone,
Athalia, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*, *Ioas.*
Occozias, *Amon*, *Ahaz*, and *Ioram*:
Then all that ſate on the *Samarian* Throne.

28.

Nabuchadnezar. I ſaw *Senacharib*, and Him whoſe Grace
Was turn'd to Graſſe, proud *Hammon*, and with-all
Braue *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Baltſazar. Read how his Kingdome to the *Medes* ſhould paſſe.

29.

Annas and *Caiphas*, and he that ſet
His hatefull Idol in the holy Place,
Antiochus illuſtris. Which fiue *Iew*-brethren brauely did deface:
Theſe all too-late in ſad repentance fret.

30.

Herod. The Tyrant too, that (at our Sauiours birth)
In Cradles kill'd ſo many Innocents:
And that vile Iudge, whoſe ſeared conſcience
Pilat. Condemn'd the guilt-les Iudge of all the earth.

31.

Nero. That viperous Monſter (of Man-kinde the ſhame)
Who, Mother, Wiues, Brethren, and Siſters ſlue,
Then from a lofty Tower did laugh to view
Romes glittering Spires all on a burning flame,

32.

With *Seuenth-Seuerus* came accompaned:
Iule Maximin, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That (Godleſſe) would like God be honoured.

33.

Valerian. Then ſaw I him, that ſerued *Sapores*
For foot-ſtoole baſe, I ſaw *Aurelian*,
Decius, *Lycinus*, and *Hoſtilian*;
And fell *Maxentius* marching next to theſe.

34

I ſaw great *Traian*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocleſian*, all which three
Among wiſe *Cæſars* might well prayſed bee,
Had they not beene 'gainſt Chriſtians barbarous.

35.

Iuſtin, *Theodorus*, *Conſtantinus* Sonne, *Anaſtaſius.*
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Conſtance*, *Manuel*,
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did miſ-tell
A foure-fold Eſſence in the onely ONE. *Comnenus.*

36

Then (*Goths* and *Vandals*(*Gens'ric*, *Traſimond*)
Honorius, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,
Alaricus, and *Rhoteris* (alas)
Who *Rome*, and *Afrike* with *Sts.* blood haue drown'd.

37

But who is this that laden ſo with chaines,
By thouſand hang-men racked with deſpight,
By thouſand furies tortur'd day and night,
For God-leſſe deeds receiues ſo righteous paines?

38.

'Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Mauors* Art,
Then's *Alcaron* (Bird of a Friars neſt)
Hath all ſubdu'd the wealthy golden Eaſt,
And wonne with-all the tryple worlds beſt part.

Sergius a Neſtorian *Munke holy* Mahomet *to make his Alcoran.*

39

I ſee Prince *Saladine*, of matchleſſe force,
But th' *Alcaron* too-deepely fauouring:
Haly, the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edeſs* Altars force.

40

With wrath and woe, olde *Ottoman* oppreſt,
Too-late repentance in his face preſents,
And *Mahomet* the ſecond, much laments
That he the *Greekiſh* Emperie ſuppreſt.

41.

Baiazeth. So the proud ſcorne of (ſcourge-Turke) *Tamburlaine*,
That in an yron Cage was cooped ſtraight;
And he that firſt preſum'd to paſſe the Streight,
Which *Europes* bounds deuides from th' *Aſian*.

42

Mahomet, 3. Then he that quittance did with *Scithia* crie,
And ouer-Sea his Scepter rais'd againe;
And *Amurath*, that did repell amaine
Vincenſlaus, that firſt had made him flie.

43

Orcan (the *Phrigian's* feare) and *Calipine*,
Who foil'd *Sigiſmonds* hoaſt, his Fatner fear'd;
And *Baiazeth* that being haughty rear'd
By *Germaine Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44.

Selim 1. He that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kil'd; his Sonne, that quail'd
Solyman. Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes*, and *Bud* aſſail'd,
With trembling feare, now quakes like Aſpen leafe.

45

And neere this *Solyman*, there doth remaine
Selim. 2. An emptie roome for him that yet ſuruiues,
Who (by our Kings ſtrange iarres) ſo richly thriues,
That (proud) he threats both *Germanie* and *Spaine*.

O wret-

46

O wretched Christians! while your ciuill rage
Gainst your owne harts doth arme your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* inuade your Lands,
And safely spoile the Lords choise heritage.

47

The discord growne 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th'Easterne *Cæsar*, euen the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to passe,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48

The discord of two brethren, *Morea* lost,
And O I feare least Christians home-bred fraies
(Deiecting quite Christs name and all his praise)
Bring Turks to land in fartheſt Westerne coast.

49

Forget then (Christians) your vn-christian iarres
(Your ciuill strife for wagging of a strawe)
Ioine harts and hands, and all ioint Weapons drawe
In *Faith's* Defence to fight *Iehoua's* warres.

50.

In *Asia* and *Egipt* make your Forces knowne,
Recouer *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sydon*, *Ioppa*, and King *Dauids* Throne,
And *Famagosta* lost a yeere agone.

Canto. II.

1.

THough bloody Tyrants had in euery age,
Buſirus Altars, Bulls of *Phalares*,
Gemonid Ladders, making Land and Seas,
And fire, and aire, racks of their beaſtly rage.

2.

Yet could they neuer wound the Church ſo much,
As haue the Wrightings of the worldly-Wiſe,
Which on mens ſoules doo felly tyranize;
The tortures, onely did the bodies tuch.

3

Theſe *Sages* puft with ſelfe-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th'Almighties match-leſſe worke,
Where miſtike Secrets from our ſenſes lurke,
The ſearch whereof the Lord hath vs denide.

4.

And, though the ſpred of our too-feeble wings,
Scant raiſe vs from the ground, they mount aloft
Euen vp to Heauen, where they doo meaſure oft
(By their Wits compaſſe) Gods eternall things.

5.

Their knowledge is but meerely ignorance,
They loſe the Truth in ſeeking it too much:
For Truth dooth ſtill conceale her ſelfe from ſuch,
And to the humble dooth her ſelfe aduance.

6.

Truth alwayes dwels within the holy Tables
Of Gods lyue Word, not in our wanton braine,
Which daily coyning ſome ſtrange Error vaine,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

Long

7.

Long time their reaſons were with Reaſon rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate:
But now I ſee they doo deteſt too late,
Their former Errors, and their former life.

8.

In formoſt ranke, march all *Gymno-ſophiſts*
Follow'd by all the cunning *Perſian Mages*,
Th'olde *French Druides*, learned *Calde-Sages*,
And flower of all the *Brachmane-ſophiſts*.

1 *The ancient Sages of the world.*

9.

Pythagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,
Parmenides, merrie *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and ſad *Heraclitus*,
Archytas, *Naucides*, *Nauſiphanes*.

2 *Phyloſophers, Greekes, and Latines.*

10

Briefe, all the Doctors of the *Latine* Sect
Tearing their Treſſes, melting into teares,
Beating their breaſts, deteſt thoſe Dreames of theirs:
And ſo the greateſt of the *Greekes* Elect.

11

Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Myleſian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnawne with continuall care, cry out (alas)
On their owne Errors, and ſo *Socrates*.

12

Cleanthes, and *Chriſippus* next to theſe,
With *Zeno* (*Stoiks*) that haue often ſtray'd:
And next the *Cyniks* (all as ill-appay'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antiſthenes*.

There

13

There, the grand Patrones of each *Accadem*,
Plato, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,
Clytomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And he that labours to conciliate them.

14

There mournes in vaine *Pirrhon* (Sonne of *Pliſtarchus*)
That (fond) beleeues not what his eares doo heare,
Eies ſee, noſe ſmels, tongue taſts, and hands doo beare:
Then *Tymon*, *Heccate*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15.

Ariſtotle. There, the *Stagirian* (that with learned vaine,
In's Works includes the *Enciclopedy*)
Sorrie t'haue led ſo many ſoules awry,
With *Strato* and *Theophraſtus* doth complaine.

16.

There carnall *Epicurus* wayles with teares,
And *Metodorus*, next to whom there came
Both *Areſtippi*, *Aretas*, and that ſame
Vile wretch, that coin'd a worſer Sect then theirs.

17

I meane that Monſter *Theodorus* hight,
Who ſhame-les ſayes, there is no God at all:
And that the Wiſe may (when occaſions fall)
Be Liar, Traitor, Theefe, and Sodomite.

18

Alas! how true the prouerbe prooues too-plaine,
Saying, *Bad weedes grow euery-where a-pace*:
But, wholſome hearbs ſcant ſpring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall paine.

O *Greci-*

19

O *Grecians* Baen, thy mortifying mores
To grow in *Rome* the ſwelling Seas haue croſt;
From *Rome* too ſoone ouer the *Alpes* haue paſt
As farre as *France*, and all her neighbour ſhoares.

20

Thy deadly Plant now buds on Iuſtice Throne,
In Chriſtian Camps, and Courts of Chriſtian Kings,
In Church and Chaire, and euery-where ſo ſprings,
That with thy Thiſtles All is ouer-growne.

21

But, now returne we to our taske againe:
All theſe Wiſe-men, of *God* haue falſe defin'd,
Of *Cheefeſt good*, *Soules*, or wrong place aſſign'd,
Where (dead) we feele, or end-les peace, or paine.

22

Thoſe that ſince Chriſt (true Sonne of righteouſnes)
On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light,
Haue led mens ſoules in darke eternall night,
Feele torments worthie of their wickednes.

3. Deceiptfull Sophiſts and Apoſtataes open Enemies of Chriſt.

23

Next *Symmachus*, *Porphirius* marches furſt,
Lucian, and *Celſus* then, whoſe hardned hart
The Goſpell (knowne) did labour to ſub-uart,
And *Iulian* alſo, of all *Cæſars* wurſt.

24

Who, knowing well that tortures were but vaine
To force the Saints from the right *Faith* to ſtray:
(By ſugred ſtile) ſtudies another way,
Turnes truth to lies, and lies to truth againe.

25

4. Caballiſtes, *and* Talmudiſtes, Rabies. Next, I perceaue the Circumciſed Crew
Of *Cabaliſts*, and burly *Talmudiſtes*,
Troubling the Church with their miſterious Miſtes,
Who wel-nigh dead 'gainſt CHRIST do ſpet and ſpew.

26.

Much like to Snakes, that wagge their ſting-les ſting,
When as (their heads and bodies being ſlaine)
They threat their Foes with force-leſſe furie vaine,
And to their Graues their thirſt of vengeance bring.

27

5. Turkiſh *Doctors.* Now come the Doctors of the *Alcaron*,
Who mingling poyſon, by their ſubtil gloſe
The Worlds blind eies with darker Clouds incloſe;
They ſhew their ſorrow by their ſaddeſt mone.

28

9 Heretikes *old and new.* But, who are theſe that weare *Faiths* Liuerie,
And beare the Badge of *Faiths* beſt Souldiars;
And yet are laden with ſuch bolts and bars;
And ſo deſpiſed of *Faiths* companie?

29

Theſe (if I erre not) are the *Heretikes*,
Who (puſht by proud and curious ſpirits) doo blend
Both Heauen and Earth, and buſily contend,
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creekes.

30

Now, as ſoft windes (whoſe ſtrait-conſtrained breath
Through chinks and crannies ſtealing priuily)
Hurts more our health, then boiſtrous blaſts that flie
And roule abroad the ſtones vpon a Heath:

And

31.

And, as the Foe that ſhakes a Cities walls
With thundring ſhot, is not ſo dangerous,
As a lewd Burgeſſe falſe and mutinous,
That in the Towne ſtirres-vp domeſtike braules:

32.

So, *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Iewes*, doo not damnifie
The Faith (like theſe): their open violence
May be auoided: but falſe faire-pretence
Is hardly ſcaped with much ieopardie.

33

They make (like vs) a faire religious ſhow:
They haue (like vs) one Church, one FAITH, one Lord:
They read (like vs) one Bible, and one Word:
So ſlie they are, Gods Church to ouer-throw.

34

In foremoſt ranke, heere goe the *Saduces*,
That doo denie Angels and Reſurrection;
Both Spirits of grace and of reiection:
Then th'*Eſſeans* foule, and Formall *Phariſes*.

35.

Next, that deceiuer, that deuiſed firſt
Church-chafering; and after him inſues
That mariage-Foe, who brutiſhly renewes
Plutos (not *Platos*) *Common*-law accurſt.

Simon Magus. Nicholaus, *Author of the Sect of the* Nicholaites.

36.

Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding freſh,
Of Beame-paſht wounds that brain'd him ſuddainly,
When in the Baths (prophane) he did denie
Chriſts holy God-head, hidden in our fleſh.

For

37

For hauing likewiſe warr'd againſt the ſame
God-head of th'onely *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paule Samyan, *Photin*, *Carp'crate*, *Artemon*,
Show by their lookes their ſorrow and their ſhame.

38.

There mournes that *Manes*, who did fondly faine
Two diuers Gods Authors, of Good and Ill;
There *Valentine* the aire with cries doth fill,
Who did denie that bodies Riſe againe.

39.

Cerdon (great Patrone of the Stoicall)
Marcion, *Menander* pitteous moane doo make;
There ſighes *Apelles*, ſaying Chriſt did take
Not (ſimply) fleſh, but fleſh fantaſticall.

40

There goes *Baſilides*, who cannoniz'd
Cyrenean Simon, in our SAVIOVRS ſteed;
Montanus there (a frantike head indeed)
Who guiltleſſe Children kill'd and ſacrifiz'd.

41.

There, *Tatians*, *Encratites*, *Seuerions*,
Sabellians too, which (ſeeking th'vnitie,
In Gods great Eſſence) loſt the Trinitie;
Abhorre too-late their fond concluſions.

42

There th' *Alexandrian* Prieſt that yerſt did void
Arrius. His entrails at the ſtoole, whoſe Hereſie
(Witching wel-neere th'Earths Vniuerſitie)
With Sword and Sciſme the World ſo much annoid,

Sadly

43.

Sadly beholds ſad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomus*, who (at the firſt) had ſowne
His poyſonie ſeeds; but after, of their owne
They Fathered two other Sects erronious.

44

Bizantian Neſtor, and (*our owne*) *Pelagius*,
Libian, *Donatus*, *Luciferians*,
Eutycheans fond, and fond *Priſcillians*,
All frowne and fret, for inward griefe outragious.

45.

Shall I conceale *Seruetus* and the traine,
Of thoſe *Deiſts* that in *Sarmatia* ſwarmes:
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantike armes,
Founds hundred ſorts of Anabaptiſts vaine?

46.

Both *Syrtes* ſands I might as eas'ly number,
As number thoſe, whoſe ſweet inchanting Writs
With Errors dregs haue drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly'n in this Age which all corruptions cumber.

47

For, Sathan now him ſo inſinuates
In faithleſſe harts, that ween themſelues be wiſe,
That ſo foule Error can he not deuiſe,
But ſhall be backt by ſtrong aſſociates.

48

I ſee the Beaſt that beares the purple Whore
(Great Anti-chriſt vſurping power deuine)
Set on ſeauen Hills; who with her whordomes wine
Makes drunke the Princes that her Seat adore.

7, Anti-chriſt and the Seiſmatiks.

And

49.

And (laſt of all) I ſee the *Sciſmatikes*,
Which (renting Chriſts vnſeamed coat in twaine)
Trouble the Church-Peace with contentions vaine;
Following too neere the ſteps of *Heretikes*.

Canto. III.

1.

GReat Sires great Sonne! O lyue Gods liuely face;
Wiſedome, conceiued of the onely Wiſe:
To vs giuen Giuer: Firſt and Laſt: borne twiſe,
Once, in full Time; once, out of all Times ſpace.

2

Beame of that Sunne which fills the world with Light:
Life of our life, our deaths death, Stingers ſting:
Our perfect, wiſe, iuſt, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full expreſſe aright.

3.

O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,
Whoſe feet and hands are bold to warre with thee,
For with dry eyes I can them neuer ſee,
Nor without griefe recite them in my Song.

4.

Ah! I am out; now (my deere God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Ieruſalem*, the land
Of Life, Saints houſe, and holy Arke to ſtand
Againſt all Seas, and all rough ſtormes that blow.

Lo

5.

Lo heere thoſe Champions that haue (brauely-bold)
Withſtood proud Tyrants, ſtoutly conſacring
Their lyues and ſoules to God, in Suffering:
Whoſe names are all in Lifes faire Booke in-rolde.

6.

All haile, Saint-Souldiars, let vs once imbrace,
O valiant Knights, let me your hands and browes
Adorne with Palmes, and with *Apollo's* boughes:
Let preſent honours former thames deface.

7

Come, ſacred Kings, O holy Princes come,
Come to this Triumph Lords, whoſe valiant hands
Haue Sathans Kingdome ſought to bring in bands,
And in your Crownes giuen *Faith* the chiefeſt roome.

8.

He that (the firſt) *Iſaac* infranchiſed, *Moſes.*
Leades by the hand that Duke, whoſe faithfull word *Ioſua.*
Stopt *Phœbus* Courſers, and whoſe conquering Sword
Subdude the *Land* the Lord had *Promiſed.*

9

He that but armed with an Aſſes bone, *Sampſon.*
Slew thouſand Foes, *Sangor*, *Othoniel*,
Ahod and *Ieptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th'Heathens-ſcourge) tryumphant *Gedeon.*

10.

That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, *David.*
Sweet Pſalmograph: *Aſa*, that Idols brake:
He that made all the Idol-altars quake;
And (after) did the Paſchal Lambe reſtore. *Ioſias.*

11

Iehoſaphat, *Ioathan*, *Azarias*,
Ezechias. And hee, whoſe life the Lord did diſ-abridge,
Whom Heau'nly armes, from *Aſſur* did vn-ſiedge,
The moſt religious, match-les *Ezechias.*

12

Wiſe *Mardochey*; and the fiue *Machabees*,
All, the right heires of heart, and zeale paternall,
Receiue their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And vp againe their ſtooping ſtandards raiſe.

13.

Before theſe Warriours, and the Royall band,
March holy Fathers that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Deuill dare;
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

14.

Enos, by whom this worlds great Archi-tect
Was call'd vpon, leadeth (religious)
Henoch. That holy Father, God tooke vp from vs:
Noah. And him whoſe ſhip did ſaue the world Elect.

15

Then *Sem* and *Iapheth*, and great *Abraham*,
Iſaak. The Faithfuls Father; and his faithfull Sonne,
And then his Nephew that ſaw Angels runne
Iacob. Both vp and downe from Heau'n to th'Earthly frame.

16.

Aron, *Eleazar*, *Phinees* full of zeale,
Good *Ioyada*, and hundreth Prieſts ſelect,
That were by Heauen, by zeale, and Church, elect,
To keepe the law, the Lord did once reueale.

His

17

His Father, who was ſent to ſweepe the way — *Zacharias.*
Of ſweet *Meſsias*; then, the man ſuppoſed — *Ioſeph.*
To be His Sire, then He that Him incloſed
In ſ ioyfull armes, and ſung a Swan-like Lay. — *Simeon.*

18.

Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothie*,
(*Paules* famous Friends: Sinnes fierce and deadly Foes)
And he that did, by *Sols* Eclipſe, ſuppoſe
Some greater Sunne to be Eclips't then he.

19

Then (this braue *Tryumph* to adorne the more)
All on a rowe a hundred Prophets come,
Which haue ſo ſure fore-told the things to-come,
As if (indeed) they had beene done before.

20

There firſt comes he, that in the Coach of fire — *Elias.*
By Gods ſtrong ſpirit was rapt aboue the Aire:
And then his Seruant, that was made his heire — *Elizeus.*
Of cloake and knowledge, as he did deſire.

21.

He that reprou'd old *Iſhay's* Sceptred Sonne, — *Nathan.*
For double fault; *Amos*, *Ezechiel*,
Ioel, *Semyah*, *Abdiah*, *Daniel*,
And he that three dayes in the Sea did wonne. — *Ionas.*

22.

With theſe, I ſee the Sonne of *Barachie*, — *Zacharias.*
Both *Michais*, *Baruc*, *Iehu*, *Ieremias*,
Agge, *Abacuc*, *Nahum*, and *Sophonias*,
Ahias, *Hoſe*, *Eſdras*, *Malachie*.

23

The glorious troope that march before this troope,
Are Martirs all, who (full of conſtant zeale)
Their faith infract with their owne blouds did ſeale,
And neuer did to any Tyrant ſtoope.

24

Their bleſſed bloud is like the morning dewe,
To make more fertile all the Churches field:
Theſe are the weapons that inforce to yield
The furious foe (examples not a fewe).

25.

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December*,
For one olde Trunke, many new twigs returnes,
Which Nature kindly with ſweet fruit adornes:
So, one ſole Martir many doth ingender.

26.

First *Abel* goes, then *Ioyad's* zealous Sonne
That neere the Altar (conſtant) yeelded breath;
The next goes he *Manaſſes* put to death;
Then he whoſe head th'inceſtuous Dancer wonne.

Eſay.
Iohn Baptiſt.

27

Next *Salone* and her Sonnes, who rather choſe
To croſſe the King than God, ſtrengthning each other
Euen in their death, Sonnes worthy ſuch a Mother,
And Mother worthy of ſuch Sonnes as thoſe.

28.

That *Proto-martyr*, the young faithfull *Steuen*,
Whom, th'hatefull *Iewes* with helliſh rage did ſtone,
Who dying, ſaw Chriſt Ieſus on his Throne,
Leads thoſe that for like cauſe their lyues haue giuen.

Some

29

Some, ſmear'd with honey, for the Flies were feaſts,
Some, men did eate, ſome were on Gridirons broil'd,
Some, nail'd on Croſſes, ſome in Caldrons boil'd,
And ſome were throwne to moſt deuouring beaſts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troope,
I ſee faire *Sara*, *Rebecca*, *Rachel*:
Then *Debora*, ſtout *Iudith*, and *Iahel*,
Who (Faiths Viragoes) their proud Foes did ſtoope.

31.

Then ſhe that (rais'd to Royall ſtate and ſtile) *Heſter.*
Preſeru'd her people, in a ranke ſhe goes
With *Neomi*, *Ruth*, and the Dame that choſe *Suſanna.*
Rather to die, than Nuptial bed defile.

32

From theſe, mine eye no ſooner trauerſeth,
But I diſcerne three Ladies zealous-led,
That ſought their liuing Lord among the dead:
Then *Anna*, *Martha*, and *Elizabeth*.

33.

But, my weake eyes cannot indure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maide*, *The virgine*
Who. Sier-les bore her Sire, yet euer-maid, *Mary.*
Of Faith and Loue th'inimitable maze.

34.

This, this (my *Muſe*) this is th' *Aurora* cleere
Which brought the Sunne to light the world vnkind,
A virgine pure in body and in mind,
Chriſts Mother, Siſter, Spouſe, and Daughter deere.

35.

Gods holy Temple, and the happy ſtaire,
Where-by the Heau'ns came down to dwel with Earth,
Rich-fraighted Ship, Veſſell of rareſt worth,
Where *Phœbus* hid his beames moſt bright and faire.

Canto. IIII.

1.

I Thought t'haue beene now at my Races end,
T'haue (though vnworthy) borne away the priſe:
But I fall ſhort, my taske doth longer riſe;
For halfe the *Trophe* is yet hardly pen'd.

2

Before *Faiths* Coach, borne in conuenient heigth,
Are curious Tables drawne by cunning hand,
Where (after guiſe of warlike Romans) ſtand
The Victories of neuer-conquer'd *Faith.*

3

Ioſua,6,20. Heere, *Iericho's* cloud-kiſſing Towers doo fall,
Batt'red alone by *Faiths* great Ordinance:
2,Kings,18,13, A coumpt-les hoaſt of craking Idolants,
2sChron,32,20. *Eſay,37,21.* By *Eſaies* Faith is heere confounded all.

4

By Faith, meeke *Moſes* with a rage-full ire
Exod,7,8,9. Armes ſmalleſt Wormes, th'*Egiptian* King to vex;
Daniel,6,12. *Daniel*, by Faith, fierce Lyons furie checks,
And quenches Dragons hot impoiſoning fire.

Heere,

5

Heere, *Paule*, by Faith, feares not (in *Mitylene*) *Actis*, 28, 5.
The deadly ſting of th'vgly Viper-worme:
Heere myching *Ionas* (ſunke in ſuddaine Storme) *Ionas*, 2, 2.
Of his Deliuerance findes a Fiſh the meane.

6

Then, in another Table, that was fram'd
By Art, exceeding Art; I did eſpie
Pale Death, blythe Health, and fraile Infirmitie,
That had by Faith a thouſand times beene tam'd.

7

Moſes, by Faith doth *Myriam* leperize *Numb.* 12, 10.
By Faith, *Eliſha* (curing *Naaman*
The *Syrian* Prince) ſtrikes inſtantly his man 2, *King*, 6, 14, 17.
With his Diſeaſe, for Bribing Couetize.

8

A man of God, by Faith, firſt ſtrangely dride, 1, *Kings* 13, 4, 6.
Then heal'd againe that Kings vnholy hand,
Who made ten Tribes of Gods then-choſen Land,
From God, and from their lawfull Prince to ſlide.

9

By Faith, Saint *Paule* ſtark-blinded *Elymas*, *Acts*, 13, 11.
By Faith, Saint *Peter* (full of iuſt diſdaigne)
With ſuddaine death did ſmite thoſe periur'd twaine
That durſt diſſemble with the Spirit of Grace. *Acts*, 5, 5, 16.

10

By Faith, young *Toby* kindly doth reſtore *Tob.* 11, 11,
His Fathers ſight; by ſacred Faith likewiſe *Acts*, 3, 6, &
Two crooked Cripples are made ſtrait to riſe, 14, 10.
In *Liſtra* th'one, th'other at Temple dore.

11

Acts.28.8. By Faith, Saint *Paule* did a rich *Maltois* cure
Of grieuous Flix, that him afflicted ſore:
Acts,9,34. By Faith Saint *Peter* likewiſe did reſtore
A Palſie-ſicke that eight yeeres did indure.

12

By Faith Saint *Paule* did *Eutichus* re-lyue,
Acts,20,10. By Faith *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*;
1,Kings,17,21. 2,Kings,4,33. *Eliſha* raiſed the young *Sunamite*:
Acts.9,40. At *Ioppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did reuiue.

13

Then, in another Picture I did view
The 4, Elements. The foure firſt bodies of this maſſie Globe;
Greene-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd mantled *Iuno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

2,Kings,6.17 *Eliſha's* Faith brought from the lofty Skies,
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainſt the *Syrrian* hoaſt;
Elias Faith (ſcorning the *Baal*-Prieſts boaſt)
1,Kings,18,38. Fier'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

By Faith, three *Hebrues* caſt in ſeauen-fold flame
Daniel. 3, 27. By a proud Prince, eſcape the raging Fire
(Their very garments ſent-leſſe and entire)
While their Tormentors periſh in the ſame.

16

Lewit.10,2. *Moſes* by Faith, makes fire from Heau'n to fall
Numb.16,35. In th' *Hebrew* hoaſt, thoſe wretches to conſume,
Whoſe prophane hands with prophane Fire & Fume,
Gods holy Altar had poluted all.

Moſes

17

Moſes by Faith (heard by the God of power)
Compels the Mountaines burly ſides to ſhake:
Commaunds the Earth to rent, and yawne, and quake, *Numb.16,30,*
To ſwallow Rebels, and them quick deuoure.

18.

Moſes, by Faith deuides the Sea in twaine, *Exod, 14, 21,*
When *Iſrael* came out of *Egipt* Land:
Then, in the Deſarts dry and barren ſand,
From flinty Rocks doth plenteous Riuers ſtraine. *Exod, 17, 9.*

19

Moſes, by Faith conuerts to foule black blood *Exod,7,20,*
The Chriſtal Current of the ſeauen-fold *Nile*:
By Faith againe, he makes (another while)
Thoſe ſtinking waters, holeſome, ſweet, and good. *Exod.15,25,*

20

Thrice, ſiluer *Iordan* did it ſelfe diuide,
To giue ſafe paſſage to Gods deere-belou'd,
Once by the Faith of valiant *Ioſuah* proou'd: *Ioſua,3,16,*
Elias once: once by *Eliſha* tride. *2,Kings,2,8,14,*

21

The zealous *Thesbite* did by Faith ſeale-vp
The Heauens windowes that there fell no Raine
In ſeauen-ſix monthes; and then by Faith againe
(To drench the dry Earth) ſet them all wide-ope. *1,Kings,18,41,*

22.

Likewiſe by Faith the nimble winged traine
That cleaue the Aire, are to our ſeruice ſet,
The Rauens are made to bring *Elias* meate, *1,Kings,17,6,*
The Doue ſerues *Noah*, Quailes for *Moſes* raine. *Gen,8,11,* *Exod.16.13,*

O, who

23.

O, who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith doo force all-taming yron yield,
If Faith make yron flote on *Neptunes* field,
2, *Kings*, 6.6, If that *Eliſha's* Faith ſtrong ſteele command.

24.

Faith hath not onely power on things terrene,
Both high and lowe; but oftentimes doth force,
Gods iuſtice too, and ſometimes ſeemes (perforce)
Gods purpoſes to change and alter cleane.

25.

Ionas, 3, 10. The *Niniuites*, by Faith (repenting) ſhunne
Their ouer-throw, that *Ionas* threatned neere:
2, *Kings*, 20, 10. And *Ahaz* Sonne by Faith adds fifteene yeere
To his ſhort life, that ſeem'd already done.

26

Now, if the giuer of this Faith (we ſee)
Seeme to incline and bow vnto her ſtill,
As bound and ready to obay her will:
What maruell is't if Angels be not free?

27

2, *Kings*, 19, 35. The Angels ſerue in *Ezechias* pay;
1, *Kings*, 15, By Faith they bring the *Thesbite* needfull Cates:
Acts, 12, 7, By Faith they ope for *Peter* priſon gates:
Gen. 32, 1. By Faith to *Iacob* they direct the way.

28.

About twelue paces paſt theſe former Pomps,
Full many ſacred Minſtrels ſound on hie,
Triumphant Faiths great name and dignitie,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes, and Tromps.

Mark,

29

Mark, *Matthew*, *Luke*, and (the Lords deereſt) *Iohn*,
Chriſts Secretaries, winde with ſuch a breſt,
Their warbling Cornets, that from Eaſt to Weſt
Through all the World their ſacred ſound is gone.

30.

Both *Iameſes*, one the Sonne of *Zebedeus*,
Th'other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Symon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Mathias*, *Philip*, *Bartholomew*,
Paule (Gentiles Doctor) with the good *Thaddeus*

31.

Sound with ſo ſweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their ſhrill Fifes (heard from the North to *Nile*)
As if one ſpirit did fill them all the while,
And one ſame hand had ſet their holy Song.

32.

While thus my ſpirit this ſtrange diſcourſe did cumber,
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier then the reſt,
Beginning th'out-moſt of her curious neſt,
Brake with her pratling my deepe pleaſing ſlumber.

33

Sorrie to be ſo ſuddaine wak't: I would
I were a Dor-Mouſe for a hundred yeere,
That I might ſleepe full twenty Luſtres heere,
To ſhunne the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas) waking (with griefe) I ſee,
Babel triumphing ouer *Syon* ſtill:
And on the Good th'Vngodly worke their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous ſcorned bee,

35

I ſee (alas) in theſe lamented Times,
Mens greateſt zeale in bloudy murther ſtands:
Prophane our harts, and ſo prophane our hands:
Bare Chriſtian Name ſerues but to cloake our crimes,

36

Inceſt's a ſport, and murther Man-hood thought:
Diſloyaltie a ſpeciall vertue deem'd:
And Periurie ſound Policie eſteem'd:
Medeas Artes, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37

Maydens be bold, and Wiues be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, people full of rage:
This Age is ſinke of euery former Age,
Receauing each Sinnes vglieſt excrement.

38.

But, my ſwolne breſt, ſhut-vp thy ſighes ſad gate,
Stop, Stop, mine eies, the paſſage of your teares;
Caſt-off, my hart, thy deepe-diſpairing feares;
That which moſt grieues me, moſt doth conſolate.

39.

No, no, my Dreame is true, ſoone ſhall we ſee
Faiths glory ſhine; Sathan (perceauing nie
His prides Eclipſe) his greateſt force doth trie,
To ſtop great *Faith's* triumphant victorie.

40.

Sure, if my card and compaſſe doo not faile,
W'are neere the Port, where (danger being paſt)
We need not feare the billow, nor the blaſt
Of bluſtring windes, nor Seas that can aſſaile.

Our

41

Our beaſtly manners, like *Gomora's* guiſe:
The troubled Seaſons: Warres domeſticall:
The threats of Heauen: are the fore-runners all
Of Chriſt that comes to hold his laſt Aſſiſe.

42.

That dread-deſired Day ſhall ſoone appeere,
Chriſt comes the Rauens from Swans to ſet a-ſide:
The Tares frō Wheat: and Goats from Lambs deuide:
And this braue *Triumph* (that I ſing) is neere.

43.

O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to ſee the Wicked's vtter Fall:
And thy iuſt Scepter Ruling ouer all;
Let liuely *Faith* my *Reaſon* ſtill direct.

FINIS.

SONNETS
Vpon the (late) mira-
culous Peace in
Fraunce.

31 MA 59



1605.

To the moſt honorable, learned, and religious Gent. M: *Anthony Bacone.*

(***)

BOund by your Bountie and mine owne deſire,
To tender ſtill new tribute of my Zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whoſe wiſedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo here I tune vpon mine humble Lyre
Our neighbour Kingdomes vn-expected weale,
Through ſuddaine ceaſing of Warres *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muſes to my Muſe inſpire.*
Miraculous the Worke; and ſo his wit
That firſtly ſung this ſacred MIRACLE:
A gracious Theame (If I diſ-grace not it)
That your graue eyes may daigne for ſpectacle.
What e're it be, accept it as a due
From him whoſe all doth all belong to You.

Ioſuah Syluester.

To the French king Henry *the fourth.*

SONNET. 1.

Henry, triumphant though thou wert in Warre,
Though Fate & Fortitude conſpir'd thy glory,
Though thy leaſt Conflicts well deſerue a Story;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerer)
Thy martiall proofes haue dimm'd *Alcides* praiſe;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royall temples richly crowned are: (rious
Yet (matchles Prince) nought haſt thou wrought ſo glo-
As this vn-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Whereby, thy ſelfe art of thy ſelfe victorious: (red,
For, while thou might'ſt the worlds Throne haue aſpi-
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like hart haſt tamed:
What greater conqueſt could there thē be named?

But

SONNET. 2.

BVt, what new Sunne doth now adorne our Land,
And giues our skie ſo ſmooth and ſmiling cheere?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; els his golden brand
Shines brighter now then 't hath don many a yeere.
Sweet Angel-beauty (ſacred PEACE) Heau'ns preſent;
Is't not the Riſing of thy new-come ſtarre,
Which makes the Aire more cleare, the ſpring more pleaſant;
Zephyre more calme, and *Flora* merrier? (
Ah, I perceiue the *Oliue*, *Deue*, and *Bowe*,
Diuine preſages that the flood abates
(The diſmal flood where blood and teares did flow)
And *Ianus* now locks-vp his Temple gates:
Iuſtice and *Faith* doo kindly kiſſe each other,
And *Mars* appeas'd, ſits downe by *Cupids* Mother.

SONNET. 3.

Faire fruitfull Daughter of th'Omnipotent,
Great Vmpire that dooſt either World ſuſtaine,
Without whoſe helpe all would returne againe
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confuſion bent.
O Mother of the liuing, ſecond Nature
Of th'Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Aire)
O Grace (whereby men climbe th'heau'nly ſtaire)
vvhence void, this world harbors no happy creature.
Pillar of Lawes, Religions pedeſtall,
Hope of the godly, glory of th'Immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearle of Kingdomes all;
Thou Nurſe of Vertues, Muſes chiefe ſupportall,
Patron of Artes, of Good the ſpeciall ſpring:
All haile (deere *Peace*) which vs all heale dooſt bring.

SONNET. 4.

Come forth (deere *Fraunce*) frõ thy dark Cell of mone,
Come (as new-borne) frõ Warres vnkindly quarrels:
Turne tragicke Cypreſſe to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to green, & make thy graue a Throne.
Let *Ceres* dwell vpon thy Deſart Plaine,
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hills and Groues,
Pomona in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droues:
Secure all Rhoades, and ope all Gates againe.
Reſume (O Cities) Rule and Reuerence;
Reueſt (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;
Riſe-vp (yee Ruines) in faire Battlements;
Come, *Muſes*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercurie*,
Reſtore vs Lawes, Learning, and Arts, and Trade,
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET. 5.

Moſt Chriſtian Kingdome, thou wert ne're ſo neare
Drown'd in the deepe Gulphes of thy Ciuill warre,
As in the tempeſt of this later Iarre,
Which paſt conceit of calming did appeare.
When all the winds aduerſly armed were,
(Though ſelfly-foes, yet friends to worke thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helme, thy ſelfe a heart didſt lack,
On troubled waters toſſed here and there:
Then from aboue (O bountie moſt admired)
Saint *Hermes* ſhin'd, whoſe gentle light preſageth
That then the anger of the Heau'ns aſſwageth.
O happy PEACE! leſſe hoped then deſired:
O grace much honour'd, little yet conceiued;
O bleſſed guile, that thus our ſence deceiued.

Who

SONNET. 6.

Who could expect (but paſt all expectation)
So ſuddaine order from ſo ſad confuſion;
So loyall friendſhip, from falſe emulation;
So firme poſſeſſion from ſo fierce intruſion?
Who could expect (but paſt all likelihood)
From ſuch a ſtorme, ſuch and ſo ſweet a calme;
From *Fraunce* her cyndars, ſuch a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandoras boxe to yeeld ſo rare a balme?
Who could expect (but paſt all humane thought)
So franke a freedome from a thrall ſo late,
Or certaine Rudder of ſo rent a State?
True *Æſculapius*, thou alone haſt wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdome, much more wonderous.

SONNET. 7.

Th'vnlookt-for working of all things almoſt,
Inconſtant-conſtant, in ſucceſſion ſtrange,
Amazeth thoſe whoſe wits we chiefly boaſt,
To ſee this ſuddaine vn-expected change.
Each feeles th'effect, but none the cauſe diſcries,
(No, though he haue with ſtarres intelligence):
God to himſelfe reſerues ſuch Myſteries,
Diſpoſing Kingdomes by his Prouidence.
O end-les Bountie! In the midſt of Broyles
He giues vs PEACE, when Warre did vs inflame;
And reaues the miſchiefe we purſu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth moſt extoll his glorious name,
That when moſt ſharply this extreameſt Fit
Stroue to be cure-les, ſoone he cured it.

SONNET. 8.

Some reaſoned thus; No violence can laſt:
Reuolted Subiects, of themſelues will quaile:
Iuſt Soueraigntie can neuer be diſplac't;
And lawfull Princes firſt or laſt preuaile:
But, who could thinke, that the conioyned powers
Of *Spaine* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and falſe States of ours,
So weake a King ſo little ſhould encumber?
Others diſcourſed in another ſort,
While all things ſorted to another end
Then their imaginations did purport:
That earth may know, it cannot comprehend
The ſecret depths of Iudgements all-diuine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midſt, nor fine.

SONNET. 9.

Admire we onely Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deepe Wiſdome, and his Mercy deere,
For, with theſe three, he hath ſurmounted heere
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our ſence:
His power appeares vpon our Lord and King,
As yerſt on *Dauid*: for, they both attaine
By war-like broyles their pre-appointed Raigne,
Strangers, and ſubiects, and ſelues conquering:
His Prudence ſhines, when to preſerue vs thus,
All humane wit his wiſdome doth conuince:
His gracious bountie in our bounteous Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flowes from a liuing Lyon, *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conqueſt void of ryot.

SONNET. 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,
But th'only worke of the great Thunderer,
Who (wiſe-directing all the things that are)
In vs diuinely workes his owne command.
Some men, vnwilling, benefit their Land,
Or vn-awares their Countries good preferre;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth warre,
And PEACE ſucceeds what-euer drifts withſtand.
Th'Arch-Architect, the matchles Artizan
All Inſtruments vnto good vſes prooues:
Man's but a wheele which that great Mooуer moues;
Each gracious gift in that firſt cauſe began:
Each good's a gleame of that firſt light alone,
If Ill approach vs, onely that's our owne.

SONNET. 11.

If God dart lightning, ſoone he dewes downe raine;
A dreadfull Iudge, and yet a gentle Father:
Whoſe wrath ſlow-kindled is ſoone quencht againe,
To moue vs ſinners to repent the rather.
'Gainſt Hel-bred *Hydra*, Heau'n-borne *Theſeus* brings
The great *Alcides* arme and armorie:
Of greateſt Ill, a greater Good there ſprings;
And Mercie ſtill doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *Fraunce*, ſo many Monſters to ſuppreſſe,
Thou had'ſt great need of Royall fortitude,
Els had'ſt thou beene an *Afrike* Wildernes.
O happy loſt Realme: for, it hath enſude,
That now thy gaine is more, in reſtauration;
Then was thy loſſe in all thy deſolation.

SONNET. 12.

But, if I ſing great *Henries* fortitude,
Shall I not then be blam'd for ouer-daring?
If ouer-ſlip it, then be taxt of fearing,
Of ſilent dread, and dumbe ingratitude?
What e're befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muſe* to raiſe:
And if I fall in ſuch a Sea of praiſe:
What rarer *Mauſole* may my bones include?
A ſacred rage of ſome ſweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, raps me boldly to rehearſe
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender verſe:
Though 'his high Theame deſerue a conſort rather
Of all the Muſes, and all muſikes Father.

SONNET. 13.

Great Prince, not pleas'd with a vaine vertue-ſeeming:
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblenes,
Happy, all Hap Heau'ns onely gift eſteeming;
Warriour, whoſe warrs haue wrought his Countries
Noble by deeds, and noble by diſcent; PEACE:
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Neſtor* ſage,
Whoſe ripe-experienc't courage confident,
To knocks knits counſaile, and giues rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compaſſion ſoft,
Inur'd to that, by nature borne to this;
Who ſheds no blood, but ſheddeth teares as oft,
Who neuer fights but ſtill the field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loues and warres,
Bellona and *Venus* take him ſtill for *Mars*.

SONNET. 14.

A ſpirit, to vertues cheerefully addreſt;
Apt to all goodnes, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceiue, ingenious to digeſt;
Whoſe tongue is ſtill true Trumpet of the mind:
A body, reſting when it hath no reſt;
A waxen mildnes in a ſteely mind;
A ſoule tra-lucent in an open breſt,
Which others thoughts through bony wals can find;
Whoſe front reflects maieſticall-humility,
Whoſe graue-ſweet looke commandingly-intreats,
Which in one inſtant feare and loue begets:
A King ſtill warring to obtaine tranquility,
To ſaue his Country ſcorning thouſand dangers;
Mirrour of *Fraunce*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET. 15.

If that, before thee, fall rebellious Towers,
If battered walls, before thy Souldiers, loofe:
If hugeſt Rocks be pearced by thy powers;
If 'gainſt thine armes, no armour be of proofe.
If that our fields flow with *Iberian* blood,
If that thy Campe compos'd of many a *Cæſar*
Can by no diſmall dangers be withſtood;
Iouſting with Gyants, as it were at pleaſure.
If lofty Mountaines to thine homage vaile;
If valleys riſe to bulwarke thee about;
If for thy ſake, riuers doo flow and faile;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts ſtout,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſtomack got theſe victories:
No, 'twas thy preſence (*Henry*) and thine eies.

SONNET. 16.

They be to blame then that thy boldnes blame,
For hauing put thy ſelfe ſo oft in danger:
Sith, againſt Rebels and againſt the Stranger,
Thy lookes, like lightning did thy Troopes inflame.
Fraunce fought before, all bloody, faint, and lame,
Crauing thine aide to venge her hatefull wrong:
When, like a Lyon to preſerue her yong,
Thou lay'dſt about thee to redeeme the ſame.
Then had'ſt thou cauſe to hazard ſo thy life
(In extreame perils, extreame remedies)
But ſpare thee now, thy State is free from ſtrife:
Soueraigne, our ſafety in thy ſafety lies.
Codrus could keepe his, onely by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine owne liuing breath.

SONNET. 17.

What wreath were worthy to become thy Crowne,
What *Carr-triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble ſtatue meet for thy renowne,
Thou that haſt rais'd the Lilly of the Earth?
What honourable Title of Addition
Doſt thou deſerue, who (ioyning might with mildnes)
Haſt ſau'd this great Ship from a ſad perdition,
Nigh loſt in th'Ocean of warres ciuill wildnes?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of vs thy iuſt-deſerued meed:
Earth is too-baſe, in Heau'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crowne thy deed,
Who thus haſt ſalu'd the vniuerſall Ball,
For, th'health of *Fraunce* imports the health of all.

Pardon

SONNET. 18.

Pardon me (*Henry*) if Heau'ns ſiluer raine,
Dewing thy Pearles, impearle mine humble Laies:
And if my verſe (void both of price and paine)
Preſume thy Vertues paſſing-price to praiſe:
Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muſe
Stutter thy name; and if with skill too-ſcant
I limne thee heere, let zeale my crime excuſe;
My ſteel's attracted by thine Adamant.
For, as the Sunne, although he doo reflect
His golden Rayes on groſſer Elements,
Doth neuer ſpot his beautifull aſpect:
So, though the praiſes of thine Excellence
Doo brightly gliſter in my gloomie ſtile,
They nothing looſe of their firſt grace the while.

SONNET. 19.

Now, ſith as well by conqueſt as ſucceſſion
Fraunce is thine owne; O keepe it ſtill therefore,
'Tis much to conquer, but to keepe poſſeſſion
Is full as much, and if it be not more.
Who well would keepe ſo plentifull a portion,
Muſt ſtabliſh firſt the Heau'nly Diſcipline;
Then humane Lawes, reſtraining all extortion;
And Princely wealth with publike weale combine.
A Princes ſafety lyes in louing People;
His Fort is Iuſtice (free from Stratagem)
Without the which ſtrong Cittadels are feeble.
The Subiects loue is wonne by louing them:
Of louing them, n'-oppreſſion is the triall:
And no oppreſſion makes them euer loyall.

SONNET. 20.

Bold *Martialists*, braue Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steele for *Fraunce*, and for your King:
Yee Sonnes of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoke, the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-discended;
But more: t'haue kept ones Country and fidelity,
For, our owne vertues make vs most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobility.
Your shoulders shoar'd vp *Fraunce* (euen like to fall)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But, now she stands stedfast on Ciuill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat doo wurke,
With holy armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turke*.

SONNET. 21.

But, you that vaunt your antike Petigrees,
So stately tymbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines aboue the lower Trees)
Ouer the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is't lack of loue, or is it lack of courage,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your houses,
While ouer all your Countries Foes doo forrage,
And rebell out-rage euery corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancesters,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble Temper of your stomack stirres,
If in your liues yee neuer drew your swords
To serue your king, nor quẽch your Coũtries flames,
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistooke your names.

You

SONNET. 22.

You ſacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Myſteries of Heau'n,
From hence-forth all ſeditious plots diſpatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies euen.
Through ſuperſtition ſtirre to ſtrife againe;
Reuolt's a miſchiefe euermore pernicious:
Pluck vp abuſes, and the hurtfull graine
Sprung from the Ignorant and Auaricious.
Auoid Ambition (common cauſe of ſtrife)
Your reuerend Robe be free from ſtaines of blood,
Preach holy Doctrine, prooue it by your life:
Fly Idlenes, chooſe exerciſes good;
To wit, all workes of liuely faith and pietie,
So, to your fold ſhall flock the bleſt Societie.

SONNET. 23.

You graue aſſembly of ſage Senators;
Rights Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *Fraunce*;
Who, for the States and Iuſtice maintenance,
Of Sword and Ballance are the Arbitrers:
That from hence-forth (againſt all enemies)
Our PEACE may ſeat her in a ſetled Throne;
Repreſſe the malice of all mutinies, (growne.
Which through th'aduantage of theſe times haue
At a low tyde 'tis beſt to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence:
'Tis good in health to counſaile with a Leach:
So, while a People's calme from inſolence,
'Tis beſt that Rulers bridle them with awe;
And (for the future) curbe the lewd with law.

People,

SONNET. 24.

People, leſſe ſetled then the ſliding ſand;
More mutable then *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing euery Noone.
Thou thouſand-headed head-les Monſter-moſt,
Oft ſlaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new riſing,
Who, hard as ſteele, as light as wind art toſt;
Cameleon-like, each obiects colour pryſing.
Vnblinde thy blinde ſoule, ope thine inward ſight;
Be no more Tinder of inteſtine ſlame:
Of all fantaſtike humors purge thy ſpright:
For, if paſt-follies vrge yet griefe and ſhame,
Lo (like Obliuions law) to cure thy paſſion,
State-ſtabling *Peace* brings froward minds in faſhiõs.

SONNET. 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heau'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glaſſe the Rocks to cyndars breaking;
Deafning the winds, dumbing the loudeſt thunders;
May yee be bound a thouſand yeeres from ſpeaking.
Yee hate-peace Hackſters fleſht in Maſſacres,
Be you for euer baniſht from our ſoile;
Yee ſteeled Tooles of ſlaughter, wounds, and warres,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and ruſt a while:
Or (not to languiſh in ſo fruit-les reſt)
Be you transform'd to husband-furniture,
To plow thoſe fields you haue ſo oft depreſt:
Or (if you cannot leaue your wonted ure)
Leaue (at the leaſt) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Iuſtice lawfull Armes.

O *Paris*

SONNET. 26.

O *Paris*, know thy ſelfe, and know thy Maſter,
As well thy heau'nly as thine earthly guider:
And be not like a Horſe, who (proud of paſture)
Breakes Bit, and Reines, and caſts his cunning Rider:
Who nill be Subiects, ſhall be ſlaues in fine:
Who Kings refuſe, ſhall haue a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not moou'd with the milde rods diuine,
Shall feele the furie of Heau'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatnes ſtands on theirs that weare the Crowne,
Whereof, th'haſt had now ſeuentie (ſauing ſeuen)
Thinke one ſufficient ſoone to pull thee downe:
Kings greatnes ſtands on the great King of Heau'n.
Knowing theſe two, then *Paris* know thy ſelfe,
By Warres afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

SONNET. 27.

Swell not in pride O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soueraignes Throne:
Citie? nay modell of this totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdome of thy ſelfe alone:
The ſcourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did ſo mildly beat-thee,
If any more againſt thy Kings thou ſtand,
Shall prooue that then God did but only threat-thee.
Wert thou a hundred-thouſand-fold more mightie,
Who in th'Olympike Court cõmands the thunders,
In his leaſt wrath can wrack thee (moſt Almightie).
Thebes, *Babel*, *Rome*, thoſe proud heau'n-daring wonders,
Low vnder ground in duſt and aſhes lie,
For earthly Kingdomes (euen as men) doe die.

But

SONNET. 28.

But, O my ſorrowes! whither am I toſt?
What? ſhall I bloodie ſweet ASTREAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almoſt,
And new-remember nigh-forgotten wrongs?
Sith ſtormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget we (Muſe) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempeſts of our viper-Warre:
Drown we thoſe thoughts in deep-deep *Lethe* floods.
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine
So great, notorious, common miſeries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:
But 'mid theſe hideous helliſh out-rages,
I'le ſhow and prooue by this ſtrange ſpectacle,
Our ciuill PEACE, a ſacred Miracle.

SONNET. 29.

As he that ſcap't from Ship-wrack on a planke,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeues
(Still faintly ſhiuering on the feare-les banke)
That (through that fraile helpe) certainly he liues:
As he that new freed from ſtrange ſeruitude,
Returnes againe to tread his natiue allies,
Seemes ſtill to feare his Patrons rigour rude,
And ſeemes ſtill tugging, chayned in the Gallies:
So alwaies, ruth, ruine, and rage, and horror
Of troubles paſt doo haunt me euery-where,
And ſtill I meete Furies and gaſtly Terror:
Then, to my ſelfe thus raue I (rapt with feare)
From pleaſures paſt, if preſent ſorrow ſpring,
Why ſhould not paſt cares preſent comfort bring?

We

SONNET. 30.

We muſt not now vpbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of Warre;
For we haue all (alas) too often-times
Prouok't the vengeance of the Lord too farre:
Some robbing Iuſtice, vnder maske of Reaſon;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-vp Sedition;
Some 'gainſt their King attempting open Treaſon;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, we know our cauſe of maladie,
All apt t'accuſe, but none to clenſe th'impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedie:
To know a griefe, it is but halfe a cure:
Is it our ſinnes? let's purge away that bane;
For what helps Phiſike if it be not tane?

SONNET. 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holines,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is moſt-moſt odious in Gods glorious ſight,
That takes his name to couer wickednes.
Prophane Ambition, blind and irreligious,
In queſt of Kingdomes, holding nothing holy:
Think'ſt thou th'Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to puniſh Monſters ſo prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canſt thou hide thee
From th'All-pierce Eye? are treaſon, rape, & murder
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudeſt haue deſcride thee.
'Tis now apparant to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Deuotion hunted but Dominion.

'Tis

SONNET. 32.

'Tis ſtrange to ſee the heat of Ciuill brands,
For, when we arme vs brother againſt brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to ruine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainſt ſecret treaſon,
Or force the forces of a ſtranger foe,
Alas, how ſhallow are we then in reaſon,
How cold in courage, and in camping ſlow?
Fraunce onely ſtriues to triumph ouer *Fraunce*:
With ſelfe-kill Swords to cut each others throat,
What ſwarmes of Souldiers euery where doo float,
To ſpend and ſpoile a Kingdomes maintenance?
But, ſaid I Souldiers? ah I bluſh for ſhame,
To giue baſe Theeues the noble Souldiers name.

SONNET. 33.

Is't not an endles ſcandall to our daies
(If poſſible our heires can credit it)
That th'holy name of PEACE ſo worthy praiſe,
Hath beene our Watch-word for a fault vnfit?
That the pure Lilly, our owne natiue flower,
Hath been an odious obiect in our eyes?
That kingly Name, & Kings heau'n-ſtabliſht power,
Hath beene with vs a marke of trecheries?
T'haue baniſht hence the godly and the wiſe,
Whoſe ſound direction kept the State from danger,
Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) ſeeking to ſerue a Stranger,
T'haue ſtab'd our owne? but (O Muſe) keepe that in,
The fault's ſo foule, to ſpeake it were a ſinne.

I waile

SONNET. 34

I waile not I ſo much warres waſtfull rigours,
Nor all thy ruines make me halfe ſo ſorie,
As thy loſt honour (*Fraunce*) which moſt disfigures,
Looſing thy loyaltie, thy Natiue glory.
From *Moores* to *Moſcouites* (O curſed change!)
The *French* are called, *Faith-les Parricides*:
Th'yerſt-moſt-prince-loyall people (O moſt ſtrange!)
Are now Prince-treachers more then all beſides:
With vs, *Maſſacres* paſſe for Pietie;
Theft, rape, and wrong, for iuſt-attaind poſſeſſions;
Reuolt for Merit, Rage for Equitie:
Alas, muſt we needs borrow the tranſgreſſions
And imperfections of all other Nations,
Yerſt onely blamed for inconſtant faſhions?

SONNET. 35.

Not without reaſon hath it oft been ſpoken;
That, through faire Concord little things augment,
And (oppoſite) that mightieſt things are broken
Through th'vgly Diſcord of the diſcontent.
When many tunes doe gently ſymphonize
It conquers hearts and kindly them compounds;
When many hearts doe gentle ſympathize
In ſacred frendſhip, there all bliſſe abounds.
Alas, if longer we deuide this Realme,
Looſing to euerie Partizan a part;
Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.
For, though it ſeeme to breath now ſomewhat peart,
Our ſinnes (I feare) will worke worſe after-claps:
And ther's moſt danger in a re-relaps.

SONNET. 36.

O, how I hate theſe partializing words,
Which ſhow how we are in the Faith deuiſed:
Is't poſſible to whet ſo many Swords, (zed:
And light ſuch flames 'mong th'In-one-Chriſt-bapti-
Chriſtians to Chriſtians to be brute and bloody,
Altars to Altars to be oppoſite,
Parting the limmes of ſuch a perfect Body,
While *Turkes* with *Turkes* doo better farre vnite?
We, in our Truth finde doubts (whence follow Sciſmes)
They, whoſe fond Law doth all of Lies conſiſt,
Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganiſmes.
One nought beleeues, another what him liſt,
One ouer-Creeds, another Creeds too-ſhort;
Each makes his Church (rather his Sect) a-part.

SONNET. 37.

Put-off (deere *French*) all ſecret grudge and gall,
And all keen ſtings of vengeance on all parts:
For, if you would haue PEACE proclaim'd to all,
It muſt be firſt faire printed in your harts.
Henry, the mildeſt of all Conquerers
(Your perfect glaſſe for Princely clemencie)
He, to appeaſe and calme the State from iarres,
For his friends ſake, hath ſau'd his enemie.
Let's all be *French*, all ſubiects to one Lord;
Let *Fraunce* from hence-forth be one onely State;
Let's all (for Gods ſake) be of one accord:
So (through true zeale Chriſts praiſe to propagate)
May *the moſt Chriſtian King* with proſperous power
On *Sion* walls re-plant our Lilly-flower.

O Chri-

SONNET. 38.

O Chriſtian cor'ſiue! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thouſands in *Vienna* Plaine,
His Mooned Standards hath already pight,
Preſt to ioyne *Auſtrich* to his *Thracian* Raigne:
Malth, *Corfu*, *Candie*, his proud Threats diſdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in diſmay;
While ſtriuing *Chriſtians* (by each other ſlaine)
Each other weak'ning, make him eaſie way.
Rhodes, *Belgrade*, *Cyprus*, and the Realmes of *Greece*,
Thral'd to his barbarous yoke, yet freſh-declare,
That while two ſtriue, a third obtaines the fleece.
Though name of *Chriſtian* be a title faire,
If, but for Earth, they all this while haue ſtriu'n,
They may haue Earth, but others ſhall haue Heau'n.

SONNET. 39.

May I not one day ſee in *Fraunce* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of ſtout actiuitie)
To ſnatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in ſtrait captiuitie?
May I not ſee the ſelfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our braue Bloods (yerſt one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Muſulmans*,
A higher pitch of happy proweſſe ſoaring?
But who (deare *Fraunce*) of all thy men-at-armes
Shall ſo farre hence renue thine ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harmes?
I rather feare, that (through theſe fatall quarrels)
That hate-Chriſt Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soueraigne of all *Chriſtendome*.

SONNET. 40

'Mid all theſe miſchiefes, while the friend-foe Strangers,
With vs, againſt vs, had intelligence;
Henry our King, our Father, voides our dangers,
And (O Heau'ns wonder) planteth PEACE in *France*.
Thou Iudge that ſitt'ſt on the ſupernall Throne,
O quench thy furie, keepe vs from hoſtilitie,
With eyes of mercy looke thou ſtill vpon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme ſtabilitie:
Sith (in deſpight of diſcord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, haſt thus ſalu'd vs (Lord)
Keepe ſtill our *Fraunce* (or rather Lord thine owne)
Let Princes loue, and liue in iuſt accord:
Diſ-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes buſie them,
Be it alone for thy *Ieruſalem*.

A Dia-

31 MA 59

A Dialogue vpon the Troubles paſt:

BETWEENE HERACLITUS and Democritus, *the weeping and the laughing Philoſophers.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

1605.

Heraclitus.

ALas, thou laugh'ſt, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hell:
Ah canſt thou (teare-les) in this iron Age,
See men maſſacred, Monſters borne to rage?

Democritus.

Ha, but why weep'ſt thou? wherefore in this ſort
Dooſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?
Ha, canſt thou chooſe but laugh, to ſee the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freakes of Fate?

Heraclitus.

He hath no heart that melts not all in teares,
To ſee the treaſons, murders, maſſacres,
Sacks, ſacriledges, loſſes, and alarmes
Of thoſe that periſh by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all diſmayed, ſwoundeth ſodainly
To heare or ſee ſome faigned Tragedie
(Held in theſe dayes, on euery Stage as common)
Is but a heart-les man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O would to God our Countries tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth:
My ſoule then ſhould not ſigh to angry Heau'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riu'n.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men doo play their perſonage.
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleaſant ſhow,
Sith ouer all ſtrange vanities doo flow.

Heraclitus.

Thoſe vanities I haue in deteſtation,
As curſed cauſes of Gods indignation:
Which makes me alwayes weepe, ſith on the earth
I ſee no obiect for the meaneſt mirth.

Democritus.

Thus, from one Subiect ſundry ſequels ſpring,
As diuerſly our wits conceiue a thing.
I laugh to ſee thee weepe; thou weep'ſt to ſee
Me laugh ſo much, which more afflicteth thee.

Heraclitus.

Laugh while thou liſt at mortall miſeries,
I cannot chooſe but euen weepe out mine eyes:
Finding more cauſe for teares in bloody ſlaughter,
Then for thy ſence-les ill-beſeeming laughter.

Democritus.

Melt thee, diſtill thee, turne to waxe or ſnow;
Make ſad my geſture, tune thy voice to woe;
I cannot weepe, except ſometimes it hap
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

Heraclitus.

I weepe to ſee thus euery thing confuſed,
Order diſordred, and the Lawes abuſed;
Iuſtice reuerſt, and Pollicie peruerted;
And this ſicke State neare vtterly ſubuerted.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee how Fortune (like a ball)
Playes with the Globe of this inconſtant All:
How ſhee degradeth theſe, and graceth thoſe;
How, whom ſhe lifts-vp, downe againe ſhe throwes.

Heraclitus.

I raine downe Riuers, when againſt their King
Cities rebell, through Subiects bandying:
When Colledges (through armes) are reft of Art:
When euery Countie Kingdomes-it a-part.

Democritus.

I burſt with laughter, when (confounding State)
I ſee thoſe Rebels hunt their Magiſtrate:
When I heare Porters prate of State-deſignes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

Heraclitus.

I weepe, to ſee Gods glory made a vaile
To couer who his glory moſt aſſaile:
That ſacred Faith is made a maske for ſinne,
And men runne headlong to deſtructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh (with all my heart) at the transforming
Of Iugling *Proteis*, to all times *Conforming*:
But, moſt I laugh t'haue ſeene the world ſo mad
To ſtarue and die, when thoſe damn'd *Atheiſts* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weepe (alas) to ſee the People weepe,
Oppreſt with reſt-les waight in dangers deepe;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee all cauſe of laughter gone, (mone:
Through thoſe which (yerſt thou ſaid'ſt) haue caus'd thy
Noting th'old guiſe, I laugh at all their new;
I laugh at more, but dare not tell it you.

Hera-

Heraclitus.

Some ſorrowes alſo I in ſilence keepe,
But in the Deſart, all my woes ſhall weepe,
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will helpe me then;
For in theſe dayes they are more mild then men.

Democritus.

I'le dwell in Cities (as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for, ſmiling PEACE prouides
Such plenteous ſtore of laughing-ſtuffe to fill me,
That ſtill I'le laugh, vn-les that laughing kill me.

31 MA 59

FINIS.

AN ODE
of the loue and beau-
ties of *Astræa.*

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the most matchles-faire, and vertuous, M. M. H.

TETRASTICON.

THou, for whose sake, my freedome I forsake,
Who, murdring me, doost yet maintaine my life:
Heere, vnder PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nimph, that keep'st me still in strife.

Sacred PEACE, if I approoue thee,
If more then my life I loue thee,
'Tis not for thy beauteous eyes:
Though the brighteſt Lampe in skies
In his higheſt Sommer ſhine,
Seemes a ſparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of ſelfe-like Sunnes,
Paſt all els-compariſons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambroſiall
Of thoſe pretie lips ſo Roſiall,
Make me humble at thy feet:
Though the pureſt honey ſweet
That the Muſes birds doo bring
To Mount *Hybla* euery ſpring,
Nothing neare ſo pleaſant is,
As thy liuely louing kiſſe.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereſſe)
Th'Amber circlets of thy treſſe,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That ſo faſt my freedome bindes:
Though the precious glittering ſand
Richly ſtrow'd on *Tagus* Strand;
Nor the graines *Pactolus* rol'd
Neuer were ſo fine a gold.

'Tis

'Tis not for the poliſh't rowes
Of thoſe Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I ſtill my ſuite purſue;
Though that in thoſe Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baytes of Auarice
Be no Pearles of ſuch a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yuorie neck
Makes me worſhip at thy beck;
Nor that pretie double HILL
Of thy boſome panting ſtill:
Though no faireſt *Ledas* Swan,
Nor no ſleekeſt Marble can
Be ſo ſmooth or white in ſhow,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snow.

'Tis not (O my Paradice)
Thy front (euener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his mild-ſweet Maieſtie:
Though the ſiluer Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to ſuſtaine diſgrace,
If by day ſhee meet thy face.

'Tis

'Tis not that ſoft Sattin limme,
With blew trailes enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection
Keepes my thoughts in thy ſubiection:
Though it haue ſuch curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would mooue Rocks and rauiſh Marble.

'Tis not all the reſt beſide,
Which thy modeſt vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too iniurious)
Makes me of thy loue ſo curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leucothoe* paſſing rare,
In the Chriſtall-flowing ſprings
Neuer bath'd ſo beauteous things.

What then (O diuineſt Dame)
Fires my ſoule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from aboue
Feedes and feaſts my ioyes (my Loue)
If they taſte not of the dainties
Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

What

What fell heat of couetize
In my feeble boſome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy treſſes pureſt gold?
What ineſtimable treaſure
Can procure me greater pleaſure
Then thoſe Orient Pearles I ſee
When thou daign'ſt to ſmile on mee?

What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites,
If I ouer-paſſe the meſſe
Of thoſe apples of thy breſts?
What freſh buds of ſcarlet Roſe
Are more fragrant ſweet than thoſe
Then thoſe Twins, thy Strawberrie teates,
Curled-purled Cherrielets?

What (to finiſh) fairer limme,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rarer Subiect
Makes me make thee all mine obiect?
If it be not all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my ſight doth cloſely ſhroud.

Ah

Ah 't's a thing farre more diuine,
'Tis that peere-les Soule of thine,
Maſter-peece of Heau'ns beſt Art,
Made to maze each mortall hart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy ſweet grace and geſture fit,
Thy mild pleaſing curteſie
Makes thee triumph ouer me.

But, for thy faire Soules reſpect,
I loue Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow lockes likewiſe:
And thoſe Orient-Pearly Rockes
Which thy lightning Smile vn-lockes:
And the *Nectar*-paſſing bliſſes
Of thy honey-ſweeter kiſſes.

Iloue thy freſh roſie cheeke
Bluſhing moſt *Aurora*-like,
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And thoſe Iuorie-marble mounts
Either, neither, both at once:
For, I dare not touch, to know
If they be of fleſh or no.

I loue thy pure Lilly hand
Soft, and ſmooth, and ſlender; and
Thoſe fiue nimble brethren ſmall
Arm'd with Pearle-ſhel helmets all.
I loue alſo all the reſt
By thy modeſt vaile ſuppreſt
(Rather) which an enuious cloud
From my longing ſight doth ſhroud.

31 MA 59

FINIS.

SONNET. 1.

Sweet mouth, that ſend'ſt a muskie-roſed breath;
Fountaine of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balme;
Eies cloudy-cleare, ſmile-frowning, ſtormy-calme;
Whoſe euery glance darts me a liuing-death:
Browes, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arkes:
Smile, that then *Venus* ſooner *Mars* beſots;
Lockes more then golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in cloſe ambuſh wanton *Cupid* lurkes:
Grace Angel-like; faire fore-head, ſmooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'ſt the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Roſe, that mak'ſt *Aurora* pale:
Rare ſpirit, to rule this beauteous Emperie:
If in your force Diuine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worſhip you?

SONNET. 2.

Thou, whoſe ſweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whoſe ſight doth blind me; and whoſe nimblenes
Of feet in daunce, and fingers on the Lute,
In deepe amazes makes me motion-les.
Whoſe onely preſence, from my ſelfe abſents me;
Whoſe pleaſant humours, make me paſſionate;
Whoſe ſober mood, my follies repreſents me:
Whoſe graue-mild graces make me emulate.
My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine:
My All, through whom, I nothing doo poſſeſſe
Saue thine *Idea*, glorious and diuine.
O thou my Peace-like warre, and war-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou haſt giuen me, pleaſe;
That 'tis my beſt eaſe, neuer to haue eaſe.

Epigramms and Epitaphes vpon Warre and Peace.

Vpon the League.

FRaunce, without cauſe thou dooſt complaine
Againſt the *League* for wronging thee,
Sh'hath made thee large amends againe,
With more than common vſurie:
For, for thy one King which ſhe ſlew,
Sh'hath giuen thee now a thouſand new.

Vpon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With ſmall or no endangering,
Such ſuddaine common ioy begunne,
That one would ſay (t'haue ſeene the thing)
Th'King tooke not *Paris*, *Paris* tooke the King.

2

O rareſt ſight of ioyfull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henry* with one ſelfe-ſame ſhow,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith, thee from danger and diſtreſſe to free,
The King thus tooke, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in ſterne *Mars* his Moneth,
But in the month that mild ASTREA owneth.

Vpon

Vpon the fall of the Millars-bridge.

1

The Millars in the Riuer drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleagerd round;
To die were all reſolu'd in mind,
Becauſe they had no more to grind.

2

Then was their fitteſt time to die,
Becauſe they might intend it beſt:
But their intent was contrarie,
Becauſe they then liu'd ſo at reſt.

3

As, after long ſharpe famine, ſome (forlorne)
Of ſurfet Die, their greedines is ſuch:
This Mill-bridge, hauing faſted long from corne,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for hauing ground too-much.

Vpon the recouerie of Amiens.

I know not which may ſeeme moſt admirable;
To take or re-take ſuch a Cities force:
But, yet I know which is moſt honorable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Each where they ſing a thouſand wayes
The glory of this enterpriſe:
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The beſt is ſtill in the Re-priſe.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterpriſe,
To take ſo ſoone our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to die yer the Re-priſe,
Els had he dy'de for ſhame to leaue it ſo.

Vpon the Reduction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld ſo ſoone (they ſaid)
Nor be recouered ſo good cheape:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'Twas made to make the *Britton* Leape.

Vpon PEACE.

1.

Souldiers, late preſt, are now ſuppreſt;
Croſt and caſſierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of reſt)
Take vp their lendings by the Way.

2.

This PEACE (it ſeemeth) doth not ſound
To all the world; for, euery-where
More Sergeants now doo goe the Round,
Then Souldiers yerſt accuſtom'd were.

Vpon Captaine Coblar.

A merry Coblar left the warres,
To turne vnto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Cuſtomers
The reaſon of his alteration:
'T hath pleas'd (quoth he) the King t'ordaine
That each his Office take againe.

Vpon Warre.

Here, vnder this huge heape of ſtones
Lately enterr'd, lyes cruell WARRE:
Pray God long reſt her ſoule and bones:
Yet, there is nothing worſe for her.

Vpon

Vpon Rowland Rob-Church.

Heere lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately ſlaine,
In robbing of a wealthy Chappell, ſpyde:
Yet I beleeue he doth in Heau'n remaine,
Sith onely for the Churches Good he dyde.

Vpon Captaine Catch.

Heere vnder, Captaine CATCH is laid,
Who ſixe times chang'd from ſide to ſide,
Of neither ſide (it ſeem'd) afraid:
He wore a white Scarfe when he di'de:
Yet ſome ſuſpect (and ſo doo I)
For his inconſtance ſhowne before,
That to the Black-band he did flie.
But now he can reuolt no more.

Vpon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Heere lyeth he, who the more ſafe to pray
On both ſides; *Neuter*, betweene both abode:
Whither his Soule is gone, I can not ſay,
Sith he was, nor for Deuill, nor for God.

Pax omnibus vna.

FINIS.

A l'honeur de la Paix, chantée par Monsieur du NESME, & *rechantée en Anglois par* Monsieur SYLVESTRE.

31 MA 59

SAns Paix rien ne subsiste: en Paix tout croist & dure:
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Vniuers
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si diuers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture:
Elle vnit a son Dieu l'humaine creature:
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts:
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nouriture.
Enuoy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maisons, en nous; & fay que d'vne voix
Nous suyvions les accords de ton Nesme *admirable:*
Lors (a iamais) seras loué de nos Gaulois
Par ses chants tout-divins: & Sylvestre, *en Anglois*
Redoublera ce loz d'vn stile inimitable.

P. CATELLE. *I'attens le temps.*

THE PROFIT

of Imprisonment.

A PARADOX,

VVritten in French by *Odet de la Noue*, Lord of *Teligni*, being Prisoner in the Castle of *Tournay*.

Translated by IOSVAH

BRITISH MUSEUM

1605.

To his long-approoued friend, M. R. Nicolson, I. S. wisheth euer all true content.

TO thee (the same to me as first I meant)
Friend to the Muses, and the well-inclinde,
Louing, and lou'd of euery vertuous minde:
To thee the same, I the same Song present
(Our mutuall loue's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephewes shall heere-after finde
Our constant Friendship how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnes and acknowledgement.
Accept againe this Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection
To Tangley, *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-hart
(Perfect good-will supplies all imperfection).
Camelions *change their colour*: Guile *her game*:
But (in both Fortunes) *Vertue's still the same.*

A Sonnet of the Author to his Booke.

THe body, *ouer-prone to* Pleasures *and delights*
Of soft, fraile, dainty flesh, *and to selfe-*ease *adicted*,
Abhors Imprisonment, *as a base paine inflicted*
To punish the defaults of most vnhappy wights.
The soule, *as much surpriz'd with loue of heauenly sights*,
And longing to behold the place that appertaines-her,
Doth loath the body, *as a* Prison *that detaines-her*
From her high happines *among the blessed spright's*:
Then, sith both body *and* soule *their bondage neuer brooke*,
But soule *and* body *both doe loue their* libertie:
Tell, tell me (O my Muse) who will beleeue our Booke?
He that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,
And serue our Sauiour Christ *in* bodie *and in* spirite,
Who both from Thrall *hath* freed *by his owne only merit.*

A Paradox,

That Aduerſitie is more neceſſarie then Proſperitie; and that, of all afflictions, cloſe Priſon *is moſt pleaſant, and moſt profitable.*

HOw euer fondly-falſe a vaine Opinion ſeeme,
If but the Vulgar once the ſame for right eſteeme;
Moſt men account it ſo: ſo (in abſurdeſt things)
Conſent of multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any meane remaines when it is once receiued,
To wreſt it from the moſt of erring minds deceiued.
Nay, who ſo ſhall but ſay, they ought to alter it,
He headlong caſts himſelfe in dangers deepeſt Pit.
For, neuer nimble barke that on aduenture runnes
Through thoſe blew bounding Hills where hoarie *Neptune*
Was ſet-vpon ſo ſore with neuer-ceaſt aſſault (wunnes,
Maintain'd on euery ſide by winds and waters ſalt,
When, raging moſt, they raiſe their rougheſt tempeſt drea-
As th'idiot multitude, that Monſter many-headed (ded,
Beſtirres it ſelfe, with wrath, ſpight, furie, full of terror,
Gainſt whatſoeuer man that dares reproue her error.

Who

Who vndertakes that taske, muſt make account (at firſt)
To take hot warres in hand, and beare away the worſt.
Therefore, a many Workes (worthy the light) haue died
Before their birth, in breſts of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but euen by fooliſh threats:
Yet, onely noiſe of words baſe cowards onely beats.
Then feare who liſt (for me) the common peoples crie,
And who ſo liſt, be mute, if other-minded: I
(Scorning the feeble force of ſuch a vaine endeuour)
Will freely (ſpight of feare) ſay what I cenſure euer:
And, though my preſent State permit me not ſuch ſcope,
Mine vn-forbidden pen with Errors pride ſhall cope.
Cloſe Priſon (now a-daies) th'extreameſt miſerie
The world doth deeme, I deeme direct the contrarie:
And there-with-all will proue, that euen *Aduerſities*
Are to be wiſhed more then moſt Proſperities.
And, for *Impriſonment*, though that be moſt lamented,
Of all the griefes where-with men feare to be tormented,
Yet, that's the State moſt ſtor'd with pleaſure and delight,
And the moſt gain-full too to any Chriſtian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, then creditable;
The which my ſelfe ſometimes haue alſo thought a fable,
While guile-full vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,
For ſtrengthning ſuſtenance, with vn-ſubſtantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I alſo did deteſt
All ſicknes and diſeaſe that might a man moleſt.
But, moſt I did abhorre that baſe-eſteemed State,
Which to ſubiections Law our ſelues doth ſubiugate,
And our ſweet life enthralls vnto anothers will,
For, as my fancie wiſht I would haue walked ſtill.

Death

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And our ſweet life enthralls vnto anothers will,
For, as my fancie wiſht I would haue walked ſtill.

Death

Death (thought I) ſoone hath done, and euery griefe beſides,
The more extreame it is, the leſſer time abides.
But now, beſides that I eſteemd the priſoners trouble
Much worſe, me thought the time his martirdome did dou-
So that, to ſcape that ſcourge, ſo irkſome to my hart, (ble.
I could haue beene content to ſuffer any ſmart.
Lo, by blind ignorance how iudgements are miſled:
Now that full thirty monthes I haue experienced
That ſo-much-feared ill, 'tis now ſo vs'd to mee,
That I (a priſoner) liue much more content and free,
Then when as (vnder cloake of a falſe freedome vaine)
I was baſe ſlaue (indeede) to many a bitter paine.
But, now I ſee my ſelfe mockt euery-where almoſt,
And feeble me alone met by a mighty hoaſt
Of ſuch, as (in this caſe) doo not conceaue as I,
But doo eſteeme themſelues offended much thereby.
And therefore (Father deere) this weake abortiue Child,
For refuge runnes betweene th'armes of his Grand-ſire mild,
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careles of the reſt, all that I heere deſire,
Is onely that your ſelfe (as in a Glaſſe) may ſee
The Image of th'eſtate of my Captiuitie:
Where, though I nothing can auaile the Common-weale,
Yet, I auaile my ſelfe (at leaſt) ſome little deale.
Praiſing th'all-powerfull Lord, that thus vouchſafes to poure
Such fauours manifold vpon me euery houre;
Wherof your ſelf (yet while) ſo ſweet ſure proof haue taſted,
In cruell bitternes of bands that longer laſted.
Now, I beſeech his Grace to bleſſe minc enterprife,
My hart and hand at once to gouerne in ſuch wiſe,

That

That what I write, may nought displeasing him containe:
For, voide of his sweet aide, who works he works in vaine.
Within the wide-spred space of these round Elements,
Whatsoeuer is indewd with liuing soule and sence,
Seekes (of it selfe) selfe-good; this instinct naturall
Nature her selfe hath grauen in harts of Creatures all:
And of all liuing things (from largest to the least)
Each one to flie his ill doth euermore his best.
Thereof it comes (we see) the wilde Horse (full of strength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And so, by force we tame each most vntamed beast,
Which, of it selfe, discreet, of euils takes the least:
And though that, that which seemes to be his chiefe restraint
He often-times despise, that's by a worse constraint:
As when the Lyon fierce, feare-lesse pursues the shining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and's royal crest declining,
Full of the valiant Fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midst a million swords, his whelplings to defend,
More fearing farre that they their liberty should lose,
Than on himselfe the smart of thousand wounding blowes.
But, all things haue not now the selfe same goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the same another hurts and kils:
There's ods betweene the good that sauage Beasts do like,
And that good (good indeed) which soul-wise man must seek:
When Beasts haue store of food, and free from foe's annoy,
Smart-lesse, and sound, and safe, may (as they list) enioy
Their fill of those delights, that most delight the sence:
That, that's the happines that fully them contents,
But reasonable soules (as God hath made mankind)
Can with so wretched Good not satisfie their mind.

But, by how much the more their inly ſight excels
The brutiſh appetite of euery creature els,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirſt:
Man of two parts is made, the body is the wurſt,
The Heau'n-born ſoule, the beſt, wherein mans bliſſe abides;
In body that of beaſts, nought hauing els beſides:
This body ſtands in need of many an acceſſorie,
To make it ſomewhat ſeeme: the ſoule receiues this glory,
That ſelfly the ſubſiſts; and her aboundant wealth
(Vnlike the bodies ſtore) is euer ſafe from ſtealth.
Our bodie tooke his birth of this terreſtrial clod,
Our ſpirit, it was inſpir'd of th'inly breath of God;
And either of them ſtill ſtriues to his proper place,
This (earth-born) ſtoopes to earth; that ſties to heauen apace.
But, as the ſilly bird, whoſe wings are wrapt in Lime,
Faine (but in vaine) attempts to flie full many a time:
So, our faire ſoule ſurcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,
Is too-too often held from mounting to her GOOD.
She ſtriues, ſhe ſtrikes, ſometimes ſhe lifts her vp aloft,
But, as the worſer part (we ſee) preuaileth oft,
This falſe fraile fleſh of ours with pleaſure's painted lure,
Straight makes her ſtoop againe downe to the duſt impure.
Happy who th'honour hath of ſuch a victorie,
He crownes his conquering head with more true maieſtie
Then if he had ſubdued thoſe Nations, by his might,
Which doo diſcouer firſt *Aurora's* early light,
And thoſe whom *Phœbus* ſees from his *Meridian* Mount,
Th' *Anti-podes*, and all; more then the ſand to count.
For, ſmall the honour is to be acknowledg'd King
And Monarke of the world, ones ſelfe vn-maiſtering.

But,

But, each man on his head this Garland cannot ſet,
Nor is it giuen to all this victorie to get,
Onely a very few (Gods deere-belou'd Elect)
This happy Goale haue got by Vertues lyue effect:
The reſt, ſoone weary of this ſame ſo painfull Warre,
Like well of Heauen, but loue the earth aboue it farre:
Some, drunk with poiſony dregs of worldly pleaſures brute,
Know where true good conſiſts, but neuer doo enſue't:
Some doo enſue the ſame, but with ſo faint a hart,
That at the firſt aſſault they doo retire and ſtart:
Some, more couragious, vow more then they bring to paſſe
(So much more eaſie 'tis to ſay, then doo, alas) (ments,
And all, through too-much loue of this vaine worlds allure-
Or, too-much idle feare of ſufferings and endurements:
Meere vanities, whereto, the more men doo incline,
The farther-off they are from their *chiefe Good* deuine.
Therefore, ſo many thinke themſelues ſo miſerable:
Therefore the aire is fill'd with out-cries lamentable,
Of ſuch as doo diſdaine the thing that better is,
To entertaine the worſe, with forfeit of their bliſſe:
Therefore, we ſee thoſe men that riches doo poſſeſſe,
Afflicted ſtill with care: and therefore, heauineſſe
Abandons neuer thoſe, that, fed with honours fill,
Fawne vp-on Potentates, for flitting fauours ſtill.
And, cauſe (God wot) they haue, to be at quiet neuer,
Sith their felicitie is ſo vncertaine euer.
Neither are Kings themſelues exempted from vexation,
How-euer Soueraigne ſway they beare in any Nation:
For, now they wiſh to win, anon feare loſſe no leſſe,
Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world poſſeſſe,

Not

Not one of them, with all, could full contented bee:
For, how man more attaines; the more attempteth hee.
Who (therfore) couets most such soon-past goods vncertain,
Shall ne'r enioy the ioy of goods abiding-certain:
But, who so seekes to build a true content, to last;
On else-what, must else-where his first foundation cast.
For, all things here below are apt to alter euer;
Heere's nothing permanent, and therefore whosoeuer
Trusts thereto, trusteth to a broken staffe for stay;
For no earth's vanity can blesse a man for aye.
We must, to make vs blest, our firme assurance found
Els-where then in this world, this change-inthraled ground:
We must propose our selues that perfect, perish-les,
That true vnfained good, that good all danger-les
From th'vniust spoile of theeues, which neuer, neuer stands
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.

Now, 'tis with spirituall hands and not with corporall
That we doo apprehend these heauenly treasures all:
Treasures so precious, that th'onely hope to haue-them
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gaue-them,
Fills vs with euery ioy, our sorrowes choakes and kills,
And makes vs feele, amid our most tormenting ills,
A much more calme content, then those that euery day
On this fraile earth enioy their hearts-wish euery way.

It's therefore in the spirit, not in the flesh that we
Must seeke our *Souerdigne Good* and chiefe Felicitie.
Th'one is not capable of any iniurie,
Th'other's thrall to the yoake of many a miserie,
Th'one end-les, euer-lasts, th'other endures so little,
That wel-nigh yer't be got 'tis gone, it is so brittle.

For,

For, who is he that now in wealth aboundeth moſt,
Or, he that in the Court Kings fauours beſt may boaſt,
Or, he that's moſt with robes of dignitie bedight,
Or, he that ſwimmes on Seas of ſenſuall ſweet delight,
But is in perrill ſtill to proue the contrarie,
Poore, hated, honour-les, and full of miſerie?
But, one, that ſcorning all theſe rich proud pomps & plea-
About him (*Bias*-like) beares alwaies all his treaſures, (ſures
Euen (like to him) can leaue his Natiue Country ſackt,
Without ſuſtaine of loſſe: and, with a mind infract,
Euen vanquiſhed bereaue the Victors victories,
Who, though his Land he win, cannot his hart ſurpriſe.
Let exile, priſonment, and tortures great and ſmall,
With their extreameſt paines at-once aſſaile him all:
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,
Poore, friendles, naked, ſick (or if ought worſe then thoſe)
He doth not onely beare all this with patience,
But taketh (euen) delight in ſuch experience:
Regarding all theſe griefes, which men ſo much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and skar-crowes void of might:
He chooſeth rather much ſuch exerciſe as theſe,
Then mid the fleſh-delights to ruſt in idle eaſe.
But, very fewe there are that thus much will admit,
Nay, fewe or none there are that eaſely credit it;
The moſt part taking-part with common-moſt conceit,
Yet they haue heard of this, ſuſtaine the tother ſtreight:
Not ſeeing, that themſelues ſhunne and refuſe as ill,
What vnto other men, for good they offer ſtill.
Not one of them will brooke his ſonne in ſloath to lurke,
But moues, and ſtirres him vp inceſſantly to worke:

Forbids him nothing more then sin-feed idlenes:
Nor any pleasure vaine permits him to possesse,
(For well he knowes, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thether-ward who walkes a path of paine must tread)
If he offend in ought, he chastens and reproues him,
In somuch sharper sort by how much more he loues him.
Thus handleth man the thing that most he holdeth deere,
Yet thinks it strange himselfe should so be handled heere.
May we not rather thinke we are belou'd of God,
When as we feele the stripes of his iust-gentle rod?
And that, whom heere he lets line as they list in pleasure,
Are such as least he loues, and holds not as his treasure?
For so, not of our slaues, but of our sonnes elect,
By sharp-sweet chastisements the manners we correct.
In very deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may crosse his childs desire,
But what may most auaile vnto his betterment:
So, knowing well that ease would make vs negligent;
He exerciseth vs, he stirres vs vp, and presses,
And, though we murmur much, yet neuer-more he ceases,
He chastens, he afflicts, and those whom most he striketh,
Are those whom most he loues, and whom he chiefly liketh.
No valiant men of warre will murmur or mislike,
For, being plac'd to proue the formost push of pike,
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,
With losse of dearest blood, their dauntlesse harts to show.
If an exploit approach, or Battel-day draw nie,
If ambush must be laid, some Stratagem to trie;
Or, must they meet the foe in eger skirmish fell,
Or, for the steepy hoast all night keepe sentinell:

From

From grudging at the paines, ſo farre of are they all,
That bleſt they count themſelues; therefore their Generall
Imploies them often-times, as moſt couragious;
And, them approu'd, he plants in places dangerous,
But, no man makes account of ſuch as ſhun the charge,
Whoſe paine is not ſo little as their ſhame is large.
All of vs (in this world) reſemble Souldiers right,
From day-breake of our birth euen to our dying night:
This life it is a warre, wherein the valianteſt,
With hotteſt skirmiſhes are euer plied and preſt:
Whom our grand-Captaine moſt ſets-by, he ſets a-frunt
The fore-ward, as moſt fit to beare the chiefeſt brunt:
Cares, exiles, priſonments, diſeaſes, dolours, loſſes,
Maimes, tortures, torments, ſpoiles, contempts, diſhonours,
All theſe are hard exploits, & ful of bickrings bold, (croſſes,
Which he commits to thoſe whom he doth deereſt hold:
But, leaueth thoſe behind for whom he careth little,
To ſtretch themſelues at eaſe amid their honors brittle, (ſures,
Their pomps, their dignities, their ioies, their gems, their tre-
Their dainties, their delights, their paſtimes, & their pleſures;
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage & the ſtuffe,
While others meet the foe, and ſhow their valours proofe.
But, haue not theſe (ſay ſome) in theſe afflictions part?
No; but of puniſhment, they often feele the ſmart.
Afflicted thoſe we count, whom chaſtnings tame, and turne;
The other puniſhed, that at correction ſpurne,
The firſt (ſtill full of hope) reape profit by their rods,
The later (deſperate) through ſpight wax worſe by ods.
Boy-ſtraglers of a Camp, ſo ſhould be puniſht then,
Being naked forc'd to fight with troupes of armed men,

Who cannot reape nor reach the pleaſure, nor the meed,
Nor th'honour incident for doing ſuch a deed:
To ſuch praiſe-winning place, braue Souldiers gladly runne,
Which as a dangerous place theſe faint-harts ſadly ſhunne.
What Warriour in the world, that had not rather trie
A million of extreames, (yea rather euen to die)
Then with diſgracefull ſpot to ſtaine his Honour bright
In theſe corporeall Warres? Yet, in the ghoſtly fight
(Of glory careles all) we ſhunne all labours paine,
To purchaſe with reproch a reſt-neſt idely-vaine.
Vertue is not atchiu'd, by ſpending of the yeere
In pleaſures ſoft, ſweet ſhades, downe beds & dainty cheere:
Continuall trauell 'tis that makes vs there ariue,
And ſo by trauell too Vertue is kept a-liue:
For, ſoone all vertue vades without ſome exerciſe,
But, being ſtird, the more her vigour multiplies.
Beſides, what man is he, that feeles ſome member rotten,
Whereof he feares to die, but cauſeth ſtraight be gotten
Some Surgeon, that with ſawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to ſaue his threatned life:
And ſuffers (though with ſmart) his very fleſh and bones
To be both ſear'd, and ſaw'd, and cleane cut-off at-once.
But, to recure the ſoule (the ſoule with ſinne infected)
All wholeſome remedies are hated and reiected:
With the Phiſition kind th'impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand he lets:
We are halfe putrified, through ſinnes contagious ſpot,
And without ſpeedy helpe the reſt muſt wholy rot:
Cut-off th'infected part, then are we ſound and free,
Els all muſt periſh needs, there is no remedie.

Moſt happy they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With ſmart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th'euer-neuer death, wherein they lye and languiſh,
That here haue had their eaſe and neuer taſted anguiſh.
But many, which as yet the aduerſe part approoue,
Conceaue (if not confeſſe) that it doth more behooue
By faintles exerciſe faire Vertue to maintaine,
Then ouer-whelm'd with Vice, at reſt to ruſt in vaine.
But yet th'extremitie of ſufferings doth diſmay-them,
The force where-of they feare would eaſily ouer-lay them:
They loue the exerciſe, the chaſtnings likewiſe like them,
But yet they would haue God but ſeld & ſoftly ſtrike-them,
Els are they preſt to runne, to ruine, with the Deuils,
They are ſo ſore afeard of falſe-ſuppoſed euils:
Moſt wrerched is the man that for the feare of niſles,
All liuely-breathing hopes of happy goodnes ſtifles.
Of niſles, ſir (ſay they) ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,
As nothing? nor their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,
That daily they indure? were not the wretches bleſt,
If from their heauie load their ſhoulders were releaſt?
Who is not happy (ſure) in miſery and woe,
No doubt proſperity can neuer make him ſo:
No more then he that's ſick ſhould find more eaſe vpon
A glorious golden bed, then on a wooden one.
Man harbours in himſelfe the euill that afflicts-him,
And his owne fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks-him:
And all theſe outward ills are wrongfully accuſed,
Which fleth and blood doth blame; for, being rightly vſed,
They all turne to our good: but who ſo takes offence
Thereby, hath by and by his iuſt rough recompence:

For, neither in their power, nor in their proofe the ſame
Are euills in effect, but in conceipt and name,
vvhich, whē we lightly waigh, the leaſt of vs ſurmounts them,
Nor hurt they any one but him that ouer-counts them.
Neither ought that (indeed) for euill to be rated,
Which may by accident be vnto good tranſlated:
For ill is euer ill, and is contrarie euer
Directly vnto good, ſo that their natures neuer
Can be conſtrain'd to brooke each other, neither yet
Can th'one be euer turn'd to th'other oppoſite:
But, plainly we perceaue, that there's no languor ſuch,
But long continuance and cuſtome lighten much:
Familiarizing ſo the Fit, that how ſo fret it,
Euen in th'extremitie one may almoſt forget it,
What better proofe of this, then thoſe poore Gally-ſlaues,
Which (hauing been before ſuch Rogues and idle Knaues)
As ſhunning ſeruices to labour were ſo loth,
That they would ſtarue & die rather then leaue their ſloth,
But being vs'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,
Labour that yerſt they loath'd, they now deſire the more:
Or thoſe that are aſſail'd with burning Feuer-fit,
Euen then when leaſt of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and crie, and raue, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot ſwage;
Yet, if it wax not worſe, the daintieſt body makes it
In eight daies as a vſe, and as a trifle takes it,
Or, thoſe that haue ſometimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without change of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did conſtraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seemes them ſo eaſie then, they almoſt fall a-ſleepe.

All

All are not euills then, that are ſurnamed ſo,
Sith euill neuer can his nature mingle, no,
Nor turne it into good; whereas we plainly ſee
On th'other ſide, that theſe are changed ſodainly.
And, were they ills (indeed) ſith they ſo little laſt,
Were't not a very ſhame to be ſo much agaſt?
But here againe (ſay they) th'ones nature neuer taketh
The others nature on, but ſtill the ſtronger maketh
His fellow giue him place, and onely beareth ſway
Till that return'd againe, driue it againe away.
Nay, that can neuer be: for neuer perfect good
Can by his contrarie be baniſht (though withſtood):
For, good is euer good, and where ſo e're it goe
Euill doth euer ſtriue, but with too ſtrong a foe.
There is no reaſon then, theſe, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this ſort, and neuer reſt at all:
Neither to bleſſe or blame them for the good or ill
That euer in her ſelfe our ſoule concealeth ſtill.
For, if that from without, our bale, or els our bliſſe
Arriued: euer more withall muſt follow this,
That alwaies, vnto all, ſelfe ill, ſelfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one ſelfe content: but 'tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their qualitie and kind,
But rather as th'affects of men are moſt inclind.
One, looſing but a crowne hath loſt his patience quight,
Another, hauing loſt fiue hundred in a night,
Is neuer mou'd a iote, though (hauing leſſe in ſtore,
Then th'other hath by ods) his loſſe might grieue him more,
One, being baniſhed, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.

And, one in prison pent, is vtterly dismaide,
Another, as at home, liues there as well appaid.
Needs must we then confesse, that in our selues doth rest
That which vnhappieth vs, and that which makes vs blest:
In vs (indeed) the ill, which of our selues doth grow:
And in vs too the good, which from God's grace doth flow,
To whom it pleaseth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Saue those on whom the Lord vouchsafeth to bestow-it:
And that the bitter smart of all the paines that wring-vs,
From nothing but our sinne, receaueth strength to sting-vs.
Yea, surely in our selues abides our miserie,
Our Grand-sire *Adam* left vs that for Legacie,
When he enthrall'd himselfe vnto the Law of sin,
Wherein his guilty heires their griefe-full birth begin.
The Lord had giuen to him a Nature and a feature,
Perfect (indeed) and blest aboue all other creature;
And of this Earthly world had stablisht him as King,
Subiecting to his rule the raines of euery thing:
His spirit within it selfe no selfe-debates did nurse,
Hauing no knowledge yet of better nor of worse:
His body euer blith and healthfull felt no warre
Of those foure qualities that now doo euer iarre:
Nor any poysonie plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noysome beast could hurt him any deale:
He might, without the taste of bitter death attaine
Vnto the Hauen of Heauen, where all true Ioyes doo raigne.
And, had he not misdone, he might haue well bequeathed
The same inheritance to all that euer breathed:
How happy had he beene, if he had neuer eaten,
Th'vnlawfull fatall fruite that double Death did threaten?

O that

O that he neuer had preferd the Serpents flatter
Before th'eternall Law of all the worlds Creator.
You ſhall be (ſaid the Fiend) like ſupreme Deities:
This ſweet fruites ſugred iuice ſhall open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (enuying all your bliſſe)
Blindes with a filmie vaile of black Obſcurities,
Leaſt that you ſhould become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill as well as euer hee.
Poore *Eue* beleeues him ſtraight, & Man beleeues his wife,
And biteth by and by the Apple asking-life:
Whereof ſo ſoone as he had taſted, he begins
(But all too-late alas) to ſee his curſed ſinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then he had the skill
To know the difference betweene the good and ill,
Then did he know how good, good was when he had loſt-it,
And euill too he knew (but ah too deerely coſt-it)
Leauing himſelfe (beſides the ſorrow of his loſſe)
Nothing but ſad diſpaire of ſuccour in his croſſe.
He found himſelfe falne down frõ bliſſe-full ſtate of peace
Into a ciuill warre where diſcords neuer ceaſe:
His ſoule reuolting, ſoone became his bitter foe,
But (as it oft befalls that worſt doo ſtrongeſt grow)
She is not eas'd at all by th'inly ſtriuing iarres,
Which doo annoy her more then th'irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, enuie, feare, ſorrow, diſpaire, and ſuch:
And paſſions oppoſite to theſe, afflict as much,
Diſtracting to and fro the Princeſſe of his life,
In reſtles, mutinies, and neuer-ceaſing ſtrife.
Then th'humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themſelues, augment his miſery.

So,

So that (by their debate) within his fleſh there ſeeded
A harueſt of ſuch weeds as neuer can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subiects) did attend-him
Now, 'mong themſelues conſpire by al means to offend-him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortall he became,
And bound his ſoule to bide Hells euer-burning flame,
Leauing his wofull heires (euen from their births beginning)
Heires of his heauie paine, as of his hainous ſinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankind,
To beare the puniſhment to his foule ſinne aſſign'd:
And none had euer ſcap't, had not the God of grace
(Deſiring more to ſaue, then to ſubuert his race)
Redeem'd vs by the death of his deere onely Sonne,
And choſen vs in him before the world begunne:
Forgiuing vs the fault, and with the fault, the fine;
All ſaue this temporall death, of *Adams* ſinne the ſigne.
Now, in the horror of thoſe eaſe-leſſe, end-leſſe paines,
It may be rightly ſaid that euill euer raignes:
That's euill's very ſelfe; and not this ſeeming-woe,
Whereof the wanton world complaineth daily ſo.
Liu'd we ten thouſand yeeres continually tormented
In all fell tortures ſtrange that euer were inuented,
What's that compar'd to time, that neuer ſhall expire,
Amid th'infernall flames, whoſe leaſt-afflicting fire
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can think?
Sure, all that we endure, till *Lethe* drops we drink,
Is all but eaſe to that, or if it be a paine,
'Tis in reſpect of that a very trifle vaine.
But, were't a great deale worſe, why ſhould we euill name
That which we rather finde a medicine for the ſame?

Health,

Health, wealth, ſecurity, honour, and eaſe doo make vs
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake vs:
Whereas afflictions are the ready meanes to mooue vs;
To ſeeke our health in him that doth ſo deerely loue-vs.
'Tis true indeed (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring-vs,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extreamely wring-vs,
That th'euill which they feele that doo endure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it iuſt to giue it that for name.
Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be denied)
Is thrall to many throwes, while here on earth we bide
In body and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſſions ſtrong, the body thouſand paines,
And that's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaid,
Was iuſtly due to vs, when *Adam* diſobai'd;
But, he that's once new-borne in Ieſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſetled hath,
Who doth beleeue that God giues effence vnto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriueth
To ſtop his iuſt decrees, can ſtand, or euer thriueth:
Not onely doth accept all paines with patience,
The which he takes for due vnto his deepe offence:
Nor onely is content (if ſuch be Gods good pleaſure)
To feele a thouſand-fold a much more ample meaſure,
But euen delights therein, and void of any feare,
Expects th'extremitie of all aſſaults to beare.
Whether almighty God abate their woonted vigor,
Or (that his may not feele their croſſes cruell rigor)
Doo wholy arme them with new forces for the nonce;
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at-once.

And, to approoue this true; how many dayly drink
Of torments bitter Cup, that neuer seeme to shrink?
Alas, what sharper smart? what more-afflicting paines?
What worser griefe than that, which ceas-lesly sustaines
He that by some mischaunce, or els by martiall thunder,
Vnhappily hath had some maine bone broke in sunder?
What torment feeleth not the sore-sicke deepe-diseased?
One while with cruell fit of burning Feuer ceased:
Another while assail'd with Collick and with Stone,
Or, with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none?
Or, thousand other griefes, whose bitter-vexing strife
Disturbes continually the quiet of our life?
Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish,
(Though the most part repyn, & plain, & mourn, & languish,
Murmuring against the Lord, with malcontented voice)
Some praise his clemencie, and in his rods reioyce.
How many such (deere Saints) haue fel tormentors seene,
To die betweene their hands, through moody tyrants teen?
So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,
That in th'extremitie they haue expressed laughter?
How many at the stake, nay, in the very flame,
Haue sung with cheerfull voice, th'almighties praise-ful name?
Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,
Of sinewes, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines
(By nature at the least) as much as any other,
For being issued all from one selfe earthly Mother.
What makes the then to find such extreme smart so sweet?
What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?
No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made-vs,
Who with his liberall hand of goodnes still doth lade-vs,

Some

Some more, and other leſſe: and neuer ceaſeth ſpace
From making vs to feele the fauours of his grace.
Accurſt are they (indeed) whom he doth all abandon
To doo their Luſt for Law, and runne their life at randon:
Accurſt who neuer taſte the ſharp-ſweet hand of God:
Accurſt (ah, moſt accurſt) who neuer feele his rod.
Such men (by nature borne the bond-ſlaues vnto ſinne)
Through ſelfe-corruption, end worſe then they did beginne;
For, how they longer liue, the more by their amiſſe,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther-off from bliſſe.
Such men, within themſelues their euils ſpring containe:
There is no outward thing (as falſly they complaine)
Cauſe of their cureles ill: for good is euery thing,
And good can (of it ſelfe) to no-man euill bring.
Now, if they could aright theſe earthly pleaſures prize
According to their worth, they would not in ſuch wiſe,
For lack, or loſſe of theſe (ſo vaine and tranſitorie)
Lament ſo bitterly, nor be ſo ſadly-ſorrie.
But, ouer-louing ſtill theſe outward things vnſtable,
To reſt in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth ſo aſſaile-them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *Good-fortune* faile-them,
Then ſwell their ſullen harts with ſorrow till they burſt,
And thē (poore deſperat ſoules) they deem thēſelues accurſt:
And ſo (indeed) they are, but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their owne ſelfe-amiſſe,
Other indifferent things, that neither make, nor marre,
But to the good, be good; to th'euill, euill are.
Is't not great fooliſhnes, for any to complaine,
That ſomthing is not don, which doth him nought cōſtraine?

Sith

Sith, if he vſe the ſame, ſoule-health it hurteth not,
Or, if he doo not vſe't, it helpeth not a iot.
But needs muſt we complain (ſay ſome) for we haue cauſe:
Then at your perrill be't; for, that which chiefly drawes
You thereto, 'tis intruth your brutneſſe in miſ-deeming
Things euill, that are good (for ſence-contrary ſeeming)
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors miſt,
Your drowſie ſpirits doo droope, alas what maruell is't,
If euill follow you, and if (iniurious) ſtill
To others you impute your ſelfe-ingendred ill?
Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchſafeth ſight
To ſee the louely beames and life-infuſing Light
Of his ſweet ſacred Truth; whereby we may perceaue
And iudge a-rightly, what to loue, and what to leaue.
Such men within their ſoules, their goods haue wholy plaſt,
Such goods, as neuer fire can either burne or waſt:
Nor any Theefe can ſteale, nor Pyrate make his praie,
Nor vſurie conſume, nor Tyrant take awaie;
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away, nor finiſh,
Nor any accident of ſad miſchance deminiſh.
For, it is built on God, a Rock that euer ſtands,
Not on the vanities of theſe inconſtant ſands,
Which are more mutable then wind, and more vnſtable,
And day by day doo make ſo many miſerable.
O, to what ſweet content, to what high ioyes aſpires
He that in God alone can limmit his deſires!
He that in him alone his hopes can wholy reſt,
He that for onely end, waites for the wages bleſt,
Wherewith he promiſeth for euer (ſans reſpect
Of their ſelfe-meriting) to guerdon his Elect:

What

What is it can bereaue the wealth of ſuch a man?
What is it that diſturbe his perfect pleaſures can?
What is it can ſupplant his honours and degrees?
Sith all his treaſures, his delights, his dignities
Are all laid vp in Heauen, where it were all in vaine
For all the ſonnes of earth to warre with might and maine.
No doubt (will ſome man ſay) each Chriſtian doth aſpire
(After this bodies death) to thoſe deere treaſures higher,
That are reſeru'd in Heauen, whereof the ſweet poſſeſſion
Feares not the violence of all the worlds oppreſſion:
But, while that here below this fraile fleſh-burthen ties him,
But the bare hope he hath, which how can it ſuffice him
Againſt the ſharpe aſſaults of paſſions infinite,
Whoſe glad-ſad croſſe conflicts afflict him day and night?
Needs muſt I graunt (indeed) that that ſame perfit ioy
We cannot perfitly vpon this earth enioy:
But, that that Hope alone doth not ſufficiently
Bleſſe his life where it liues (for my part) I denie.
Some doo not feare (we ſee) to ſpend their ſtock and ſtore,
To vnder-take the taske of many trauailes ſore,
To hazard limmes, and liues in ſeruice of ſome Lord;
Depending oft vpon his foole-fat-feeding word:
Or waiting els (perhaps) without all other hold,
Vntill it pleaſe himſelfe his franknes to vnfold:
Not reaking all their paine, they are ſo inly pleaſed
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not feazed.
And, ſhall th'aſſured hope of euer-bliſſes then,
For which we haue the word, not of vaine mortall men,
That teach their tongues to lie; but of the higheſt God,
The God of truth, truth's ſelfe, where truth hath ſtill abode:

Shall

Shall that(I ſay) not ſerue to ſettle our faint hearts,
Againſt(I will not ſay) like dangers and like ſmarts:
But 'gainſt theſe petty griefes, that now and then do pain-vs
No more like thoſe then heauen neer earth that doth ſuſtain-
Ah,ſhall we then diſpiſe all trouble and vexacion, (vs?
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?
And, while for earthly things we can endure this,
Shall we not do aſmuch for an immortall bliſſe?
Indeed,not of our ſelues, for, ſelfly nought we can,
But God(when pleaſeth him) doth giue this ſtrength to man,
Whereby he ſtandeth ſtout;euen like a mightie rocke
Amid the mounting waues when *Eole* doth vnlocke
Sterne *Auſters* ſtormie gate,making the waters wraſtle
And ruſh with wrathfull rage againſt the ſturdie caſtle,
While it(for all the force of their fell furie ſhowne)
Is not ſo much as moou'd,and much leſſe ouerthrowne.
So fareth ſuch a man,for, if from high degree,
He ſoudainly do ſlide to liue contemnedly
With the vile vulgar ſort; that cannot make him wauer:
For, well he is aſſur'd that Gods high holy fauour
Depends not on the pomp,nor vaine-proud ſtate and port,
That for the grace of Kings adornes the courtly ſort.
If he be kept in bands,thrall to the tirannies
And extreame-cruell lawes of ruthles enimies,
Both voide of helpe and hope,and of all likelihood
Of being euer freed from their hands thirſting-blood;
In ſpight of them, he knowes that one day he ſhall die,
And then he ſhall enioy an endles *Libertie*.
If he be forc't to flie from his deare country-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,

He

He doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Country common,
From whence, no tyranie (till death) can baniſh no-man.
If that he muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie he moſt delighteth in:
He knowes that where he findes a man, he findes a Kinſ-man,
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſinnes-man).
If (being ſpoil'd of wealth, & wanton-pampering plenty)
He find vpon his boord two diſhes ſcant of twenty,
And to his back one coate to keepe the cold away,
Whereas he had before, a new for euery day:
He learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids vs be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Iob*) into this world we brought,
Nor with vs when we die can we hence carrie ought.
If he be paſſing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of euery needfull thing for belly and for back,
He learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To giue to euery one (in time) the thing he needeth:
And that the Fowles of Heauen, and Cattle ſmall and great,
Doo neither ſowe nor reape, yet find they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire which grow among the graſſe,
Doo neither ſpin nor worke, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and ornament)
The glorious *Salomon's* rich robes of Parlament.
If ſo, that he be ſicke, or wounded; in the arme,
In body, back, or breſt, or ſuch like kind of harme:
If in extremitie of angry paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, he bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that euer martir'd man,
At once on euery ſide afflict him all they can:

The more that he endures, the more his comforts grow,
Sith, ſo his wretchednes he ſooner comes to know;
That from worlds vanities he may himſelfe aduance,
vvhich hold all thoſe frō heauen, that ſtil delight that dance:
He feares not thoſe at all that with their vtmoſt might,
Hauing the body ſlaine, can do no farther ſpight:
But onely him that with ten thouſand deathes can kill
The ſoule and body both for euer if he will:
He knowes it is their lot that ſeeke to pleaſe their God
To be afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod,
So that, what euer croſſe, how euer ſharpe aſſaile-him,
His conſtant harts-content and comfort cannot faile-him.

But, he muſt die (ſay you): alas can that diſmay?
Where is the Labourer that (hauing wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearineſſe oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when he ſhall goe to reſt?
The Marchant that returnes from ſome far forraine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as he ſees his ſhip her home-hauen enter ſafe,
Will he repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought to ſoone home to his natiue ſoile,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylours ſpoile?
He knowes, frō thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe
That in heauens euer-ioyes, he euer may repoſe-him: (him,
That he muſt bring his Bark into this Creeke, before
In th'euerlaſting Land he can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That he can neuer come to in-corruption,
Vnles that firſt his fleſh doo feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with ioy, hauing his helpe ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack he eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.

But

But, more (perhaps) then death the kind of death dismaieth,
Which serues him for a bridge that him to heauen cõuaieth.
Whether he end his daies by naturall disease:
Or in a boysterous storme doo perish on the Seas:
Or, by the bloodie hands of armed foes be slaine:
Or by mischaunce a stone fall downe, and dash his braine:
Or by the murdring ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day, or els by night his bones be past a-sunder;
Or burned at a stake; or bitterly tormented
By cruell slaughter-men, in tortures new-inuented.
Alas, alas, for that, much-lesse then least he careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, he fareth,
Who, if he may be drawne vp from the noisom place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes crawle ouer feet & face,
Respects not, whether that ye vse a silken skaine,
Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, so he get vp againe:
Euen so, so he may come to his desired blisse,
The manner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doo torture)
If it be violent, he knowes it is the shorter:
But, be it n'er so long, long sure it cannot last
To vs, whose Post-like life is all so quickly past.
Now, such a man, in whom such firme contents do hyue,
Who can denie to be the happiest man alyue?
And who so impudent, that dareth now professe
That this worlds fained sweet (whose vnfain'd bitternesse
Brings (to this very life) full many torments fell,
And after dingeth downe to th'endles paines of Hell)
Shold be prefer'd before these seeming-sowres, that make vs
Taste many true-sweet sweets yer this dead life forsake vs,

The more that he endures, the more his comforts grow,
Sith, ſo his wretchednes he ſooner comes to know;
That from worlds vanities he may himſelfe aduance,
vvhich hold all thoſe frō heauen, that ſtil delight that dance:
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Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, ſo he get vp againe:
Euen ſo, ſo he may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The manner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doo torture)
If it be violent, he knowes it is the ſhorter:
But, be it n'er ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To vs, whoſe Poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents do hyue,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man alyue?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe vnfain'd bitterneſſe
Brings (to this very life) full many torments fell,
And after dingeth downe to th'endles paines of Hell)
Shold be prefer'd before theſe ſeeming-ſowres, that make vs
Taſte many true-ſweet ſweets yer this dead life forſake vs,

And after, lift vs vp to that ſame bleſſed ioy,
That euermore ſhall laſt, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I ſuppoſe) ſo deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with theſe ills falſly-ſeeming,
Than inlie falne-in-loue with Heauen-ioyes excellence)
Approouing this eſtate, flye't as the peſtilence.
And yet, in this eſtate is found felicitie
(As farre foorth as it may, amid the vanitie
Of this fraile fading world, where ech thing hourly changes):
For, neuer from it ſelfe true happines eſtranges:
It neuer doth decay, it neuer doth decreaſe,
In ſpight of angry Warre, it euer liues in peace:
Maugre poore want, it hath ten thouſand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inuiron'd round with woe, it dooth reioyce and ſing:
Depriu'd of dignities, it's greater than a King:
It ſits ſecure and ſafe, free from hart-pining feares:
For, euer with it ſelfe it all deere treaſures beares.
Not needing any aide of men-of-armes to watch-them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch-them.
Whereas, we daily ſee ſo many men, whoſe mind
To tranſitorie traſh of world-wealth is inclinde,
In their abundance beg, and in their plenty poore
(For who hath had ſo much, that hath not wiſhed more)?
No treaſures can ſuffice the gulfe of their deſire,
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aſpire:
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled ſoule doth euer burne and boyle.
For euery ſhort content of any falſe delight,
A thouſand bitter throwes torment them day and night.

All

All their eſtate doth ſtand abroad in hands of Strangers:
Therfore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dãgers,
The more their miſeries, becauſe the more they need
Much ſtrength and many men vnto their hoords to heed:
Dreading (with cauſe) leaſt craft and cruelty, or either
Bereaue them of their bliſſe, and treaſure both together.
Needs muſt we then confeſſe, that in aduerſitie
There is more happines then in proſperitie;
Sith that the minde of man ſo ſoone it ſelfe betrayes
Vnto the guilefull ſnares that worldly pleaſure layes,
Which make vs at the laſt headlong to Hell to runne:
All which, aduerſitie doth make vs ſafely ſhunne.
But here it may be askt, if pleaſure, ſtate, and ſtore
(Plunging vs in the Pit of vices more and more)
Be ſubiect ſo to make vs more and more accurſt,
Muſt we eſteeme that griefe (which ſence eſteemeth wurſt)
More fit to better vs, and bring vs vnto bliſſe,
Then thoſe whoſe ſmarting ſting is not ſo ſtrong as this?
Sure, ſith that in our ſelues our cauſe originall
Of bliſſe, and bale we hide, it matters not at all:
For, ſtill the faithfull man one and the ſame remaines,
Whether the griefe be great or little he ſuſtaines:
Sith, how ſo e're it be, he takes occaſion thence,
To ſeeke in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for becauſe, our ſoule (the while ſhe doth conſort
With this groſſe fleſhly lump) cannot, but in ſome ſort
Suffer as ſenſible, yea, oftentimes ſo far,
That her beſt functions all, leſſe apt and able are,
Than els at other times: I doo ſuppoſe the proofe
Of one, then other ill, auailes more in behoofe.

That this is ſo, we ſee, a ſicke-man oft to find
Such ioyfull quietnes, and comfort in his mind;
That he eſteemes himſelfe the beſt content a-lyue:
But yet the ſharpe diſeaſe (which doth his health depriue)
With-holdeth in ſome ſort his ſences and his wit,
That freely other-where he cannot vſe them fit.
And ſo it fares with him, that (through reſolued well)
Endures the cruell ſtraines of any torture fell.
Now, for the baniſh'd man, the changing of his dwelling
Neuer diſturbes his ioy. And he, whoſe wealth excelling
Turnes in a trice to want, by whatſoeuer chaunce,
His courage neuer ſhrinks, nor yet his countenaunce.
So that, in their content, all foure are all a-like,
A-like reioycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two laſt haue odds in their extremities
In that, without impeach, they may apply their mind
To many goodly things, wherein great ioy they find.
(I meane when each diſtreſſe offends a man alone,
Not when he is aſſail'd at once of euery one).
Yet, peril's quickly paſt, danger endureth not,
Exile ſo eaſie growes that it is ſoone forgot,
The greateſt loſſe that is we mind not many houres:
For, thouſand accidents diſtract this ſoule of ours,
Which cannot in ſuch ſort the ſences ſtill reſtraine,
But, that they will goe feed on many obiects vaine,
Whereby at vn-awares ſhe oftentimes ſurpris'd,
Is ouer-reacht by thoſe, whoſe rigour ſhe diſpis'd:
And ſo, the pleaſant taſte ſhe doth vntimely miſſe,
Wherewith affliction ſweet doth ſeaſon heare her bliſſe,

So

So that, ſome other State (wherein our ſoule, leſſe fed
With ſundry obiects vaine, ſhall be more ſetled)
May rightly be preferd to theſe which make her ſtay,
And ſtumble often-times, vnto her owne decay,
And therefore, I ſuſtaine, *cloſe Priſon* to be beſt,
Of all afflictions that may a man moleſt.
Conſidering, all defects to other croſſes common,
In this are ſeldome found, and almoſt, felt of no man.
For *Priſon* is a place where God ſequeſters men,
Farre from the vile proſpect of vanities terren,
To make them thence with-draw their harts, and to confeſſe
That in his grace alone conſiſts their happines.
It is a learned Schoole, where God himſelfe reades cleerely
True wiſedomes perfect rules, to thoſe he loueth deerely.
There, th'vnderſtanding (free, amid the many chaines,
That bind the body faſt) findes out a thouſand meanes,
To learne another day to be more apt and able
(According to our place) for vſes ſeruiceable,
To profit publike-weale: for euermore we ought
(In ſeeking ſelfe-gaine) ſee that common good be ſought.
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:
For which, what fitter meane then ſuch a ſequeſtration,
Where each-man vndiſturb'd, through diligence may grow
According to the gifts that gracious Heauens beſtow:
One, in abilitie to rule a lawfull State,
The vertuous to aduaunce, and vicious to abate:
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquitie:
Another to diſcerne true Truth from Sophiſtrie,
Another (by the feates of elder men at Armes)
To frame wiſe Stratagems for wofull warres alarmes,

(For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get
By reading, then they can where Camp and Camp is met)
And (briefly to conclude) ſome, grauely to aduiſe,
Some, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies:
But moſt of all, to ſearch within the ſacred Writ,
The ſecret miſteries to mans ſaluation fit.
A world of vanities, that doo diſtract vs heere,
During our *Libertie*; in Durance, come not neere:
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of doore,
Bounding vs round about within a narrow floore,
Doth gard vs from the gall which Sathan (ſpring of ſpight)
Mingles among the ſweet of this vaine worlds delight.
If he be happier man that liueth free from foes,
Then he whom angry troopes of enemies incloſe:
Much more the Priſoner then of his high bliſſe may boaſt,
For being ſo farre off from ſuch a hugie hoaſt
Of hatefull foes ſo fierce in malice and in might,
Himſelfe ſo faint and weake, and ſo vnfit to fight:
For he, and we (God wot) in ſteed of ſtanding to-it
(How-euer in a vaine, we vaunt that we will do-it)
When't commeth to the brunt we cannot brooke the field,
But either flie like Hares, or els like cowards yeeld.
The ſundry obiects fond, which make vs ſoone forget
Each other chaſtiſement, in this doo neuer let,
For turne we where we liſt, and looke which way we will,
At all times to our ſight one thing is offred ſtill:
Whether on pauement, roofe, or wall, we caſt our eye,
Alwayes of our eſtate an Image we deſcrie,
And ſo it alſo fares with our newes-greedy eare,
One very ſound reſounds about vs euery where:

Where euer harken we, we heere of nought but foes,
Our Keepers commonly are not too-kind (God knowes)
By the leaſt noiſe that is, continually they tell
In what eſtate we ſtand, and in what houſe we dwell.
So that, inceſſantly our harts are lift on high:
Sõme-times to praiſe the Lord for his benignitie,
Who doth not puniſh vs after our foule offence,
Though by a thouſand ſinnes we daily him incenſe:
Some-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble harts with ſuch great force bedight,
That we, in ſteed of griefe, or grudging at the paines
Of ſharpeſt chaſtiſements, whereof the world complaines,
Leauing this loathed Earth, we mount the higheſt place,
Where (through true faith) we taſte his honey-ſweeter grace:
Some-times to giue him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand we haue to helpe our needing:
And to be ſhort, ſans ceaſe to meditate on all
The countles benefits that from his goodnes fall,
Not ſuffering any houre to paſſe away for nought
With out exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.
Yet, doth the world eſteeme this, a moſt hard eſtate,
And him that feeles the ſame, it counts vnfortunate:
But I would gladly ſee ſome other State, wherein
(With ſuch commoditie) ſo much content is ſeen;
Wherein leſſe hinderance, and leſſe incomberance lies,
To make men miſſe the path vnto perfections priſe.
Sure ſir (will ſome man ſay) you ſet a good face on-it,
One might at length conuert, commenting ſo vpon-it,
The cruell'ſt Priſon-houſe into a Manſion faire,
Where 'twere not hard to liue content, and void of care:

You take your *Priſoner* for a practiue man of Art,
But, ſuch as thoſe God knowes you finde the feweſt part:
You faine him to be friend to ſolitude and quiet,
But the moſt part are prone to reuell and to riot:
One muſt be free from noiſe that meanes to ſtudie well,
Whereof, who can be ſure in ſuch a ſeruile Hell?
Beſides, he muſt haue bookes, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Priſoners* hands are ſeldome left I thinke;
So that, you do not faine your gaile ſo good and gainfull,
As to find out the ſame is difficult and painfull.
I anſwere in a word (if any ſo ſhall wrangle)
I doo not bound all bliſſe within ſo ſtraight an Angle:
I ſay, great happines and hart-reuiuing ioy
Follows th'afflicted ſort in euery ſharp annoy:
But that there is no croſſe that doth ſo much auaile,
To make vs fit to helpe our neighbour, as the gaile,
Wherein the God of grace at his good pleaſure giues
Meanes to effect the ſame, vnto the leaſt that liues.
But be it ſo, in bands, that nothing learne we can,
'Tis to be learn'd inough, to be an honeſt man:
And this is th'only School, wherin th'Arch-maiſter teacheth
Himſelfe, by ſecret meanes, rules that the rudeſt reacheth
Th'aduiſe of ſuch a one more profit doth impart,
Then of the wicked ſort with all their curious Art,
Concerning ſolitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inc'in'd vnto the contrarie;
There, the aſſiſtant grace of God we chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth alſo change our minde.
For being free from noiſe, and for obtaining tooles
To helpe our knowledge with, as in all other Schooles:

God

God euer cares for thoſe that feare his name for loue:
And, if that any ſuch, ſuch inconuenience proue,
If any money need, or els (through ample diſtance)
Be deſtitute of friends, he gets them (for aſſiſtance)
The fauour of their foes, whoſe harts he handles ſo
(Howeuer they intend his childrens ouerthrow)
That his, of what they need haue euermore inough,
According as he knowes to be to their behoofe,
Now ſay that we conſent (ſay ſome) that this is true:
But what, if ſomwhat worſe then all this worſt enſue?
What, if he be enforc't his Countrey to forſake?
What, if continuall fits his ſickly body ſhake?
What, if he loſe at once his wealth and reputation?
Repleat on euery ſide with euery ſharp vexation?
Can he ſtill keepe his ioy, and can he ſtill retaine
Such meanes to profit ſtill, for all his griefe and paine?
Concerning his content, it's alwaies all a-like,
Whether that euery griefe particularly ſtrike,
Or, whether all at once he feele their vtmoſt anger:
And if he be ſurpris'd with ſo extreame a languor
That (as I ſaid before) the ſpirit it inforce
(Through ſuffering of the ſmart that doth afflict the corps)
To leaue his Offices, ſo that, he cannot write
Nor read, nor meditate, nor ſtudie, nor indight;
It is ſo quickly paſt, that in compariſon,
Regarding ſo great good, 'tis not to thinke vpon.
For, by a mighty griefe, our life is quickly ended,
Or els, by remedie it ſelfe is ſoone amended:
And, if it be but meane, then is it borne the better,
And ſo vnto the ſoule it is not any letter.

Beſides,

Beſides, we muſt conceaue, our ſpirit (as oppreſt
With fainting wearines) ſometimes deſireth reſt,
To gather ſtrength againe, during which needfull pawſe
We are not to be blam'd, ſith need the ſame doth cauſe:
So, that the time that's loſt while ſuch ſharp pangs do paine,
May be ſuppos'd a time of taking breath againe.
In priſon (to conclude) a man at once may trie
All manner of extreames of earthly miſery:
In which reſpect (perhaps) the worſe ſome deeme of it,
Being (as 'twere) the Butt that all men ſtriue to hit;
But, I eſteeme the ſame the perfecter for that:
For, if one croſſe alone can make vs eleuate
Our groueling earth-deſires from cogitations baſe,
To haue recourſe to God, and to implore his grace,
Seeking in him alone our perfect ioy and bliſſe:
Much more ſhall many griefes at once, accompliſh this.
For many can doo more then one (without reſpect)
And ſtill, the greater cauſe, the greater the effect.
Indeed (ſay other-ſome) theſe reaſons haue ſome reaſon:
But, then whence comes it, that ſo many men in Priſon
With hundred thouſand paines, pincht and oppreſſed ſore;
In ſteed of bettering there, wax worſer then before,
In ſteed of ſweet content, doo ſtill complaine and crie;
In ſteed of learning more, loſe former induſtrie?
Though (in apparance great) your ſayings ſeeme but iuſt,
Yet plaine experience (ſure) we thinke is beſt to truſt.
That hidden vertue rare, that ſo great good atchiues,
Lies in the Priſoners hart, not in his heauy Gyues;
The good grow better there, the bad become the wurſe,
For, by their ſinne they turne Gods bleſſing into curſe.

And

And that's the cauſe the moſt are mal-content and ſad:
Sith euermore the good are fewer then the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchſafe this grace?
Proud earth-wormes, pawſe we there: let's feare before his face,
Admiring humbly all his holy Iudgements high,
Exceeding all too farre our weake capacitie.
The Potters veſſell vile, doth vs our leſſon ſhow,
Which argues not with him why he hath made it ſo:
Much leſſe may we contend, but rather reſt content
With that which God hath giuen. He is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, moſt iuſt, and perfit wiſe:
On ſome, he poures a Sea of his benignities,
On ſome, a ſhallow Brooke, on other ſome, a Flood.
Giuing to ſome, a ſmall; to ſome, a greater Good:
As, from eternitie hath pleas'd th'eternall Spirit
To loue men more or leſſe, without reſpect of merit.
For my part, ſhould I liue ten *Neſtors* yeeres to paſſe,
Had I a hundred tongues more ſmooth then *Tully's* was,
Had I a voice of ſteele, and had I brazen ſides,
And learning more then all the *Helyconian* guides;
Yet were I all too-weake to tell the many graces
That in ten thouſand ſorts, and in ten thouſand places,
Ten hundred thouſand times he hath vouchſafed mee
(Not for my merits ſake, but for his mercy free)
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bountie
I haue receau'd ſo oft, none to compare accoumpt-I
With this *cloſe priſonment*, wherein he doth with-draw-me
Farre from the wanton world, & to himſelfe doth draw-me.
I poſted on a pace to ruine and perdition,
When by this ſharpe-ſweet Pil, my cunning kind Phiſition

Did

Did purge (maugre my will) the poiſonie humor fell
Wherewith my ſin-ſick hart already gan to ſwell.
I lookt for nothing leſſe then for theſe miſeries
And paines that I haue prou'd: the worlds vaine vanities
Had ſo ſeduce't my ſoule with baites of ſugred bane,
That it was death to me, from pleaſure to be tane:
But (croſſing my requeſt) God (for my profit) gaue
Me quite the contrary to that which I did craue.
So that, my body barring from a freedome ſmall,
He ſet my ſoule at large, which vnto ſinne was thrall.
Wounding with musket-ſhot my feeble arme, he cured
The feſtring ſores of ſinne, the which my ſoule endured:
Tripping me from the top of ſome meane dignitie,
Which drew me vp to climbe the Mount of vanitie,
He rais'd me from the depth of vices darkſome Cell,
The which inceſſantly did ding me downe to Hell:
Eaſing me (to conclude) of all the griefe and care,
Wherewith theſe falſe delights for euer ſauced are.
He made me find and feele (amid my moſt annoyes)
A thouſand true contents, and thouſand perfect ioyes.

But ſome (perhaps) amaz'd, wil muſe what kind of pleaſure
Here I can take, and how I paſſe my time and leaſure:
For, in foule idlenes to ſpend ſo large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grieuous crime.

Firſt, in the morning, when the ſpirit is freſh and fit,
I ſuck the honey ſweet from foorth the *ſacred Writ*,
Wherein (by faith) we taſte that true celeſtiall bread,
Whence our immortall ſoules are euer onely fed:
Then, ſearch I out the ſawes of other ſage Diuines
(The beſt here to be had) among whoſe humaine lines,

Suppor-

Supported by the grace of Gods especiall power,
I leaue the thorne behind, and pluck the healthsome flower.
Sometimes, I doo admire, in bookes of Heathen men,
Graue-sayings sauoring more a sacred Christian pen,
Than many of our age, whose bold vnlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on euery side:
Sometimes, when I obserue in euery ancient storie,
Such vertuous presidents, trim patternes of true glory;
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked daies,
Where vertue is despis'd, and vice hath all the praise.
Oft I lament to see so many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praise, that best their learning fits)
To sing of nought but lyes, and loues, & wanton Theames,
False sooth-sinne flatteries, and idle Fairie dreames.
Then, turning towards those, that fill'd with holier flame,
For onely subiect choose th'Eternalls sacred name:
These chiefly I admire, whose honourable browes
Disdaine the fained crowne of fading *Laurel* boughes:
Then full-gorg'd with the sweets of such a dainty feast
(Prickt forward with desire to imitate the best)
Oft-times I exercise this Art-les Muse of mine
To sing in holy Verse some argument deuine.
One while to praise my God for all receaued good:
Another while to beg, that in his deere Sonnes blood
My black sinnes he will wash, and that he will not waigh
At his high Iustice beame, how I haue gone a-stray.
Sometimes, these wretched times to pitty and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones do florish more and more.
Sometime to waile the State of sad distressed *Sion*
Imploring to her aide the Tribe of *Iudah's* Lion.

If

If any other Theame at any time I take,
Yet neuer doth my Verſe the ſetled bounds forſake
That Veritie preſcribes, nor now no more diſguiſe
The vgly face of ſinne with maske of painted lies.
And though that (heeretofore) I alſo in my time
Haue writ Loues vanities, in looſe and wanton rime:
'Twas as a whet-ſtone that, whereon I whet my ſtile,
Yet it were ablely-apt ought grauer to compile:
Yet I repent thereof: for, we muſt neuer end
To bring by euill meanes a good intent to end.
When as, my weatie ſpirits ſome relaxation aske,
To recreate the ſame, I take ſome other taske:
One while vpon the Lute, my nimble ioints I plie,
Then on the Virginalls, to whoſe ſweet harmonie
Marrying my ſimple voice, in ſolemne Tunes I ſing
Some Pſalme or holy Song, vnto the heauenly King.
So that, the idleſt houre of all the time that flies
So faſt, is neuer free from ſome good exerciſe:
Wherein I ioy as much, as euer I haue donne,
In the moſt choiced delights found vndemeath the Sunne.
But, you can neuer walke, nor goe to take the aire,
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne're ſo faire:
But there in ſolitude you lead your life alone,
Bard from the fellowſhip of (almoſt) euery one:
Which doubtles (at the laſt) muſt grieue you needs I thinke.
'A man that neuer thirſts hath neuer need of drinke:
So, though I be bereft theſe other things you ſpeake-of,
I miſſe nor minde them not, as things I neuer reake-of.
For, I haue ſchool'd my hart ſince my raptiuitie,
To wiſh for nothing els, but what is graunted me,

And

And,what is graunted me,contents me paſſing well.
In each condition doth ſome contentment dwell:
But men of differing ſtates haue difference in delights,
What pleaſeth common eyes,that irketn princes ſights,
What raſhlings do delight, that ſober men diſpiſe,
What fooles take pleaſure in,doth but offend the wiſe,
What proſperous people loath,afflicted folke will loue:
And what the free abhorr,that priſoners will approue.
But all haue equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content,that can them rightly take:
For,who ſo preſently himſelfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither paſſed ill,nor future ill to feare: (fray-vs.
Th'one,which is now no more,ought now no more af-
Th'other,which is not yet,as little can diſmay-vs.
For,what no eſſence hath,that alſo hath no might,
And that which hath no power,can do a man no ſpight:
Beſides,ſith that our life is but a pilgrimage
Through which we daylie paſſe to th'heauenly heritage:
Although it ſeeme to thee that theſe my bands do let-me,
Yet haſt I to the goale the which my God hath ſet-me
As faſt as thou that runſt thy ſelfe ſo out of breath
In poaſting night and day,by dales and hills and heath.
If thou haue open feelds,and I be priſoner;
T'importeth me no more, then to the mariner
Whether he go to ſea ſhipt in ſome ſpatious arke,
Or els (at leſſer ſcope) aboord ſome leſſer barke.
Nay,heer the leaſt is beſt,ſith this vaſt ocean wide
Whereon we daily ſaile, a thouſand rocks doth hide
Gainſt which the greater ſhips are caſt-away full oft
While ſmall boats(for the moſt)float ouer ſafe aloft.

Then may I well conclude with reaſon and aſſurance
That there's no better ſtate then to be kept in durance,
A ſweeter kind of life I neuer prou'd then theare:
Nor was I euer toucht with leſſer greefe and care:
If that I care at all, it is for others cauſe,
And for the miſeries this Times corruption drawes.
But, being well aſſur'd that nothing here betideth
Againſt Gods ordinance and will that all things guideth:
And knowing him to be good, iuſt, and moſt of might,
I gladly yeeld my ſelfe to th'order hee hath pight.
For he it is, that now makes me accept ſo well
And like of this eſtate which others hate as hell:
He t'is that heretofore vouchſaft me like releefe,
When as I was oppreſt with a more greeuous greefe:
He t'is from whom I hope in time to-come no leſſe,
Although a hundred fold were dubbled my diſtreſſe:
Yea, he it is that makes me profit euery day,
And alſo ſo content in this eſtate to ſtay,
That of my libertie I am not now ſo faine
To think by libertie a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit moſt my friends and countrie ſo.
Now here I humblie pray (expecting ſuch an end)
The Lord ſtill towards me his fauour to extend,
And that he will vouchſafe ſtill to alott like grace,
To all that for like cauſe are handled in like caſe.

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FINIS.

A briefe explanation of moſt of the moſt-difficulties through the whole worke, for the eaſe of ſuch as are leaſt exerciſed in theſe kinde of readinges.

A

A *Biſſe*, a gulfe, or bottomles pit.
Abderian & *Abderite*, *Democritus*, the laughing Philoſopher of *Abydus*.
Aben-Roes, a learned Philoſopher of *Cordaba*, ſprung from *Arabian* parents.
Abydus, *Leanders* Towne.
Accademian Shades, *Platos* Skoole,
Accheron, a Riuer in Hell.
Accon te, *Libbards* (or Wolfes) bane.
Achilles, the moſt valiant Captaine of the *Myrmadons*.
Adonis, a moſt beautifull youngmã, beloued of *Venus*.
Adrian, *Adriatike* } *Sea*. the gulfe of *Venice*.
Aeſon, the father of *Iaſon* made yong againe by the skill of *Medea*.
Aetherial, heauenly.
Aeſculapius, an excellent Phiſition, father of Apollo.
Africa, the South quarter of the World.
Aiax Shield, a prouerb, for a ſure defence.
Argueſcald. a Bath in Gaſconie
Alarbies, & *Alarbians*, wild and vpland *Arabian* theeues:
Albion, England, the Ile of great Brittaine.
Alceſte, the moſt chaſte and louing wife of *Admetus*, that gaue her owne life to ſaue her husbands.
Alcides, *Hercules*: *Alcides Spires*. *Hercules Pillers*: *Alcides griefe*, the falling-Sicknes.
Alcmæna, the mother of *Hercules*.
Alcaron, the *Turkes* Law and Religion.
Aleband, a Cittie in *Caria*, of old, famous for the beſt Bow-ſtrings.
Alecto one of the *Furies*
Alexanders Altars, were at the foote of the *Ryphian* Mountaines.
Almicantharats, and *Almadarats*, *Arabian* names of *Circles* which are imagined to paſſe through euerie degree of the *Meridian*, *Paralel* to the *Horizon* vp to the *Zenith*.
Alhiaade, a Rule on the backe of the *Aſtrelabe* to meaſure heights, breadths and depths.
Amafroſe, *gutta ſerena*, a diſeaſe in the ſinnewes of the Sight:
Amalthean Horne, plentie of all things.
Amblygone, a flat Triangle.
Ambroſia, the Gods meate.
Americã, the French diſeaſe brought firſt from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.
Amia, a fiſhlike, a Tunnie, found in the ſea neere Conſtantinople.
Amphetrite, the Sea.
Amphiſbæna, a Serpent hauing a head at both ends.
Amphion, the author of Harmonie and builder of *Thæbes*.
Amiclean Harpe, Arion.
Amyot, a learned French-man, tranſlator of Plutarke, and other Greeke Authors.

Aquossa. a Bath in Gaseonie.
Andromeda. the Wife of Perseus, (with her husbande, Father and Mother) turned into a Starre.
Androdus. a Roman slaue gratefully requighted of a Lyon.
Anorexia a queasines of stomach.
Anthews, Antenors sonne, beloued and vnwillingly slaine by Paris.
M. Anthony, competitor with Octauius and Lepidus for the Empire.
Antiperistasis, incounter of contraries or contrarie circumstance.
Antipodes, those people that dwell directly vnder vs.
Antartike. Southerne.
Aonian band. the Muses.
Apelles. an excellent Painter.
Apium risus. a kind of Crow-foot that kils men with laughing.
Apian way, one of the brodest wayes in Rome.
Apollo. the Sunne.
Apoplexie. a kind of dead palsie.
Apoge. the point fartheſt from the Center of the earth.
Arabians people of Asia.
Arcadian-scoute. Mercurie.
Arcenal: an Armorie or stoarehouse
Archelaus: a King much praised by Plutarch and others for wisedome and temperance, and for delight in husbandrie.
Archimedes a famous Mathematician of Syracusa.
Archytas. a noble philosoper of Tarentum.
Arion. a famous Harper and lyrike poet.
Arne, a Riuer in Italie.
Arsenik. orpine: supposed Okar.
Artemisia, Queene of Caria wife of Mausolus.
Artemisian stem, mugg-woorte.
Armorik. Brittaine in France.
Armados: Spanish Armies, or great shippes of Warre.
Artik: Northern, or of the North.
Aristotle. the most famous philosopher of Stagyra.
Asia: a third part of the world in former times most famous for learning and Religion, but now for the most part miserablie yoaked vnder the Turkes tirannie.
Asylum. a refuge or defence.
Assur: one of the Sonnes of Sem: also the countrie of Assiria.
Astaroth: an Idol of the Philistines
Astrea Iustice.
Astrelabe. an instrument to gather the motion of the Starres.
Asthma: short-windednesse.
Attalus: a wealthy King of Pergamus, delighted in the Country-life.
Atlantik Sea: is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.
Atlas: a King skilfull in Astronomy therefore fayned to beare vp Heauen. it is also a mountaine in Barbarie.
Athenian Sage: Socrates.
Attik Muse: Zenophon.
Atheists: those that acknowledge no God, infidels.
Aurora. the morning.
Auster: the South-winde.
Auernus: Hell.
Auicon: a learned Phylopher and phisition borne at Seuil, of Arabian stocke:
Azimiths: great Circles meeting in the Zenith or vertical Point.

Baltik Ocean. the Daniſh ſea.
Baignere. a Bath in Gaſconye.
Bandans. the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent ſpices.
Bacchanalian Frowes. Weomen-prieſts of Bacchus. the God of Cups.
Bardes. ancient Poets & Sages.
Barege. a Bath in Gaſconie.
Barr-greeſe and Barnacles, a kinde of foules that grow of rotten Trees and broken Ships.
Bek. a Phrigian woord, ſignifying bread.
Belgian. of the Netherlands,
Belgrad. a Towne in Hungarie taken by the Turke.
Bellona. Goddeſſe of warre.
Belus Sonne. Ninus firſt King of Aſſiria, ſuppoſed to bee inuentor of Nauigation.
Bitumen. a kinde of oylye, ſlimie, gummie, or clammie Clay.
Bizantium: Conſtantinople.
Brontes. one of Vulcans Forgement.
Briareus, a Giant with 100. hands.
Brutus heires. Engliſhmen, Brittans.
Bocconi. Poiſonie confections, Italiã figges.
Bon-iours. Good morrowes.
Bonarets. a kind of Beaſt-plantes.
Bootes. a little ſtarre in the North-Pole neere to *Vrſa minor*. vſed for the North.
Boreas. the North-winde,
Boſphores, 2 Strayghts, ſo called of an Oxes wading ouer: the one ſirnamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.
Boulime. a hungrie, or greedie Diſeaſe in a cold ſtomach.
Bucephalus. the couragious Horſe of Alexander the great.
Buſirus. a moſt cruel Tyrant of Egipt which vſed to ſacrifice ſtrangers to Iupiter.
Butric. a learned and eloquent German (of late dayes) Counſailer to Caſſimirus.

C

Cabaliſtik. miſticall Traditions among the Iewes Rabbins.
Cæſars. Emperours, ſo called from C. Iulius Cæſar the firſt Emperour.
Cadmus. ſonne of Agenor, who ſlew a ſerpent and pulling out his teeth ſowed them in the ground, whereof inſtantly there ſprung vp ready armed men.
Cairo. a Citty in Ægypt, of old called Babilon, and thought one of the greateſt in the world.
Calamarie. a fiſh, that may bee well called the Sea Clarke, beinge furniſhed with neceſſaries for a ſcribe.
Callicrates, an excellent Caruer eſpecially in ſmall workes.
Calpe, a Mountaine within the Straights of Gibaltar iuſt oppoſit to Abila. theſe 2. are called the Pillers of Hercules.
Canibals, people in the South part of America that eate mans-fleſh.
Candia. an Iland in the Mediterranian Sea, ſubiect to the Venetiãs.
Cana. a Town in Galile, wher Chriſt (at a mariage) wrought his firſt miracle.
Cantharus: a fiſh of admirable chaſtity
Capharean Rock, a moſt dangerous and rocky Coaſt of Eubœa, now called Negropont.

Carpese, a venemous plant, whose Iuice causeth deepe sleepe, and so strangleth the Patient.

Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Austria.

Carraques, great Spanish Vessels.

Caligula, a most wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.

Cassagale, the Cittie Quinzay, in the East Indies.

Cassiopea, Mother of Andromeda.

Castalian Well, springes, Fount, Springs at the foote of Parnassus sacred to the Muses.

Cathay, a large Country in East Asia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.

Catharact, a violent fall of any Waters, causing deafenesse with the noyse, also a disease in the Eye distilling a tough humour like gelly.

Catiline, a factious Citizē of Rome famous for his dangerous conspiracy against his Countrie.

Cato, a reuerent, and a renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and resolute death.

Caudrets, a Bath in Gasconye.

Caucasus, a verie high Mountaine that deuides Sythia from India.

Ceres, Goddesse of Harueſt, inuentresse of Tillage and of the vse of Corne, sometimes vsed for the Earth.

Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.

Centaures, half men-Horses begotten by Ixion on a Clowd.

Cerastes, a Serpent of sundrie cullours, with hornes like a Ramme.

Cerathus, a Ruer in Candie from whence comes the best Malmsie

Cerbas, a Tree in the Indies of 15. fadoms about.

Cerberus, the three headed dog of Hell, the Porter there.

Celtike, a part of France,

Chaos, a confused heape, the matter of the World before it receiued forme.

Chalde, the Country wherein Babilon stood: where were great Astronomers, Magitians, & Southsayers.

Charles Martel, King of Fraunce ouerthrew 400000. Turkes neere vnto Tours.

Chermez, the graine wherwith Skarlat and Crimson are dyed.

Chymeras, strang Fancies, monstrous Imaginations Castles in the Aire.

Cincinnatus, one called from the Plough (all dustie and almost naked) to the Roman Dictatorship.

Cimmerians, People farr North that are thought neuer to see the Sun.

Cittadel, a Castle, built, with a small Garison to keepe a great Towne in awe.

Cirques, round Lists to behold publike Races.

Chus, Æthyopia.

Clio, one of the Muses, reciting the glorious acts of Worthynes.

Clitus, one of Alexanders greatest Minions, whom yet in his drunckenne: he slew.

Cocos, an dnurable Nutte brought from the Indies.

Cocytus, a Riuer in Hell.

Colchos. Medeas Countrie from whence Iason fetcht the Golden Fleece.

Codrus, a King of Athens, that gaue his owne life for the safe-guard of his Countrie,

Colonies, nnmbers of People sent to inhabite some new conque-

red

red Countrie.

Colures, 2. Circles in heauen wherin the Sun-stops are caused.

Cochenel. graine wherewith Purple is died.

Colosses, huge Statues erected in honor of any person.

Columbus, a Genoese, discouerer of America for Ferdinando, king of Castile,

Comitiall Ill, the Falling-sickenes.

Comodus, a most vicious Emperour.

Cones geometrical figures broad beneth, and sharpe aboue with a Circular bottome.

Concentrik, hauing one commõ Center.

Copernicus a learned German that maintaineth the heauens to stand still, and the Earth to turne round about.

Coruinus, a Roman Orator that after a sickenes forgat his owne name.

Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea subiect to the Venetians.

Critik. and Critical, sharpe Censurers also dangerous dayes for health obserued by Phisitions.

Crescent, the Moone increasing.

Ctesiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.

Ctesibes, an excellent inuentor of water Engines.

Cubes, geometicall figures foure-square, like a Die:

Cucuio, a strange bird in new spaine:

Cupid, the bastard of Mars, and Venus, the little God of loue,

Curius, a Citizen o Rome, famous for frugalitie and temperance, who delighted rather to commãd the rich, then to be rich.

Cylinders. geometrical figures round and long, consisting from top to toe of 2. equall paralel-Circles

Cyclops: Giants with one eye: working in the Forge of Vulcan.

Cyprus, a fruitefull Iland in the Gulfe of Issa. formerly subiect to the Venetians, but nowe vsurped by the Turke, anciently consecrated to Venus.

Cynthia, *Diana*, the Moone,

Cytharea. Venus:

Cynosure, 7. starres in the North pole, the North Pole, the North-starre.

Cymbrians, the people of Denmarke and Nor-way.

Cyrus, the great King of Persia cõquerour of the Medes, and after slaine by Tomyris Queene of the Massagets.

D.

Damon. the most faithfull frende of Pytheas, both disciples of Pythagoras.

Danae, daughter of Acrisius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Iupiter raynd himselfe in a Golden shower into her lap.

Danubius. the greatest Riuer in Europe, called also Isther.

Dardane Ants, Indian Emmets.

Darius, a King of Persia, vanquished by Alexander the great.

Delian Twinnes, the Sun and Moone.

Delian. *Princesse*. Diana.

Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades. which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, and after soudainly appeared.

Delphian Oracle. the Oracle of Apollo

Delphos God. Apollo.

Democritus, the laughing Philosopher of Abydus.

Demosthenes. the best Orator of the Grecians:

Denis, or Dionisius, a Tyrant of Syracusa.

Deucalion. son of Prometheus, who with his wife Pyrrah, escaped the Flood and (as the Poets faine) restored the world.

Diabete, a disease, when one cannot hold his water.

Diapason, a Concord of all,

Diarrhea a Laske or loosenes of the Bellie.

Diameter. a line deuiding any figure into equall parts, passing through the middle pointe of any figure.

Dialect. a forme of speech diuers frō others in any language:

Diana: the Goddesse of virginitie. the Moone:

Dircean wales. Thebes.

Disenteria, the bloodie-flixe:

Dodochædrons: figures of 12. Angles.

Druides. ancient learned Priests, and Sages of France: supppoled to haue first issued out of this Iland of Brittaine.

E

Ecliptik line, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiak through which the Sunne, runneth his proper course in 365 dayes.

Egiptian flood: The Riuer Nilus.

Electrum. Amber.

Electra. one of the sisters of Phaeton, who inceslantlie weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.

Elixir: an Arabian word signifying, Quintessence. the Philosophers stone:

Elisium: the fayned Paradise of hethen Poets:

Eldebag. a learned Arabian Satyrical Poet.

Embryon: the Child in the mothers Wombe before it haue receiued shape:

Encyclopedie. that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences:

Endimion. a young shepheard the fauorite of Cinthya:

Engastromith, one possessed, which seemes to speake in his bellie:

Empyema, an impostume in he Breast:

Enyon: the same that Bellona sister to Mars: and Goddesse of Battaile:

Enthousiasmos poeticall furie.

Eoan Monark. Alexander the great.

Eolian scontes, the windes:

Ephemerides: Daye bookes, Registers. Iournals.

Ephesian Temple. the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.

Ephesian moane. Heraclitus weeping at the worlds miseries.

Ephori, a kind of Maiestrats, protectors of the people.

Epidemik illes, Vniuersall Diseases.

Epicycle, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.

Epicurus: a Phylosopher that placed mans felicitie in the pleasures of the Sence, beleeuing no God but Fortune.

Epilepsis: the Fallinge-sicknesse.

Epithalamie: a nuptiall song,

Epitaph,

Epitaph, a funerall ſong, or an Inſcription on a Tombe or graue.
Epithets, additions to nownes expreſſing ſome qualtie.
Epitome. an Abridgment:
Epirus. a Countrie in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the Noble exploits, of G. Caſtriot (ſirnamed Scanderbeg) againſt the Turke.
Equinoctiall. a Circle in Heauen through which when the Sunne paſſeth, the dayes and nights bee of equall length.
Erætrian ſoile, medicinable Earth brought from Eretria:
Erebus a Riuer in hell: Hell,
Erithrean Deepe, the red Sea.
Erynnis, one of the Furies.
Eridanus, a figure in Heauen, the Riuer Po, in Lumbardie.
Eurus, the Eaſt wind,
Euripus. a narrow Sea, which ebbeth and floweth ſeauentimes in 24. howres:
Euphrates, a Riuer that runs through Babilon.
Europe, Chriſtendome, or this Weſterne Part of the world:
Excentrik: that hath his center wholy ſeparated from the Center of the Earth:
Eryſipiles: hot and red ſwellings called S: Anthonies fier.
Erycina. Venus:

Fa-

F

Fabritius, a famous Romane, contemner of Riches & in extreme pouertie moſt puiſſant for vertuous valour and integritie:
Fauſtina. a moſt laſciuious Empreſſe, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius pius.
Fez. a kingdome in Barbarie.
Finland. a Dukedome vnder the king of Sweden.
Flamine. a Sacrificer or high Prieſt among the Heathen.
Flauio. Melphio a Neapolitan inuenter of the needle in the Mariners compaſſe and the vſe thereof.
Foix. a Countey belonging to Nauarr neere the Pirene Mountaines.
Floræ. a faire and rich harlot which made the people of Rome her Heire, in reſpect whereof they made her Goddeſſe of Flowers: and kept yeerely Feaſtes in honour of her,

G

Galen, a famous Phiſition borne at Pergamus, whoſe learned works through all ages haue been honoured.
Ganges, a great Riuer in India.
Gaules, the auntient name of the French-men.

Ga-

Genius. a mans ſpirit, or naturall inſtinct or inclination.

Gemonide. or *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence cõdemned perſons were throwne downe.

Ghion, one of the Riuers in Eden.

Gnidian Idols. Venus and Cupid (for in Gnidos ſhee was worſhipped)

Gonorrhea. a foule and inuoluntarie Fluxe of ſeed, the Running of the Reines.

Gordian knott. a knott thought impoſſible to be vndone, wherewith Gordius, had faſtened his Oxe-yoake in the Temple of Apollo.

Gorgons, vgly helliſh monſters in forme of ſchaly Dragons with crooked teeth, one eye, Iron talents, and mightie wings.

H

Halcyon, a litle water-bird thought to be the kings fiſher,

Harpies, rauenous Birdes, with faces like weomen.

Hecatombes. Heathē Sacrifices wherin were offered 100. Beaſts.

Hebe. Ioues Cup-bearer the Goddeſſe of youth.

Heber, of whom the Hebrues and Hebrue Tongue are ſo called: the great-great-Grand-Chyld of Sem, the ſonne of Noah.

Hecuba. the Frantike and diſſigured, old wythered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and here oppoſed to the freſh, young, beautifull *Helena,* the fatall Prize of their ſonne Paris.

Helicon. a Mountaine ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.

Helena, the wanton wife of Menelaus. Cauſe of the tedious warre and finall deſtruction of Troy.

Hemiſphear, halfe the compaſſe of Heauen which we behold:

Hercules, the moſt renownd Monſter-Tamer of Thebes,

Hermes. Mercurie.

Hero, the faire Seſtian Nunne, for whoſe ſake Leander was drowned in Helleſpont.

Heroes, halfe-Gods, excellent Men, for valour and vertue.

Herophilus. a verie Auncient Phyſition.

Herodotus an Eloquent Greeke Hiſtoriographer.

Heſiodus an ancient Greeke Poet.

Heſperian Plant, Golden fruit Trees garded by a Dragon which was ſlaine by Hercules but here it is vſed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant then thoſe fayned golden fuites.

Hexameters, verſes of 6 feete.

Hiades, 5. ſtarres (ſome hold 7.) in the head of the Bull.

Hiero. A King of Cicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in Huſbandrie.

Hieroglyphikes, ſecret Cyphers, ſtrang Caracters, myſticall wrighting by ſundrie formes of things.

Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for ſending Timber and workemen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Ieruſalem.

Homer, ſo called for his blindnes, the moſt excellent of all the Greeke Poets.

Horizon. a Circle deuiding the halfſpheare of the firmament ouer vs, from the other halfe vnder vs, which

which we see not.

Hun furious, Attyla who sir-named himselfe the skourge of God, and Terror of the World.

Hyantian Fount, Springs sacred to the Muses

Hydrantik, or *Hydraulik*, braule, Musike artificially made with the fall of waters,

Hyana, a horrible Beast that counterfaiteth mans voice.

Hydrargire. quicke siluer.

Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads, slaine by Hercules.

Hybla, and *Hymetas*, } Mountains abounding in bees and honnie

Hymen, the God of Mariage.

Hyper-borean, aboue or beyond the blowing of the North wind.

Hyppocrates, a most excellent Physition.

Hyppolitus. the sonne of Theseus, who shunning the wanton intisements of his stepdame Phœdra, was through her false accusations torne in peeces.

Hyren, a faire Greeke Mayden Captiue, on whom Mahomet the 2. extreamely doated.

I

Ianus, an ancient King of *Italie*, whom in respect of his wisedom & prouidēce they figured with 2. faces, as looking backe into things past, and foreseeing things to come.

Iaffa, (anciently *Ioppe*) a notable Hauen-Towne in Siria. where they land that Trauaile to Ierusalem,

Iapetus a Thessalian, more famous by his 2 sonnes Prometheus, and Epimetheus, then for any great worth of his owne.

Iason. Captaine of the Argonautes, by the fauour of Medea, surmounting all dangers brought home the golden Fleece.

Ibis, a certaine high Bird, with a long Bill and stiffe legs, worshipped by the olde Egyptians.

Ibnu-farid. a learned Arabian, not much knowne in these parts.

Iberians. Spaniards.

Icarus. the sonne of Dedalus, who presuming to flye, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name

Ichneumon. Pharaos Ratte a little Beast enemie to the Crocodile.

Idalian Fire the burning heate of loues desire.

Idea. an Image or Patterne of things conceiued in the Fancie.

Idioma. a proper and peculiar forme of speech.

Iessean Harpe. the holy musike of Dauid the Sonne Ishai, commonly called Iesse.

Iliaca passio, a kinde of Collicke.

Illium, and Ilion. Troye.

Imaus. a Hill in India part of Caucasus.

Im-Partiall maydes. the Fatall sisters.

Fle-

Ile of Iron, or *Isola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands nowe called Canaries.

Incubus, a diſeaſe oppreſſing the ſtomach in our ſleepe, which the ignorãt haue thought to a be ſpright it is commonly called the Night-Mare.

Individuum, a body that canot be deuided.

Ioues Bird, the Ægle.

Iris-bow the Rain bow.

Iunos bird the Pea-cocke.

Iſleban glorie of Wittingberg Martine Luther.

Iſthmus, a narrow-ſtraite of land betweene 2 .Seas.

Iſter, Danubius,

Ithacus, Vliſſes the prudent huſband of the moſt Chaſte Penelope.

Iupiter, the cheefe God of the Pagans.

Iubile, a yeare of libertie and releaſe which was euerie fiftieth yeare.

Iuſtinian, a learned Emperour Compiler of the Ciuill lawes.

Iuturna. the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades,

K

Karos, a drouzie, and ſtupefying diſeaſe in the head,

Kennet, a pleaſant Riuer running through Barkſhire neer vnto whoſe flowerie bankes our callow Cignets had their neſt.

L

Lacedemon (called alſo Sparta) a Cittie and a Common-wealth. moſt famous and flowriſhing vnder the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia. the Country where that Cittie ſtood,

Lacheſis, one of the Fates.

Læda, the wife of Tyndarus, who by the helpe of Iupiters Swan laide 2, egges, whereof were hatched double Twinnes, of the one Pollux and Helena, of the other Caſtor & Clytemneſtra,

Latmos, a Hil in Ionia. where Cynthia is ſayd to haue imbraced her deere Endimion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo,

Latonian Twinnes, thoſe Children of hers, the Sun and Moone.

Lais, a beautifull and coſtly Harlot of Corynth, frequented by many gallants of Greece,

Lee, a neate little Towne in Eſſex in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander. a younge man of Abydus beloued of Hero, drowned in Helleſpont while he was ſwimming to her.

Lers, a riuer in France of moſt ſtrang qualitie

Lethe, a Riuer in Hell, which cauſeth forgetfulneſſe.

Lethargy, the ſleepie diſeaſe.

Leſtrigons, a cruel people of Campania in Italy, which were ſaid to feed on Mans Fleſh.

Lygvria. the Terrriorie of Genoa.

Licurgus, the famous Lawe-Maker of the Lacedæmonians:

Lemnos. Vulcans Iland, Nowe called Stalimene.

Limbo. Hell.

Linus. an exeellent ancient Musitian, maister of Orpheus.

Linx. a beast of exceeding quicke and piercing sight.

Leucippus. a Philosopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe. a Sea-Goddesse.

Liquor-God: Bacchus.

Lopez. a late Iew-spanish Phisitian, executed for infinite Treasons against this State.

Lotos. an admirable plant, strangely sympathizing with the Sunne:

Lucania. a prouince of Italie, now called Basilicata.

Lucina. Iuno, and Diana, suppoſed of old to bee assistant to women in their trauell.

Lucretia. the chast wife of Collatinus, rauished by Tarquin.

Lucretius. a verie auncient Latine Poet.

Luna. the Moone,

Lupercales. Sacrifices and Feasts solemnized to Pan.

Lyceum. the Skoole of Aristotle.

M

Madera. one of the Canaries from whence come excellent Sugers.

Malta. and Ilande in the Mediterranean Sea, where the Knightes (that were) of Rhodes. now keepe their residence.

Manie. a disease in the head causing madnes.

Martian-field. a fielde betweene Tyber, and the Cittie of Rome where they vsed to behoulde the fight of the condemned men with wilde Beasts.

Mars. the God of warre.

Mark Pole. a notable Venetian Nauigator and Discouerer.

Maiz. Indian wheat.

Mausole. a sumtuous Tombe built by Artemisia Queene of Caria, for her husbande Mausolus.

Marcellus. A most noble Roman Captaine, Conquerour of Syracusa, and fiue-times Consul.

Mahomite. the Turkish Emperour, worshippinge Mahomet.

Mantuan muse. the poet Virgil.

Massacres. horrible murders.

Medea. a sorceresse, or (as some call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders. crooked turnings, so called of the Riuer *Meander* for his exceeding crookednes.

Medices. the late Queene mother of France, being of the house of Florence.

Medusas-Tresse. a head with snakelike haires, turning the beholders into stones.

Mein a Riuer in Germany, whereon standes Frankfort the famous Mart of the World.

Mee-

Meonian Bard. Homer.

Mecænas, a noble Romane, and liberall fauourer of Virgil.

Megera, one of the Furies.

Melt. an admirable Tree In *Mexico* a mightie kingdome of *America*.

Memphians.
Memphites.
Memphists.
Memphitists } Egyptians.

Mercurie, one of the Planets, the God of wit, eloquence, inuention, and subtiltie, and the messenger of the Gods.

Mercuriall, as it were a Chancerie, controuling & reuoking false iudgments of inferiour Courts.

Meridian, the south Circle,

Metaphoras, borrowed speeches:

Metempsychosis, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after *Pythagoras*.

Metaphysical, supernaturall.

Milo, a man of prodigious strength that carried a Bull on his backe, killed him with his fist, and eate him vp in one day.

Mince, a Riuer neere *Mantua*, where Virgil was borne,

Minerua, the same that Pallas: Goddesse of witte and warre.

Moly, an herbe brought from heauen by *Mercurie* to Vlisses, supposed to be our Rue or herbe-grace,

Moloch, the Idole of the Ammonits.

Moluques, rich Ilands in the East Indies plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices, and other Treasures.

Moores, the people of, *Ethyopia*, subiects of *Presser ihon*.

Morpheus, the God of Dreames.

Mummie, a drugge, taken for part of ancient imbalmed bodies,

Musculus, a little Fish most officious to the whale.

Musulmans, *Arabians*.

Mycæna, Agamemnons kingedome.

Mydas, a wealthie king of *Phrigia*, whose touch (by the graunt of Bacchus) turned all thinges into Gold. so that at last his Gold-turned meate in his mouth choaked him,

Myrmecides, a cunning and curious Caruer in small workes.

Myron, an excellent statuarie, or Image-maker.

N

NAcre, the Pearle-shell, or mother of Pearle.

Nadir, the point directly vnder vs, iust opposit to the Zenith or point verticall.

Natolia, Asia minor, now wholy vnder the *Turke*.

Nectar, the drinke of the Gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nephelian Crook-horne, the Signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herbe which being steeped in wine, is thought to expell sadnesse.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a most cruell Emperour of Rome, the monster of nature, and shame of mankinde.

Nestor, a wise and eloquent Greeke, who being nigh 300. yeeres olde came to the siege of Troy.

Nile, and *Nilus*, the famous Riuer of Egipt, vsed often for Egypt it selfe,

Nimrod, the builder of Babel, the first ambitious vsurper of soueraintie.

Niphates, a mountaine from whence the Riuer Tigris hath his ſource.

Nitre, a light, white, ſpongie matter, much like ſalt, which ſome haue (falſely) thought to bee ſalte-peter.

Noremberg, a citty in Germany, eſpecially famous for curious handy-crafts,

Nubian, of a kingdome fronting on the South of Egypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Africa, accuſtomed to liue continually in the fieldes with their flockes, & Heards, remooving often for freſh paſtures.

O

OBſequies, funeral ceremonies.

Ocean, and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Oedipus, a Riddle Reader of Thebes.

Oedems, thinne, wateriſh, and flegmatik ſwellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Biſhop, ſtroke dead with Lightning, for blaſpheming the Deitie of Chriſt.

Olympus, a verie high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often vſed for Heauen.

Ophthalmy, a diſeaſe in the Eye, through inflamation of the vttermoſt tunicle.

Optik ſinnew, is that which bringeth ſight vnto the Eye.

Orgies, Sacrifices to Bacchus,

Oracles, Miſteries of the heathen Gods, deliuered by diuers means, and in diuers manner.

Orion, a tempeſt-boading ſtar

Orpheus, an excellent Poet and Muſitian of Thrace.

Oromene, a Mountaine in India ful of Salt-quarres.

Ortygian Delos, a floating Iland where *Diana*, and *Apollo* were borne.

Orithias loue. Boreas, the North-winde.

Ottoman, the firſt Emperour of Turkes,

Ouids heires. Wanton poets,

Oxygone, a ſharpe-Triangle.

P

PActolus, a riuer in *Lydia*, which (after the waſhinge of Kinge *Midas*) is ſayde to haue Golden ſands.

Pallas, the Goddeſſe of Arts and Wiſedome.

Palamon, a Sea God, called alſo *Melicertes*.

Paleſtine, Iudea, the holy land, firſt called *Canaan*.

Pan, the God of Shepherds.

Pandects, Bookes treatinge of all manner of Argumentes.

Panchayan Fumes, Incenſe.

Pannonia, Hungarie and Auſtria.

Panope, a Sea-Nymph.

Pandora, fayned (by Heſiodus) to be the firſt woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the Gods with ſeuerall excellent guifts, but afterward by Iupiter (in his diſpleaſure) ſent to her ſpouſe Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miſeries:

Paphos Archer. Cupid, the little God of loue,

Paphian, Fier or ſhott } his Arrowes:

Parrhaſius a moſt excellent painter of Epheſus,

Par-

Parthians: a people of Asia, excellent Archers and notorious enimies to the Romans.

Paros: an Iland in the Archipelago (which deuideth Europe & Asia) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alablaster.

Parcas: the Fates or Destinie.

Paralels: lines euerie where like distant.

Paradox: an argument maintained, contrarie to the common and receiued opinion.

Pegasus: the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straining to fly vp to heauen, with his hoofe rased the top o' Helicon, whence immediatly gushed out a spring which therefore is call Hyppocrene.

Penelope: the most-chast wife of the wandring Prince, Vlisses.

Penei in Vale: is Tempe a most pleasant valley in Thessalie on the verge of the Riuer Peneus:

Pantheus: (read *Pentheus*) a younge prince who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his own mother (*Agaue*) murdered.

Peripneumonie: the Impostume of the Lungs.

Perige: that point of Heauen wherin the Sun (or other planet) is neerest to the center of the Earth.

Persiphone, or Proserpine: the Queen of Hell and horror.

Perseus: a most tryumphant Champion that reskude Andromeda from the Sea-monster: who for his prowesse is both by poets and Astronomers magnified as a God and placed amonge the Starres.

Pernassus: the mountaine of the Muses.

Persian Monark: with the heauen of glasse, was Sapores.

Peru, one of the largest and rchest parts of America.

Phaeton, the Sunne of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the wor d on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the Riuer Eridanus.

Phœbus the Sunne.

Phalaris, a most cruell Tirant of Agrigent.

Phalec: the sonne of Heber.

Pharos; a Lanthorn-Tower to beare a light for the guide of Saylors in a hauen by night:

Phlegon, one of the horses of the Sunnes Chariot:

Phlegeton, a Riuer in Hell, taken oft for Hell it selfe.

Philtre-charmd: inchanted with loue-potions.

Phantik, such as are hanted with straunge and illuding Visions.

Philirian Scoute, the signe Sagitarius.

Philometor, an ancient king of Egipt much giuen to husbandrie and delighting in the Countrie-life.

Phlebotomie: Blood letting.

Phlegmons: hotte and red inflamations of blood.

Phrigian Skincker, the Signe Aquarius.

Phrixus sister, was Helle, drownd in Hellespont, which of her is so called.

Phrenzie: a most violent and daungerous disease of the Braine.

Pley-

Phtyſik. The conſumption of the Lungs.

Phtyriaſis. the lowſie diſeaſe,

Pica the longing diſeaſe of weomen with-child.

Phyſon: one of the Riuers in the garden of Eden.

Pigmes. little people of the North a Cubit high.

Pirene, a princeſſe from whom the Pirene Mountaines (which deuide France and Spaine) are ſo called.

Pindus. a Mountaine ſacred to the Muſes.

Pierian Maydes, the Muſes.

Pirrhon (read *Pirrho*) a philoſopher alwayes doubtfull of all thinges, yea euen of thoſe ſubiect to our ſences:

Plato. prince of the Accademiks, ſirnamed deuine, and indeede the moſt neere approaching deuinitie of all the heathen.

Pleiades, the 7. Starres.

Pleſſis. a noble learned French-man of our time a notable defender of the Truth of Chriſtian Religiō, againſt all Iewes, Turkes, Pagans. Papiſts, Atheiſts and Infidels what-ſoeuer.

Pluto, the God of Hell and of Richeſſe, the Deuill and all.

Po. the Riuer that watreth Lumbardie the garden of Italie.

Polypes. a ſubtle fiſh called a Manie-feete, or Pour-contrell.

Polimnia, manifold memorie, in varietie of knowledge.

Poles, the imagined Hindges of the Heauens whereon the World is turned, commonly vſed for heauen.

Poetaſters. Baſe, Counterfaite, vnlearned. wit-leſſe and wanton Poets that peſter the World either with Idle vanities or odious villanies.

Porphirie, Marble.

Porus, a King of India, of huge ſtature ouercome by Alexander

Polygamie, the hauing of many wiues.

Polyphem. a huge and cruell Gyant with one eye in his fore-head.

Pomona, Goddeſſe of fruites.

Pontik heath, pontus is a Region in Aſia minor fronting Eaſt-ward vpon Colchis.

Proyne, Pandions daughter, ſiſter of Philomele and wife of Tereus, transformed to a ſwallow.

Portus, a Sea god that taketh on him all Shapes.

Problem, mathematicall propoſitions referred eſpecially to Practiſe.

Prometheus, is fayned to haue made the firſt man, and to haue ſtollen fier from heauen to put life into his Creature.

Pryenian Sage, Bias.

Ptolomeus, *Phyladelphus*, moſt famous for his learning and loue to the learned, and eſpecially for his noble Librarie erected in Alexandria.

Pyramides, exceeding huge and high Spires built by the Kings of Egipt for fond and idle oſtentation of their riches and pride.

Pyrauſta, a fier-flye, or winged worme, breeding and liuing only in the fier.

Python, a horrible dragon ſlaine by Apollo.

R

Rabbines. great Doctors among the Iewes.

Rabican. the name of a gallant horse in *Orlando Furioso*.

Regulus. a noble Consul and resolute Captaine of the Romans in the Punik warre.

Remora. a little fish (which some call a Suck-stone, that suddenly stoppeth a shipp vnder all her sayles in her full course.

Rendez vous. an appointed place of meeting.

Romes Dragon. the Pope,

Ryphean Wood. Forests of Scythia.

S

Saba. Cheefe Cittie of the Sabæans in Arabia abounding in Cinamon, Cassia, Frankincense and Mirrhe,

Salamander, a spotted beast like a Lizard, whose extreame coldnes quencheth the fire.

Salmoneus. a king that with certaine violent Engins counterfaited Thunder.

Salust. a notable Roman Historiographer, also the name of our noble Author *BARTAS*.

Samian wise. Pythagoras.

Sardanapalus. a most effeminate King, the last of the Assirians.

Sargus, a Fish strangely Lustfull.

Saturnes Deore. the ende of Time.

Saturnales. Feasts kept in December, in the honour of Saturne.

Satyres. nipping Poesies that reproue vice sharpely without respect of persons.

Scaliger. it is Iosephus, now liuing, a French-man, admirable in all Languages for al manner of learning.

Scipio. Sir-named African, a most wise, valiant, and vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who being ill requited for infinite honorable seruices: sequestred him-selfe to a Countrye-life.

Scirrhes. A kinde of harde (yet paine-lesse) swellinges in the Flesh.

Scolopendra. a certaine Fish that casteth foorth her Bowells, to cleere them from the hooke.

Scopas. A Notable Architect, imployed in the building of Mausolus Toombe which is numbred among the seuen wonders of the world

Syrtes. dangerous sands in the Lybian Sea.

Serean Forrests: (now Cathay and Cambalu) are in Asian-Scythia, abounding in the best Silkes.

Serranus. A worthie Roman, fetcht from his Plough to the Dictatorship, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authoritie.

Sentinel. A scoute or Night-watch in

in a Camp or Towne of Garrison.

Seraphin. an Angell.

Sein. the Riuer of Paris.

Shynar or *Sennaar.* the plaine where Nimrod built the Tower of *Babel.*

Sibils: Propheteſſes. Varro remembreth 10. of them.

Semiramis. the prowde and wanton Queene of Babilon wife of Ninus.

Serius. the Dog-ſtarre at whoſe riſing the Dog-dayes alwayes begin.

Skinc Alaxendrian. a kind of Serpent, a land-Crocodile.

Skincker. the ſigne Aquarius.

Sol. the Sunne, one of the Planets.

Solides. 5. regular bodies or figures Geometrical (vidlt) the Circle, Cube, Pyramid, Cilinder and Dodochædron.

Soſtrates, a notable Architect builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.

Stagyrian. Ariſtotle.

Stix. } Hell.
Stigianſtrand }

Steropes. one of Vulcans Cyclopes.

Stoikes. Seuere Philoſophers, pretending to condemne all Paſſion: and eſteeming all thinges to bee ordered by an ineuitable neceſſitie of Fate or Deſtinie.

Strymon. A Riuer betweene Macedon and Thrace.

Suiſſer. (we call them Swizers) the warlike people of the Cantons of Heluetia.

Sulphur. Brimſtone.

Synonimas. Words of the ſame ſignification,

Symbolize. to reſemble or agree.

Sympathie. Conſent or reſemblance of qualitie.

Symphonie. Concent of time or harmonie.

Symetrie. Proportion of partes betweene themſelues, and to their whole.

Syracuſa. a great, wealthie, & wanton Cittie in Sicilia.

Syrens. Mer-Maydes.

T

TAgus. the Riuer of Lisbone in Portugal.

Tanais. a mightie Riuer deuiding Aſia from Europe.

Tantalus a King of Phrigia, whome they fayned to ſtand in Hel vp to the chin in water, & to haue delicate Fruites dangling ouer his vpper lipp, yet can touch neither: either to eaſe his hunger, or allay his thirſt.

Tambut. A Countrie of the Negros, which is a part of Africa extending to the vttermoſt bounds thereof towarde the South and Eaſt.

Taprobane. An Ilande vnder the Equinoctial (nowe called Sumatra) Scituate betweene Malaca and Iaua Maior, aboue 450. leagues long, and about 120. broade: abounding in Golde, and verie plentifull in other excellent Commodities.

Tarentum, a famous Cittie in Calabria.

Tarnasser, is in the East Indies, neere the gulph of Bengala

Thebes, a Cittie in Beotia where Hercules was borne it was first built by Cadmus: but more beautifully restored by Amphion.

Thetis, the Sea.

Themis, Iusticc.

Thersites, the fouleſt Lubber in all the Grecian Campe, whom Achilles slew with his fist.

Theseus, for valour, another Hercules: but most famous for his kind and constant friendship to Pirithous.

Thesiphone. one of the Furies.

Thisbes Tree. the mulberie.

Thule. an Iland beyond the Orcades, the fartheſt North that was knowne to the Romaines, therefore then called *Vltima Thule*.

Timanthes, one of the most excellent of the ancient Painters.

Tindarides. Castor and Pollux.

Tigris, a Riuer in Asia, passing by East of Mesopotamia, through Armenia and Media.

Titan, the Sun.

Tirrhenian, the Tuscan Seas.

Tirians. Marchant men of Tirus, a Cittie of Siria anciently flowrishing in trade, and famous for the excellent pur-ple-Die.

Tivoli, a village neere Rome, where the Cardinall of Ferrara hath a sumptuous house of pleasure, furnished with infinite Curiosities.

Torpedo, the Cramp-fish.

Tresorroue, Gold, monie, or other Riches found vnder ground.

Troglodites, a people of Aethiopia, that dwell vnder ground, goe naked, and eate Serpents.

Tropiks, two great Circles in heauen in equall distance from the Equinoctial, the one called the Tropik of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at the which the Sunne turneth either higher (hauing beene at the loweſt) or lower (hauing beene at the higheſt) wherof they are so called.

Tritons, Neptunes Trumpeters.

Tuscan, Italian.

Tyber, the Riuer of Rome.

Typhis, the master or Captaine of the Shippe Argos that sayld with Iason to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.

Tymothy, an excellent caruer that wrought on Mausolus Tombe.

Typhon, a huge Giant, that endeuoured to pull Iupiter out of Heauen.

Type, a figure or stampe of anie thing.

Tysiphone, or Thesiphone one of the Furies.

V.

Valois, one of the Royall families of France, extinguished in the late Henry, 3, slaine by a Frier before Paris, who in his Monsieurship (with his mother and the Duke of Guise) had been too busie an Actor in the bloudie Massacre.

Venus, the Goddesse of Loue, and Beautie also one of the planets.

Venus, Escuage, Knights (or Nights) seruice to Ladies.

Venerian mirth, Idem.
Ver, the Spring.
Vertumnus, an imagined God of the Romanes that tooke on him all shapes.
Vispucio. Americus vespucius, a Florentine, first discouerer of America, of whom it is so called.
Vigenere. a learned French-man of late times, translater of Cæsar, Liuius, and other Latine writers.
Vienna, a Cittie in Austria where for the most the Emperor keepes his Court
Vrania, one of the Muses, especially handling Heauenly things. therefore called the Heauenly Muse.
Vrim, and *Tummim*, 2 words grauen in the Brest plate of Aaron signifying Illumination and Integrity,
Vlisses, the politike prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.
Vulcan, the God of Fier and forgemen.
Vranoscopus, a fish alwayes gazing vp to Heauen.

X

Xanth. called also *Scamander*. the Riuer of Troy, there is also an Iland in the Arcipelago, so called.

Z

Zebut. an Iland in the west Indies exceeding rich in Cold, Suger, and Ginger.
Zenith, the point verticall, the point of Heauen right ouer our heades, the contrarie point is called Nadir.
Zeno, the chiefe of the Stoike philosophers.
Zeuxis, a most cunning & exceeding rich painter.
Zodiak, a byaz or slaoping Circle in the Heauens. wherein are the 12. Signes, through which all the planets passe.
Zones. Imagined Circles, deuiding the World into 5. parts
Zopyrus a Persian that strangely disfigured himselfe to do his prince an important seruice.
Zephirus, the West, the West-winde.

FINIS.

Faults escaped.

Fol. 27. line. 12. for their read there. 68. 12. the babe. thy babe. 71. 22. is, his. 74 7. owre-les. oare-les. 79. 5. Ocean. Oceans. 88, 22. add and. 80. 24. to. doe. 120. 14. abood. aboard. 126. 1. roundles. roundels. 5. on hill. on a hil. 21. Drooping. Dropping. 132. 29. clame. calme. 211. on. one. 140. 14. Waxing. Waening. 17. your. you. 169 8. Terentum Tarentum. 185. 28. flokes. flockes. 205. 24. doknow. to know. 269. 16, ofted. often. 253. 2. Stagarian. Stagirian. 283. 14, hollowes. hallowes. 471. 27. disgracts. disgraste. 493. 4. and flutes. flutes. 539. 9. fictous fictions. 553. margent holy. holpe. 563. 16. cheiflyn in. chieflyn. 34. 14. Dododian. Dodonian. 111. 12. Egipts Acthyops. 407. 20. Pantheay Penthcus.

31 MA 59

ΤΕΤΡΑΣΤΙΚΑ.

Or

The Quadrains of

Guy de Faur, Lord of *Pibrac*.

Tranſlated,
By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.



At London Printed by *Hamfrey Lownes*.
1605.

TETRAKTIKA.

Or

The Quadrains of

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

The right excellent,

and moſt hopefull young Prince, *Henry.*

AFter ſo many golden Rules of State,
Religious *Leſſons,* Moral *Precepts graue,*
As in your Fathers ROYAL-GIFT *you haue;* ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ
Theſe ſeeme ſuperfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 'tis no Error to re-iterate
The Voice of Wiſedome *to the tender Eare*
Of Princes (*chiefly*) *ſuch as* You *that beare*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate:
And, though You *want not theſe weake helpes of ours,*
To conſummate Your *Selfe in* Excellence:
Yet may thoſe Subiects, *which ſhall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wiſedome, and all Dutie hence:
If You *but daigne with your deere Name to grace it,*
Which (Load-ſtone-like) ſhall draw them to embrace it.

Ioſuah Syluеſter.

TO

The Quadrains of Pibrac.

I

DIEV tout premier, puis Pere & Mere honore.
Sois iuſte & droict: & en toute ſaiſon
De l'innocent pren en main la raiſon:
Car Dieu te doit la-haut iuger encore.

Firſt honour God, and then thy Parents deere;
Be True and Iuſt: and ſee thou neuer grudge
The Innocents oppreſſed cauſe to cleere;
For one-day God ſhall alſo be thy Iudge.

2

Si en iugeant la faueur te commande,
Si corrompu par or ou par preſens,
Tu fais iuſtice au grè des Courtiſans,
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes corrupt thy conſcience,
If feare or fauour in thy Iudgement ſway-thee,
If thou reſpect the Perſons difference;
Be ſure that God will in the end re-pay-thee.

3

Auec le iour commence ta iournèe,
De l'Eternel le ſainct nom beniſſant:
Le ſoir auſſi ton labeur finiſſant,
Loue-le encor',& paſſe ainſi l'annèe.

Begin thy Dayes-work when the Day begins,
Firſt bleſſing Gods thrice-bleſſed Name (deuout)
And then, at Euening when thy labour ends
Praiſe him againe: ſo bring the yeere about.

4

Adore aſſis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut eſtre honorè:
D'vn ferme cueur il veut eſtre adorè,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou ſitting (as the Greek doth bid)
For running Prayer is præpoſterous:
With ſtedfaſt Heart God will be worſhipped,
But ſuch a heart himſelfe muſt giue to vs.

5

Ne va diſant, ma main a faict ceſt œuure,
Ou ma vertu ce bel œuure a parfaict:
Mais dis ainſi, Dieu par moy l'œuure a faict,
Dieu eſt l'autheur du peu de bien que i'œuure.

Say not; my hand this Work to end hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attayned to:
Say rather thus; This God by me hath wrought:
God's Author of the little Good I doo.

6

Tout l'Vniuers n'eſt qu'vne citè ronde:
Chacun a droict de ſ'en dire bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que le plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be ſaid a Citizen:
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Greeke,
As well the meaneſt as the mightieſt men.

7

Dans le pourpris de ceſte citè belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu ſainct,
Comme en vn Temple, ou luy meſmes ſ'eſt peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortelle.

In this faire Citie's goodly Walls God planted,
And placed man as in a Sanctuarie,
Where Hee, himſelfe in thouſand parts hath painted
With liuely colours that doo neuer varie.

8

Il n'y a coing ſi petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'apparoiſſe de Dieu:
L'homme eſt plantè iuſtement au milieu,
A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nooke ſo ſmall in all this Temple,
VVherein God's Greatnes doth not plaine appeare:
VVhich that we might the better all contemple,
He placed man iuſt in the middle heere.

9

Il ne ſcauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoiſtre
Que dedans ſoy, où, comme en vn miroir,
La terre il peut & le ciel meſme voir:
Car tout le monde eſt compris en ſon eſtre.

Yet can he no-where better know the ſame
Then in himſelfe, where-in he may behold
(As in a Glaſſe) Earth, Water, Aire, and Flame:
For All the World, his Eſſence doth in-fold.

10

Qui a de ſoy parfaicte cognoiſſance,
N'ignore rien de ce qu'il fault ſcauoir:
Mais le moyen aſſeuré de l'auoir,
Eſt ſe mirer dedans la ſapience.

Who of Him-ſelfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that he ought to know:
But the beſt meanes whereby it is attain'd,
Is often-times to Wiſedomes Glaſſe to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l'homme n'eſt pas l'homme,
C'eſt la priſon où il eſt enſerré,
C'eſt le tombeau où il eſt enterré,
Le lict branlant où il dort vn court ſomme.

That which thou ſeeſt of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Priſon that him Captiue keepes:
'Tis but a Toombe where Hee's interred (wan):
'Tis but the Cradle where a while he ſleepes.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l'œil rauy contemple
Muſcles & nerfs, la chair, le ſang, la peau,
Ce n'eſt pas l'homme, il eſt beaucoup plus beau,
Auſſi Dieu l'a reſeruè pour ſon temple.

This mortall Body, where the rauiſht ſence
Sees ſinnewes, fleſh, bones, muſcles, blood, and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellence,
As the faire Temple *that God dwelleth-in.*

13

A bien parler, ce que l'homme on appelle,
C'eſt vn rayon de la diuinitè:
C'eſt vn atome eſclos de l'vnitè:
C'eſt vn degout de la ſource eternelle.

Rightly to ſpeake: what Man we call, and count,
It is a beamling of Diuinitie:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Fount:
It is a moatling hatcht of th' Vnitie.

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et braue & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault ès cieux,
Et que tu es vne plante diuine.

Then know (O Man) thine owne Originall:
And braue-ambitious, ſcorne baſe Cells of Earth,
Sith thou ſhalt flouriſh in Heau'ns gliſtring Hall,
And art indeede a Deuine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t'eſt permis t'orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere, ou ton pere mortel,
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t'a moulè au moule de ſa face.

VVell maiſt thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Ligne:
But from thy true Immortall Father's Grace,
Who, *by the Modell of his Face, made thine.*

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infiny d'Idèes,
Platon ſ'eſt trop en cela meſconté:
De noſtre Dieu la pure volontè
Eſt le ſeul moule à toutes choſes nèes.

There's not in Heau'n, a number infinite
Of bright Idèas (Plato *did miſtake*):
God's only VVill (the only Rule of Right)
VVas th'only mould of all that he did make.

17

Il veut, c'eſt faict: ſans trauail & ſans peine
Tous animaux, iuſqu'au moindre qui vit,
Il a creè, les ſouſtient, les nourrit,
Et les deffaict du vent de ſon aleine.

Hee VVill'd, and it was done: Hee (without paine)
All kinde of Creatures (to the leaſt that is)
Created, feedeth and doth ſtill ſuſtaine:
And re-diſſolues them with that breath of his.

18

Hauſſe tes yeux : la voute ſuſpendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes iumeaux,
Ce firmament eſloignè de la veue :

Lift-vp thine eyes : The hanging Vault *aboue,*
The goodly Seeling *of a* Waterie *hew,*
The perfect Orbes *of* Twinnes *that euer moue,*
The ſpangled Firmament ſo farre from view :

19

Brief, ce qui eſt, qui fut, & qui peut eſtre,
En terre, en mer, au plus cachè des cieux,
Si toſt que Dieu l'a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout auſſi toſt il a receu ſon eſtre.

All (to be brief) paſt, preſent, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Aire (beyond our ſeeing);
So ſoone as God thought good, each in their roome,
Immediatly receaued all their Beeing.

20

Ne va ſuiuant le troupeau d'Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blaſpheme en tout lieu,
Et meſcroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicures *prophane and filthy Sect*
(Bold miſ-creants, blaſpheming euery way)
The which no God acknowledge nor reſpect,
Saue only Nature *and her* fatall *Sway.*

21

Et ce pendant il ſe veautre & patrouille
Dans vn bourbier puant de tous coſtez:
Et du limon des ſales voluptez
Il ſe repaiſt, comme vne orde grenouille.

And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hogg)
Lie alwayes wallowing in the ſtinking Mire:
And feede on filth (like to the loathſome Frogg)
Voluptuous filth, of euery fleſh deſire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu ſon eſperance,
Et qui l'inuoque en ſa proſperité,
Autant ou plus qu'en ſon aduerſitè:
Et ne ſe fie en humaine aſſeurance.

Happy whoſe hope on God alone relies;
And who on him in either Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in calamities:
And put no Truſt in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre eſperance ſeüre
En ce qui eſt imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'eſt que tel,
Et a beſoing plus que toy qu'on l'aſſeure.

Canſt thou aſſure thy hopes on worldly things,
Fraile mortall things (I pry-thee tell me how)
Such are the greateſt of all earthly Kings,
And haue more neede to be ſecur'd then Thou?

De

24

De l'homme droict Dieu eſt la ſauuegarde,
Lors que de tous il eſt abandonné,
C'eſt lors que moins il ſe trouue eſtonné,
Car il ſcait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the iuſt-man's Anchor and his Ayde,
His ſure Defence, when all the World forſakes-him;
And therefore, then is he the leaſt diſmayde,
Knowing that God then moſt to ſafe-gard takes-him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne ſont pas biens, à parler proprement,
Ils ſont ſubiects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertu demeure touſiours vne.

The Goods of Fortune *and the* Body (*call'd*)
They are not Goods, if we them rightly name;
For, to leaſt changes they are euer thrall'd:
" *But* Onely Vertue ſtill perſiſts the ſame,

26

Vertu qui giſt entre les deux extrèmes,
Entre le plus & le moins qu'il ne fault;
N'excede en rien, & rien ne luy default:
D'autruy n'emprunte, & ſuffit à ſoy-meſmes.

Vertue, *betweene the Two extremes that haunts;*
Betweene too-mickle and too-little ſizes;
Exceedes in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrowes of none: but to it-ſelfe ſuffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu'ardemment de toy ſeroit eſpris :
Puis qu'en tout temps, les plus rares eſprits
T'ont faict l'amour au trauers d'vne nue !

O Vertue ! *could we ſee thy naked face,*
How Would thy ſacred Beauties ſweetly madd-vs :
Sith rareſt Wits (rapt with a Seeming Grace)
Haue in all Ages courted (euen) thy Shadowes?

28

Le ſage fils eſt du pere la ioye :
Or, ſi tu veux ce ſage fils auoir,
Dreſſe le ieune au chemin du deuoir :
Mais ton exemple eſt la plus courte voye.

The Parent's comfort is a prudent Sonne :
Now, ſuch a Sonne if thou deſireſt aye,
Direct him young in Duties race to runne :
But Thine Example is the neereſt way.

29

Si tu es nè, enfant d'vn ſage pere,
Que ne ſuis tu le chemin ja battu ?
S'il n'eſt pas tel, que ne t'esforces tu,
En bien faiſant, couurir ce vitupere ?

If thou be borne Sonne of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'ſt thou not in his faire beaten Trace?
If otherwiſe : why dooſt not thou deſire
(By vertuous Deeds) to couer this Diſgrace?

30

Ce n'eſt pas peu, (naiſſant d'vn tige illuſtre)
Eſtre eſclairé par ſes anteceſſeurs:
Mais c'eſt bien plus luire à ſes ſucceſſeurs,
Que des ayeux ſeulement prendre luſtre.

'Tis no ſmall Honour, from illuſtrious Ligne
To be deſcended by our Predeceſſours:
But 'tis much more, then by their Light to ſhine,
Our ſelues to ſhine vnto our owne Succeſſours.

31

Iuſqu'au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre,
Et tien perdu le iour qui ſ'eſt paſſé,
Si tu n'y as quelque choſe amaſſé,
Pour plus ſcauant & plus ſage te rendre.

Ceaſe not to learne vntill thou ceaſe to liue:
Thinke that Day loſt, wherein thou draw'ſt no Letter,
Nor gain'ſt no Leſſon, that new grace may giue,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiſer, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et eſgarè ſe perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il eſt cheu, le releuer de terre.

If any Stranger in his Iourney ſtray
Through doubtfull Pathes (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his readie way;
And if Hee fall, ſoone helpe him vp againe.

33

Ayme l'honneur plus que ta propre vie :
I'entens l'honneur, qui conſiſte au deuoir
Que rendre on doit (ſelon l'humain pouuoir)
A DIEV, au Roy, aux Loix, à ſa Patrie.

Thine Honour, more then thine owne Life reſpect,
Th'honour (I meane) which each mans dutie drawes
(To th'vttermoſt w'are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Lawes.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les pareſſeux :
Et garde auſſi que tu ne ſois de ceux
Qui par autruy font ce qu'ils pourroient faire.

What Now thou canſt, deferre not till to-morrow,
Like ſelfe-lame Sloath *(of foouleſt Sinnes the Mother):*
Nor be like thoſe who others hands doo borrow,
And what themſelues might doo, will doo by other.

35

Hante les bons, des meſchans ne t'accointe,
Et meſinement en la ieune ſaiſon,
Que l'appetit pour forcer la raiſon
Arme nos ſens d'vne brutale poincte.

Frequent the good, flie from vngodly folke,
Eſpecially in thy Youthes tender ſeaſon,
The while outragious appetites prouoke,
And arme thy Sence againſt the ſway of Reaſon.

Quand

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,
Suy celle-la qui par vn aspre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

VVhen to the double Way of those two Dames
(Alcides-*like*) *thou shalt be summoned,*
Follow thou her who farre from glorious shames,
Ouer steepe Mountaines vp to Heau'n doth lead.

37

Ne mets ton pied au trauers de la voye
Du pauure aueugle : & d'vn piquant propos
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos :
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay ta ioye.

Set not thy foote to make the blinde to fall:
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother.
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall:
Neither reioice thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler sois tousiours veritable,
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr,
Soit que par fois tu veuilles resiouir
D'vn gay propos tes hostes à la table.

Let thy Discourse be True in euery Word,
VVhether as publike Witnes thou be prest
To cleere a Question: whether, at thy Boord
With pleasant chat thou checre thy welcome Gueſt.

39

La Verité d'vn Cube droict ſe forme,
Cube contraire au leger mouuement:
Son plan quarrè iamais ne ſe dement,
Et en tout ſens à touſiours meſme forme.

The Truth *reſembles right the* right Cubes *Figure,*
(*The* Cube, *contrarie to light inſtabilitie*)
VVhoſe quadrat flatnes neuer doth diſ-figure,
Whoſe ſolide Forme admits no mutabilitie.

40

L'oyſeleur caut ſe ſert du doulx ramage
Des oyſillons, & contrefaict leur chant:
Auſſi, pour mieux deceuoir, le meſchant
Des gens de bien imite le langage.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceiptfully their owne ſweet Notes doth faine,
So ſubtle Mates doo counterfet the words,
And ſimple guiſe of honeſt men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en ſecret lon t'a dit ne reuele:
Des faicts d'autruy ne ſois trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers touſiours ment,
L'autre merite eſtre dict infidele.

Reueale not what in ſecret hath been told;
Nor buiſily of Others things enquire:
Th'inquiſitiue can hardly Counſell hold,
The carrie-Tale is commonly a Lyar.

42

Fay pois egal, & loyale meſure,
Quand tu deurois de nul eſtre apperceu:
Mais le plaiſir que tu auras receu,
Ren le touſiours auecques quelque vſure.

Make alwayes equall waight and lawfull meaſure,
Though none could ſpie, thy dealing to diſcouer:
But where thou haſt receaued any Pleaſure,
Reſtore it ſtill with ſome aduantage ouer.

43

Garde, ſoigneux, le depoſt à toute heure:
Et quand on veult de toy le recouurer,
Ne va ſubtil des moyens controuuer
Dans vn palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keepe carefully what thou haſt tane in charge,
And when the Owner ſhall demand-againe-it,
Denie it not; neither with Conſcience large
By ſubtle Law-tricks ſtriue thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de ſang te ſoit touſiours en haine:
Huè ſur luy, comme fait le berger
Numidien ſur le Tygre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing enſanglanter la plaine.

Hate euermore the bloody Homicide;
Hunt him with hue and crie: as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian *Tigre which they haue eſpide*
Spoyling his Pray, and rioting vpon-'t.

45

Ce n'eſt pas tout ne faire à nul outrage,
Il faut de plus ſ'oppoſer à l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchaſſe la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage,

'Tis not enough, that thou doo no man wrong:
Thou euen in others muſt ſuppreſſe the ſame;
Righting the Weake, againſt th' vnrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods, or Name.

46

Qui a deſir d'exploiter ſa proueſſe,
Domte ſon ire, & ſon ventre, & ce feu,
Qui dans nos cueurs ſ'allume peu à peu,
Soufflè dū vent d'erreur & de pareſſe.

VVho ſo the Fame of Valour doth deſire,
Muſt Tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that heart-ſwelting, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blowne by the winde of Error and of Sloath.

47

Vaincre ſoy meſme eſt la grande victoire:
Chacun chez ſoy loge ſes ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raiſon ſoubmis,
Ouurent le pas à l'eternelle gloire.

Our-owne-Selfes Conqueſt is the moſt victorious:
For in our Selues ambuſh our greateſt Foes;
And th' only way to make vs euer glorious,
Is by ſtout Reaſon ſtill to vanquiſh thoſe.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offenſe,
Ne va ſoudain contre luy t'irriter :
Ains doucement, pour ne le deſpiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy ſa defenſe.

If ſo thy Friend haue done thee ſome Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor vrge him with abuſe;
But milde and meekely, without inſolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuſe.

49

L'homme eſt fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly : ès hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, ſi tu veux, à redire.

All men are faulty : none a-liue can ſay,
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfecteſt,
If thou his Life in word and deed ſuruaigh,
Thou ſhalt perceaue he hath Perfection miſt.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec ſa triſte mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aiſnè des Catons,
Et cependant toute nuict à taſtons
Il court, il va pour tromper ſa voyſine.

See th' Hypocrites ſeuere and Saint-like guiſe,
Whom thē elder Cato thou would'ſt thinke for life;
Yet in the darke he groaping hunts and hies
T' entice and trap his honeſt Neighbours wife.

51

Cacher ſon vice eſt vne peine extrème,
Et peine en vain : fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras :
Car nul ne peult ſe cacher à ſoy meſme.

'Tis a moſt buiſie, yet a boot-les paine,
To hide ones fault : for doo the beſt thou can
Thou canſt not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himſelfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte,
Nul plus que toy par toy n'eſt offenſè,
Tu dois premier, ſi bien y as penſè
Rendre de toy à toy-meſme le compte.

More of thy Selfe, then others be aſhamed;
Thy Selfe art moſt wrong'd by thine owne offence,
And of thy Selfe, thy Selfe firſt (Selfly-blamed)
Muſt giue account to thy Selfes Conſcience.

53

Point ne te chaille eſtre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'eſtre à preuue & par effect :
Contre vn faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'eſt rempart tel que la conſcience.

Care not ſo much, to ſeeme in outward ſhow,
As to be good (in deede and in the proofe)
For, from falſe Rumours which the Vulgar blow,
A ſelfe-cleere Conſcience is Defence enough.

54

A l'indigent monſtre toy ſecourable,
Luy faiſant part de tes biens à foiſon:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maiſon
Qui a pitie du pauure miſerable.

Releeue the Neeedie, after thine abilitie,
And in their wants participate thy ſtore:
For God doth Bleſſe with Plenty and Tranquilitie
The Houſe that pitties the diſtreſſed Poore.

55

Làs! que te ſert tant d'or dedans la bourſe,
Au cabinet maint riche veſtement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta caue vne ſource?

What boot thy bagges to be ſo cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe ſtuffed with ſuch ſtore of change?
Thy Cellars filled with ſuch choiſe of Wine?
And of all Graines ſuch plenty in thy Grange?

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud friſſonne
Deuant ton huys: & languiſſant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'vn morceau de pain,
Ou ſ'en reuà ſans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe-dead
VVith cold and hunger) ſhiuer at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And many times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruel, le cueur de telle ſorte,
De meſpriſer le pauure infortunè,
Qui, comme toy, eſt en ce monde nè,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Haſt thou a heart ſo cruell, as to ſcorne
Th'vnhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bowe:
VVho like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And beares Gods Image euen as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur eſt commun à tous les hommes,
Et meſmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le ſage ſeul eſt exempt de ces loix;
Mais où eſt-il, las, au ſiecle où nous ſommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Only the Wiſe are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this Age of ours?

59

Le ſage eſt libre enferrè de cent chaines,
Il eſt ſeul riche, & iamais eſtranger:
Seul aſſeurè au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humaines.

The Wiſe man's free, among a thouſand chaines;
He's only Rich (content with his eſtate)
Only ſecure in Dangers, eas'd in Paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menaſſer du Tyran ne l'eſtonne:
Plus ſe roidit quand plus eſt agitè:
Il cognoiſt ſeul ce qu'il a meritè,
Et ne l'attend hors de ſoy de perſonne.

He is not daunted with a Tirants threat,
But by his Trouble growes more ſtrong and hard:
Knowes his owne merit, lookes not from the Great
For Recompence, Vertue's her owne Reward.

61

Vertu ès mœurs ne ſ'acquiert par l'eſtude,
Ne par argent, ne par faueur des Roys,
Ne par vn acte, ou par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par conſtante & par longue habitude.

True Morall Vertue cannot purchaſt bee
By Studie, Treaſure, or the Grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two, nor three:
But long-long practiſe her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & iamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange auidement,
Et de tous mets ſurcharge tellement
Son eſtomach, que rien ne luy profite.

VVho Readeth much and neuer Meditates,
Is like a greedie Eater of much Food,
Who ſo ſur-cloyes his ſtomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doo him little good.

63

Maint vn pouuoit par temps deuenir ſage,
S'il n'euſt cuidè l'eſtre ja tout à faict.
Quel artiſan fut onc maiſtre parfaict,
Du premier iour de ſon apprentiſſage ?

How many might (in time) haue wiſe beene made;
Before their time, had they not thought them ſo?
VVhat Artiſt e're was Maiſter of his Trade,
Yer he began his Prentiſhip to know?

64

Petite ſource ont les groſſes Riuieres:
Qui bruit ſi hault à ſon commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus que le torrent
Qui perd ſon nom ès prochaines fondrieres.

From ſmalleſt ſprings, the greateſt Riuers riſe:
But thoſe that roare ſo loud and proud at firſt,
Runne ſeldome farre, but ſoone their glory dies
In ſome neere Bogg, by their ſelfes-furie burſt.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la ſemence,
Ou qui retient le ſalaire promis
Au mercenaire: ou qui de ſes amis
Ne ſe ſouuient ſinon en leur preſence.

Curſed is he that doth defraud the ſeed:
Or who detaines the Hierlings promiſ'd right:
Or who (ingratefull for the kindeſt deede)
Thinks neuer of his Friends but in their ſight.

66

Ne te pariure en aucune maniere,
Et ſi tu es contrainct faire ſerment,
Le ciel ne iure, ou l'homme, ou l'element,
Ains pas le nom de la cauſe premiere:

Forſweare thee not, whateuer cauſe be giuen:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath muſt take,
Sweare not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heau'n,
But by his ſacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le pariure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lon teſmoigne verité
Par ce qui eſt menſonger ou muable.

For God, who doth all Periurie deteſt,
And iuſtly plagues it as moſt execrable:
Would not we ſhould the conſtant Truth conteſt
By any thing that's falſe or alterable.

68

Vn art ſans plus, en luy ſeul t'exercite:
Et du meſtier d'autruy ne t'empeſchant,
Va dans le tien le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n'eſt pas gloire petite.

To ſome one Art apply thy whole affection;
And in the Craft of others ſeldome mell:
But in thine owne, ſtriue to attaine perfection,
For 'tis no little honour, to excell:

Plus

69

Plus n'embraſſer que lon ne peut eſtraindre :
Aux grands honneurs conuoiteux n'aſpirer :
Vſer des biens, & ne les deſirer :
Ne ſouhaiter la mort, & ne la craindre.

T'embrace no more then one can manege fit,
Not to the top of Greatnes to aſpire :
To vſe the World, and yet not couet it :
Neither to dread Death, neither death deſire.

70

Il ne faut pas aux plaiſirs de la couche,
De chaſteté reſtreindre le beau don :
Et ce pendant liurer à l'abandon
Ses yeulx, ſes mains, ſon oreille & ſa bouche.

We muſt not Chaſtities faire Gift reſtraine,
Only to th' actuall Pleaſures of the Night :
And in the meane while not a whit refraine
Our hart, our hand, our tongue, our eare, our ſight.

71

Hà le dur coup qu'eſt celuy de l'oreille !
On en deuient quelquefois forcené :
Meſmes alors qu'il nous eſt aſſenè
D'vn beau parler plein de doulce merueille.

O what a hard blow is a box on th' Eare !
Some-times it driues men euen beſides their Wit,
Eſpecially when (ſtunned as it were)
With the ſweet wonder of ſmooth words, 'tis ſmit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,
Pour nous ſauuer de ces coups dangereux:
Par là ſ'armoient les Pugils valeureux,
Quand ſur l'arène il leur falloit deſcendre.

'Tis therefore beſt our tender Eares to arme,
To ſhunne the danger of thoſe deadly blowes:
VVarie Vliſſes *ſo eſchew'd the Charme*
Of thoſe ſoule-rapting Impes of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l'oreille penetre,
Dans le cerueau coule ſoudainement,
Et ne ſcaurions y pouruoir autrement,
Que tenant cloſe au mal ceſte feneſtre.

VVhat e're it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediatly vnto the Braine doth creepe:
And th'only meane to ſhunne the miſchiefe there,
Is the Eares Caſements euer cloſe to keepe.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut ſans menſonge,
Ou pour le moins ſans quelque vanité:
Le parler brief conuient à verité,
Et l'autre eſt propre à la fable & au ſonge.

Much Talke is ſeldome without Lies among,
Or at the leaſt without ſome idle bables:
Vnto the Truth brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreames and Fables.

75

Du Memphien la graue contenance,
Lors que ſa bouche il ſerre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enſeigne comme on doit
Reueremment honnorer le ſilence.

*Th'*Egiptians *graue aſpect and ſober brow,*
When his fore-finger ſeales his lips ſo ſure;
Better then Plato, *doth inſtruct vs how*
To honour Silence, *with deuotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte
D'vn cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of ſome great Prince, many rare Things we ſee,
Rich Monuments, and all that faire and neat,
From either Inde, Portingals *bring, or wee:*

77

Ainſi deſlors que l'homme qui medite,
Et eſt ſcauant, commence de ſ'ouurir,
Vn grand threſor vient à ſe deſcouurir,
Threſor caché au puis de Democrite.

So when the Wiſe and Learned doth begin
T'open the Organs of his plenteous Wit,
A wondrous Treaſure ſuddainly is ſeene,
A Treaſure hidden in th' Abderians Pit.

On

78

On dict ſoudain, voila qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'vn tel lieu,
Et le dernier eſt tiré de l'Hebrieu,
Mais tout en ſomme eſt remply de ſageſſe.

And Standers by, ſay by and by, This came
From Greece, *from* Rome *That, That from ſuch a Place,*
And (laſtly) That from th' Hebrue : *and the ſame,*
And all the reſt moſt full of Prudent grace.

79

Noſtre heur, pour grand qu'il ſoit, nous ſemble
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raiſins : (moindre:
Mais quant aux maulx que ſouffrent nos voyſins,
C'eſt moins que rien, ils ont tort de ſ'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how euer great) the leaſt doo ſeeme,
Our Neighbours Fields ſtill beare the better Graine:
But Others harmes we alwayes light eſteeme;
Tuſh they are Nothing: why ſhould they complaine?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il eſt de ſoy le iuge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celuy qu'il ſe donne.

To th' Enuious-man no Torment I aſsigne,
For, Iudge and Hang-man to himſelfe he is:
And there's no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

Pour

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,
Il la faudroit peindre quand on la ſent:
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne ſe reſſent,
Croire ne peult quelle eſt ceſte Furie.

To pourtray Slaunder, *to the life, behooues*
To doo't in th'inſtant while one feeleth her:
For who ſo happy that her neuer prooues,
Can ſcarce imagine what ſhe is, or where.

82

Elle ne faict en l'air ſa reſidence,
Ny ſoubs les eaux, ny au profond des bois:
Sa maiſon eſt aux oreilles des Roys,
D'ou elle braue & fleſtrit l'innocence.

Neither in th' Aire hath Shee her reſidences,
Nor in the wilde Woods; nor beneath the Waues:
But ſhe inhabits in the eares of Princes,
VVhere th' Innocent and Honeſt ſhe depraues.

83

Quand vne fois ce monſtre nous attache,
Il ſcait ſi fort ſes cordil'ons nouèr,
Que bien qu'on puiſſe en fin les deſnouèr,
Reſtent touſiours les marques de l'attache.

And when this Monſter hath once chaunc't to trap-vs,
Her ſpightfull Cords ſhe can ſo cloſely knit:
That though at laſt we happen to vn-wrap-vs;
The print thereof ſtill in our Fames will ſit.

84

Iuge ne donne en ta cauſe ſentence:
Chacun ſe trompe en ſon faict aizèment:
Noſtre intereſt force le iugement,
Et d'vn coſtè faict pancher la balance

Neuer giue Sentence in thy proper cauſe:
In our owne caſe, we all Erre eaſily:
Our intereſt our partiall Iudgement drawes;
And euer makes the Baliance hang a-wry.

85

Deſſus la loy tes iugemens arreſte,
Et non ſur l'homme: ell ſans affection,
L'homme au contraire eſt plein de paſſion:
L'vn tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beſte.

Vpon the Law thy Iudgements alwayes ground,
And not on Man: For that's affection-les;
But Man in Paſsions ſtrangely doth abound:
Th'one all like God; th'other too-like to Beaſts.

86

Le nombre ſainct ſe iuge par ſa preuue,
Touſiours egal, entier ou departy:
Le droict auſſi en Atomes party,
Semblable à ſoy touſiours egal ſe treuue.

The ſacred Nomber proueth alwayes euen,
VVhether deuided or entire it be:
So Iuſtice (*ſhar'd in Atomies*) *is giuen*
Still like it ſelfe, in iuſt equalitie.

87

Nouueau Vlyſſe appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:
Maint-vn a Scylle & Charybde euité,
Qui heurte au port,& chez ſoy faict naufrage.

Learne by long Trauaile (as Vlyſſes *conned)*
To gouerne right thy Native Ithaca:
Many haue Scylla *and* Charybdis *ſhunned,*
That haue at home beene after caſt-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre:
Mais ſi tu as quelque choſe promis,
Quoy que ce ſoit, & fuſt-ce aux ennemis,
De l'accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou Promiſe, ponder what and why:
But hauing Promiſ'd, what-ſo euer 'twere,
Yea, were it to thy greateſt Enemie,
Thou muſt performe, thy Tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy ſoubs qui l'eſtat ſa force a priſe,
Garde la bien, pour goffe qu'elle ſoit:
Le bon heur vient d'où lon ne ſ'appercoit,
Et bien ſouuent de ce que lon meſpriſe.

Maintaine thoſe Lawes (how euer rude and plaine)
Whereby (before) thy Common-wealth hath thriu'd:
Good Fortune oft comes by the meaneſt meane,
How or from whence ſometimes is ſcarce percein'd.

Fuy

90

Fuy ieune & vieil de Circe le bruuage:
N'eſcoute auſſi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchantè tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abruty qu'vne beſte ſauuage.

In youth and age ſhunne Circes *baneſull Boule,*
Lend not thine Eare to Syrens *wanton Notes:*
Leaſt thou (inchanted in thy ſence and Soule)
Become more brute then Hoggs, and Doggs, and Goates.

91

Vouloir ne fault choſe que lon ne puiſſe,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Meſurant l'vn & l'autre par le droit,
Sur l'eternel moule de la Iuſtice.

We muſt our Will ſtill limmit with our Power,
And bound our Power within the Liſts of Law;
Meaſuring both, and what ſo elſe is our,
By the Right *line th' eternall* Luſt *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d'ordonnance,
En faict d'eſtat eſt vn poinct dangereux:
Et ſi Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire conſequence.

A ſuddaine Change *in any mighty* State,
Is full of Danger vnto each Degree:
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No conſequent can that Example bee.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puiſſance abſoluë,
De plein pouuoir, de propre mouuement:
Aux ſainct Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puiſſance tolue.

I *hate theſe phraſes*: Of Power abſolute:
Offull Authoritie: Of proper motion.
The deuine Lawes they haue trod vnder foote,
And Humane-too; for priuate Mens promotion.

94

Croire leger, & ſoudain ſe reſoudre,
Ne diſcerner les amis des flateurs:
Ieune conſeil, & nouueaux ſeruiteurs,
Ont mis ſouuent les haults eſtats en pouldre.

Not right-diſcerning Friends from Flatterers,
Light crediting, and ſuddaine Reſolution,
Young giddie Counſell, and new Seruitors,
Haue often cauſ'd the higheſt States confuſion.

95

Diſſimuler eſt vn vice ſeruile,
Vice ſuiuy de la deſloyauté:
D'où ſourd ès cueurs des grands la cruautè,
Qui aboutit à la guerre ciuile.

Diſsimulation is a ſeruile Vice,
A vice ſtill followed by Diſloyaltie,
Whence in Great hearts doth Crueltie ariſe,
VVhich alwayes ends in ciuill Mutinie.

96

Donner beaucoup ſied bien à vn grand Prince,
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l'a merité,
Et par proportion, non par equalitè,
Et que ce ſoit ſans fouler ſa Prouince.

Nought more beſeemes a Prince then Liberality,
So it be giuen to thoſe that Merit well,
By due proportion, not by iuſt equalitie,
And without Burthen to the Common-weale.

97

Plus que Sylla c'eſt ignorer les léttres,
D'auoir induit les peuples à ſ'armer:
On trouuera les voulant deſarmer
Que de ſubiects ils ſont deuenus maiſtres.

'Tis to be more then Sylla *Letter-leſſe,*
To hurrie Armes into the Vulgars hand:
For, when againe you thinke them to ſuppreſſe,
In ſteede of Subiects, they will All commaund.

98

Ry ſi tu veux vn ris de Democrite,
Puis que le monde eſt pure vanitè:
Mais quelquefois touchè d'humanitè,
Pleure noz maux des larmes d'Heraclite.

Sith all the World is nought but meerely vanitie,
Laugh if thou liſt like blyth Democritus:
Yet ſometimes tucht with tender-ſoul'd humanitie,
Weepe for our Woes with ſad Heraclitus.

99

A l'eſtranger ſois humain & propice,
Et ſ'il ſe plainct incline à ſa raiſon :
Mais luy donner les biens de la maiſon,
C'eſt faire aux tiens & honte & iniuſtice.

Be kinde to Strangers and propitious,
And to their cauſe thy willing eare encline:
But to beſtow thy Goods out of thy Houſe,
Is ſhame and wrong vnto thy ſelfe and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray, ſi tu veux, en peu d'heure,
Le beau ſecret du breuuage amoureux:
Ayme les tiens, tu ſeras aymè d'eux:
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

I'le teach you heere (if any liſt to proue)
A paſsing Loue-drinke, any hart to get;
Loue vertuouſly, and be aſſur'd of Loue:
And this (beleeue it) is the beſt Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reuerence,
Eſt vn appuy ferme de Royauté:
Mais qui ſe faict craindre par cruauté,
Luy-meſme craint, & vit en deffiance.

The Feare that ſprings from Loue and Reuerence,
A firme ſupport to Royall Greatnes gines:
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,
Himſelfe feares moſt, and in diſtruſt ſtill liues.

102

Qui ſcauroit bien que c'eſt qu'vn Diadème,
Il choiſiroit auſſi toſt le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler ſon chef de ce bandeau:
Car auſſi bien il meurt lors à ſoymeſme.

He that knew right what were a Diadem,
As ſoone would ſeeke in a colde Toombe to lie,
As girt his Temples with that glorious Iem:
For, then begins he to himſelfe to die.

103

De iour, de nuict faire la ſentinelle,
Pour le ſalut d'autruy touſiours veiller,
Pour le public ſans nul gré trauailler,
C'eſt en vn mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to ſtand as Sentinel;
For Publike good, ingrateſull toyle to take
Inceſſantly to watch for others weale:
This is, to Raigne, *if we it rightly takes*

104

Ie ne veis onc prudence auec ieuneſſe,
Bien commander ſans auoir obey,
Eſtre fort craint, & n'eſtre point hay,
Eſtre Tyran, & mourir de vieilleſſe.

I neuer ſaw Wiſedome and Youth, but two:
Nor him command well, that had not Obay'd:
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:
Nor Tirant, aged in his Toombe be-lay'd.

105

Ne voiſe au bal qui n'aymerà la danſe,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudrà manger,
Ny ſur la mer qui craindrà le dangèr,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il penſe.

Come not at Reuells, who delights not Daunce,
Nor on the Sea, who feares rough waues and wind:
Nor at a Feaſt, who a good ſtomack wants:
Nor at the Court, *who meanes to ſpeake his mind.*

106

Du meſdiſant la langue venimeuſe,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la pourſuite animeuſe:

The ſoothing honey of ſmooth Paraſites:
The poyſ'nie Tongues of ſlanderous Sycophants:
The ieering Buffon, that the beſt ſtill bites:
The brazen-face of begging Cormarants.

107

Hayr le vray, ſe feindre en toutes choſes,
Sonder le ſimple à fin de l'attraper,
Brauer le foible, & ſur l'abſent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roſes.

To guli the Simple; and the weake to braue:
To hate the Truth; to halt in euery-thing:
To vnder-mine: The Abſent to depraue:
Theſe are the Flowers that in the Court *doo ſpring.*

Aduer-

108

Aduerſité, desfaueur, & querelle,
Sont trois eſſais pour ſonder ſon amy:
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'eſt qu'à demy,
Et ne ſcauroit endurer la coupelle.

An Enemie, Misfortune, and Disgrace,
Are three Essayes to proue if Friends be loyall:
For many haue the Name, and beare the face;
That are not so, if they be put to triall.

109

Ayme l'eſtat tel que tu le vois eſtre:
S'il eſt royal, ayme la Royautè:
S'il eſt de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'auſſi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naiſtre.

Commend the State where-vnder borne you are:
If it be Royall, loue the Royaltie:
If, of the Beſt, *or meerely* Popular;
Allow of either, where thy Lot ſhall be.

110

Il eſt permis ſouhaiter vn bon Prince,
Mais tel qu'il eſt, il le conuient porter:
Car il vault mieux vn tyran ſupporter,
Que de troubler la paix de ſa prouince.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wiſh good Princes:
But men the while muſt beare them as they are,
'Tis better beare a Tyrants inſolences,
Then to diſturbe the Common-weale with Warre.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te ioue:
Et ſ'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuſer:
Qui des faueurs des Roys cuide abuſer,
Bien toſt, froiſſè, choit au bas de la roue.

Sport not too-boldly with thy Lord and King;
And though he bid thee (if thou canſt) refuſe:
From higheſt Fortunes ſuddaine downe they ding,
Who doo preſume a Princes grace t'abuſe.

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de fortune)
En vn matin t'es haulſè ſi auant,
Penſes tu point que ce n'eſt que du vent,
Qui calmerà, peut eſtre, ſur la brune?

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from loweſt place
Doo'ſt in a morning to the top attaine:
Suppoſe it but a winde that blew a-ſpace,
Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme againe.

113

L'eſtat moyen eſt l'eſtat plus durable:
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyè,
Et les haults monts ont le chef foudroyè:
Vn petit tertre eſt ſeur & agreable.

The meane Eſtate is the moſt permanent:
We ſee, the Vales with euery ſhower are drown'd;
And Mountaine tops with euery Thunder rent:
But Little Hills *are pleaſant, ſafe, and ſound.*

114

De peu de biens nature ſe contente,
Et peu ſuffit pour viure honeſtement:
l'homme ennemy de ſon contentement,
Ius à, & plus pour auoir ſe tourmente.

Nature's with little pleaſ'd: enough's a Feaſt:
A ſober life, but a ſmall charge requires:
But Man, the Author of his owne vn-reſt,
The more he hath, the more he ſtill deſires.

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel retire
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,
Dy hardiment, l'orage impetueux
Viendra bien toſt esbranler ceſt Empire.

When thou ſhalt ſee th' Almightie take from hence,
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,
Say boldly thus; Theſe are the Arguments
Of ſome dread Tempeſt of his Wrath at hand.

116

Les gens de bien ce ſont comme gros termes,
Ou forts pilliers, qui ſeruent d'arcs-boutans,
Pour appuyer contre l'effort du temps
Les haults eſtats, & les maintenir fermes.

For, Vertuous Men are euen the Buttreſſes,
The mightie Columnes and the Arches ſtrong,
Which againſt all Times felleſt outrages
Support a State and doo maintaine it long.

117

L'homme ſe plaint de ſa trop courte vie,
Et cependant n'employe où il deuroit
Le temps qu'il à, qui ſuffir luy pourroit,
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure enuie.

Man doth the ſhortnes of his Life repine:
And yet he doth not duly ſpend nor rightly driue
The Time he hath: which might ſuffice his mind,
If, To liue well, *he did deſire to liue.*

118

Tu ne ſcaurois d'aſſez ample ſalaire
Recompenſer celuy qui t'a ſoignè
En ton enfance, & qui t'a enſeignè
A bien parler, & ſur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canſt ſufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath beene Tutor to,
Nor Him, that hath inſtructed thee a-right,
Both, well to ſpeake, but chiefly, well to doo.

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù:
Quand tu ſeras à ſon age venù,
Tu trouueras qui ſera le ſemblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feaſts,
Giue alwayes place vnto the hoarie head:
So, when like âge ſhall ſilverize thy Treſſe,
Thou ſhalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy ſe demonſtre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien faict:
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict:
C'eſt ſe payer, que du bien faire monſtre.

VVho, for thy Friendſhip ſhowes himſelfe ingrate,
Vnwillingly extolls thy Beneſit:
But to vp-brayde one makes a Man ingrate;
VVho vaunts his Kindnes, payes himſelfe for it.

121

Boire, & manger, ſ'exercer par meſure,
Sont de ſantè les outils plus certains:
L'excez en l'vn de ces trois, aux humains
Haſte la mort, & force la nature.

To eate, and drinke, and exerciſe, in meaſure,
Three props of Health, the certaineſt ſhe hath:
But the exceſſe in theſe (or other Pleaſure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth haſten Death.

122

Si quelquefois le meſchant te blaſonne,
Que t'en chaut il? helas, c'eſt ton honneu
Le blaſme prend la force du donneur:
Le loz eſt bon, quand vn bon nous le donne.

If euill men ſpeake ſometimes ill of thee,
VVhat need'ſt thou care? alas, it is thy Praiſe:
Blame, from the Author takes authoritie,
And 'tis a good Report that good men raiſe.

Nous

123

Nous meſlons tout, le vray parler ſe change:
Souuent le vice eſt du nom reueſtu
De la prochaine oppoſite vertu:
Le loz eſt blaſme, & le blaſme eſt louange.

VVe all confound; true Language is tranſ-formed:
Vice often-times puts-on the Vertues name
Next oppoſite: 'Tis Forme to be de-formed:
Blame is a Praiſe; and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu'on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l'imparfait du prochain ſupporter,
Couurir ſa faulte, & ne la rapporter,
Prompt à louer, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is ſpoken, euer make the beſt:
Beare the defect of Neighbour and of Friend:
Couer their fault; publiſh it not (at leaſt):
Readie to Praiſe, and ſlowe to reprehend.

125

Cil qui ſe penſe & ſe dit eſtre ſage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui ſcauant
Se faict nommer, ſonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n'eſt que langage.

He that eſteemes and vaunts himſelfe for wiſe,
Thinke him a foole: And Him that doth aſſume
The name of Learned, who ſo ſoundly tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

126

Plus on eſt docte, & plus on ſe deffie
D'eſtre ſcauant : & l'homme vertueux
Iamais n'eſt veu eſtre preſumptueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philoſophie.

The better Learned, learne the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne ſufficiencie :
And Vertuous men are neuer Arrogant.
Theſe are the Fruites of my Phyloſophie.

FINIS.

31 MA 59



I

Posthumus

BARTAS.

The Third Day of His

SECOND WEEKE:

Containing

1. *THE VOCATION.*
2. *THE FATHERS.*
3. *THE LAWE.*
4. *THE CAPTAINES.*

Tranſlated:
&
Dedicated

To the KINGS Maieſtie

By

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

Acceptam refero.

1606.

*

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTIE PRINCE

BRITISH MUSEUM

JAMES

(BY THE GRACE OF GOD)

KING
OF GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE, & IRELAND:
TRVE DEFENDER OF
THE TRVE, ANTIENT,
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLIKE, AND
APOSTOLIKE FAITH
&c:

A SONNET DEDICATORIE.

From ZEAL-Land, *ſayling with the Winde of* Love,
In the Bark LABOVR *ſteer'd by* Theorems,
Laden with Hope *and with* DESIRE *t'approve*,
Bound for Cap-Comfort *in the Ile of* IEMMS:

In ſuch a Miſte *wee fell vpon the Coaſt*,
That ſodainely vpon the Rock Neglect
Vnhappily our Ship *and* Goods *wee loſt*,
Even in a Place *that we did leaſt ſuſpect*:

So, Caſt-away (*my* LIEGE) *and quight* vn-done,
Theſe Orphane-*remnants of a woefull* Wrack
Heer caſt a-ſhore, to Thee *for* ſuccour *run*:

O Pittie *them, for their deer Parent's ſake*,
Who Honourd *Thee, both in his Life and Death*,
And to thy guarde *theſe* POSTHVMES *did bequeath*.

Voy (Sire) Saluſte.

31 MA 59

THE VOCATION.

The first booke of the third Day of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

ABRAM *from* Chaldé *is, Devinely* CALLED:
How Blest *abroad*; *His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thralled*
(*In* Sodom's *ayde*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Reskew'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloody* Warr:
Melchisedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Ismael *great*; *but* GOD Con-fœderates
With (*promis'd*) Isaak, *and his* (CHRIST-*kinn*) *Seede*
Which shall in number even the Starres exceede.
Lot *harbours* Angels; *sav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughters* foule Desire.

VNtill *this Day* (deere *Muse*) on every side
Within straight lists thou hast beene boundified;
Pend in a Path so narrow every-where;
Thou couldst not manage: onely heere and there
(Reaching thine armes over the Railes that close
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caughtst some fragrant Rose,
Some Gilly-flower, or some sweet Sops-in-Wine,
To make a Chaplet thy chaste browes to binde.

31 MA 59

THE VOCATION.

The first booke of the third Day of the second Weeke.

The Argvment.

ABRAM *from* Chaldé *is, Devinely* CALLED:
How Blest *abroad*: *His* (*parted*) Nephew *Thralled*
(*In* Sodom's *ayde*) *to* Chedorlaomer;
Reskew'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloody* Warr:
Melchisedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Ismael *great*; *but* GOD Con-fœderates
With (*promis'd*) Isaak, *and his* (CHRIST-*kinn*) *Seede*
Which shall in number even the Starres exceede.
Lot *harbours* Angels; *sav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughters* foule Desire.

VNtill *this Day* (deere *Muse*) on every side
Within straight lists thou hast beene boundified;
Pend in a Path so narrow every-where,
Thou couldst not manage: onely heere and there
(Reaching thine armes over the Railes that close
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caughtst some fragrant Rose,
Some Gilly-flower, or some sweet Sops-in-Wine,
To make a Chaplet thy chaste browes to binde.

But now, behold th'art in the open Plaine,
Simile. Where thou maiſt liuely (like the Horſe of *Spayne*,
That having burſt his haltar and his hold
Flings through the fields, where liſt him, vncomptrol'd)
Corvet, and turne, run, prance, advance, and pride-thee,
As *ſacred furie* of thy *Beaſt* ſhall guide-thee. (mowe
Th'whole World is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may
The faireſt Crop that in *Fames* fields dooth growe;
And, on the Sea of richeſt *Hiſtories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come hudling in, in heapes before thy view:
So that I feare leaſt (trayn'd with various ſent)
Thou be at fault in this vaſt Argument;
And leaſt the beſt choice in ſo bound-leſſe Store,
Paine thee no leſſe now, then did Want before.
But woatſt thou what, my *Muſe* (my deere delight,
My care, my comfort) we will follow right
Simile. The modeſt hand of a faire Shepardling,
Who dooth not rudely ſpoile the flowerie Spring
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleaſant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters ſeekes
Such rareſt flowers as beſt her fancie likes,
And heere a blew one, there a red ſhe pulls,
A yellow heere, and there a white ſhe culls,
Then binds them with her haire, and bleſſed over
With a chaſte kiſſe, ſhe ſends them to her Lover:
Wee'l over-runne the *Annals* of all Ages,
And chooſing-out the chiefeſt Perſonages,

And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Storie,
Wee'l offer them on th' Altar of *Gods* glorie.
For He (I hope) who no leſſe good then wiſe,
Firſt ſtirr'd vs vp to this great Enterpriſe,
And gave vs hart to take the ſame in hand,
For Levell, Compaſſe, Rule, and Squire will ſtand:
Will change the Pebbles of our pudly thought,
To *Orient* Pearles, moſt bright and bravely wrought:
And will not ſuffer in this pretious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builders eye may blame:
Or, if he ſuffer ought, 't ſhall be ſome trace
But of that blindnes, common to our Race;
T'abate my glory, and to give me proofe
That (mortall) I build but with mortall ſtuffe.
IAMES, richeſt Iem of *Scots*, and *Scotland's* Praiſe, *Dedication to the Kings Maieſtie.*
Who, with the ſame hand that the Scepter ſwayes,
On heav'n-ſalne paper in a golden ſtile,
Dooſt happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) vnder Others names
Sing'ſt in thy Childhood thine Owne future *Fames*:
To whom but thee ſhould I theſe Verſes vow,
Who through the World haſt made me famous now,
And with a liberall learned hand indew'd
My *Muſe* with luſtre of a *Royall Sute*;
Before, ſo ragged that ſhe bluſht wel-neere
That her chaſte Siſters ſhould ſo homely ſee-her
The ſcorne of Arte, of *Helicon* the ſhame,
Vſurping wrong, VRANIA's ſacred Name?
Through thee ſhe's *Heav'nly*. O wiſe, worthy Prince,
May'ſt thou ſurmount all thoſe in Excellence,

Which haue (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spotts):
That, first *Fergusius* (glorie of his dayes)
Evenus and *Donald* may enuie thy Praise;
And euen the *Scottish*, or (rather th' *Hebrew Dauid*
(*Iesses* great sonne, so holily-behaved)
Give place to thy Renowne, and therewithall
Give thee his Zeale and Harte heroical,
And all his best (which dooth thee best belong)
As he hath given thee his sweet Harpe and Song.

THOVGH profane service of *Idolatrie*
Had drown'd the whole Earth vniversally:
Though shame-les sinne (borne with the COLONIES
Through all the World) through all did Tirannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seate,
Their strength in *Shinaar*, and that Cittie great
Built on the slymie strand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Pallace where they held their Feasts.
So that (even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Ligne
(Where God his grace yet seemed to Confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assirian* aire,
Did (like the Heathen) everie daye impaire:
Simile. Forgot the true God: followed (rashlie-rude)
The grose grand Error of the multitude:
Degeneriz'd, decay'd and withered quight:
Like some rare Fruite-Tree over-topt with spight
Of Bryers and Bushes which it sore oppresse,
With the sower shadow of their Thornie tresse,
Till Choakt withall, it dies as they dooe grow,
And beareth nought but Mosse and Misseltoe.

But

But God, desirous (more for vs, then him)
In some one stocke to save *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before) from the All-drowning *Flood*
He sav'd the worlds seed in an Arke of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his owne: and from false Rites
To men, to Beasts, to Stockes, to Stones, to Sprights,
Him gratiously to his owne Service drawes:
Not by meere Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richlie-rare
Which guilds the Seeling of this Globe so faire;
Earths fruitefull power, producing (goodlie-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mightie Treen,
Flowers fragant aier, so fresh and divers-dyed;
Seas foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is Confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with raines of Reason:
But, by the motion of his Spirit, which seales
In our harts Center what his word reveales,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispencing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Dooth inwardly beare-witnes, and averr-it
Vnto our Spirits that 'tis God's *Holy Spirit*.

The Calling of Abraham.

The sacred *Faith of Abrahm* languisht not
In Idlenesse, but alwaies waakt and wrought,
And ever lively, brought forth Patience,
Humilitie, Hope, Bountie, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeale, Repentance, Temperance,
Sinceritie, and true Perseverance,
Fruites that (like Load stones) have a vertue given
(Through *Faith*) to draw their Father-Tree to heav'n,

The fruites of a true faith and the effects thereof.

And guide the ſoules to God (the ſpring of life)
Of's kinſ-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deere Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti's call,
Wend to the ſtrand where *Iordans* courſe doth craule:
Their owne deere Countrie willingly forſake,
And (true-religious) leſſe accompt doo make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Then of an end-les, friend-les Banniſhment.
O ſacred ground of Vertu's ſole perfection!
O ſhield of Martyrs! Prophets ſure direction!
Soule's Remedie! O contrite heart's Reſtorer! (ror,
Teares-wiping tame-grief! Hopes-guide, hunting-hor-
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortalitie!
O lively FAITH! through thy admired qualitie,
How manie wonders dooſt thou worke at once,
When from ſinn's ſlumbers thou haſt waakt vs once:
And made us inlie in our ſpirits conceave
Bewties that never outward eyes perceave?

Naturall conſiderations to have ſtopped the Iourney of Abrahã.

Alas (ſayd *Abrahm*) muſt I needs forgoe
Theſe happie fields wheare *Euphrates* doth flowe?
Heere, firſt I drew this vitall aier, and (pleaſ'd
With my births newes) my Mothers throwes I eaſ'd:
Heere, from her tender breſt (as ſoft as ſilke)
My tender gums ſuckt my firſt drop of milke:
Heere, with the pleaſure of mine infant-ſmile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Heere, my chaſte Siſters, Vnckles, Aunts and Kin,
My prettie pratling have delighted in:
Heere manie a time I wantonly have clung,
And on my Fathers wrinckled necke have hung:

Heere

Heere, I have paſt my *Lad-age* faire and good;
Heere, firſt the ſoft Downe on my chin did bud:
Heere, I have learn'd Heav'ns Motions and the nature
And various force of Fire, Aire, Earth and Water:
Heere, I have ſhowne the nobleſt tokens forth
Both of my Minds and of my Bodies worth:
Heere, I have ſpent the beſt part of mine age:
Heere, I poſſeſſe a plenteous Hæritage:
Heere, I have got me many friends and fame;
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And muſt I hence: and leave this certaine ſtate,
To Roame vncertaine (like a Runnagate)
O're fearefull Hills, and thorough foaming Torrents
That ruſh-down Mountains with their roring corrents,
In dreadfull Deſarts, where Heavns hotteſt beame
Shall burne without, within vs, Thirſt extreame:
And gloomie Forreſts full of ghaſtly feare
Of yelling Monſters that are dwelling there?
To ſeeke a Country (God knowes where, and whether)
vvhoſe vnknown name hath yet ſcarce ſounded hether?
With ſtaffe in hand and wallet at our back
From Towne to Towne to beg for all we lack?
To guiſe our ſelves (like counterfaiting Ape)
To th'guiſe of Men that are but Men in ſhape?
Thave (briefly) nothing properly our owne
In all the World; no not our Grave-place knowne?
Is't poſſible I ſhould endure to ſee
The ſighes and teares my friends will ſhed for mee?
O can I thus my Native ſoile forſake?
O with what words ſhall I my farewell take?

Farewell *Chaldea*, deere delights adieu,
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever: can I thus (alas)
Rudely vnwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their deere armes that will me falter hold
Then trembling Ivie dooth the Oake enfolde;
Comparisons. Or then the Vine dooth with her crawling spray
The boughes of Elme, her limber limbes to stay?
Can I expose (with perill of my life)
Th'vn-vulgar bewties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-sparing lust of that loose nation
That brutely burnes in all abhomination?
Besides, what rigour? nay what parricide?
To hale from *Tigris* shoare to *Iordans* side
A weake olde-man, a man so weake and olde,
He scarce can creepe without our helpe and hold?
His resolution above al discourse of reason. Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* suffizeth mee,
Who lodge with God can never Howse-lesse be.
Then cheerely marcht he on, and though the age,
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he dooth conduct (in fine)
To *Chanaan* (since called *Palastine*): (them,
The great blessing of God on his obedience. Where God poures downe such flouds of goods vpon
And bounteovsly bestowes such blessings on-them,
That their abundance shortly seemes t'exceede
God's Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards that hill and dale do hante,
Resemble not the breed of th'Elephant,

Which

Which (ſlow in coupling, and in calving more,
Pyning her Maiſter ſo long time before
vvith lingring hope) brings-forth with painful groanes,
But once in twelve yeeres, but one Calfe at once:
All's white with their wooll: all their Cattle proves,
Still, ſtill increaſing, like to Stares and Doves.
Their Wealth ſo growes, that wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawle:
But, leaſt this Miſchiefe by the Groomes begun,
Betweene their Maiſters might vnkindly run,
The grave-milde *Grand-ſire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammons* Father, to cut-off the feare
Of farther ſtrife, and to eſtabliſh rather
Their Minds then Bodies in a league together;
Devided duly with a deepe fore-ſight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.

Simile.

Iarr begun betweene his Servants and the Servants of Lot.

Then, pleaſ'd, and parted; both goe live a-part:
The Vnkle kept the Mountaine for his part,
For's Nephew choſe the fat and flowerie Plaine,
And even to *Sodome* ſtreatcht his Tent and Traine;
And dwelling there, became a Citizen
Among thoſe monſtrous, Nature-forcing Men.

Abram & Lot to ſhun contention part companie.

O *Lot* (alas) what lot haſt thou elect?
Th'eternall verdure, and the trim proſpect,
The plenteous Paſtures, and the purling Springs
Whoſe fibrous ſilver thouſand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Iordan*, watering ſo the ſoile
(Like Gods owne Garden) doth thy ſence beguile,
Blindeth thy iudgement, makes thee (miſerable)
To ſeat thee with a People execrable,

Lot *dwels in* Sodome.

Whoſe Warre-thralld woes, and odious villanies
To ſprings of teares ſhall turne thy tender eyes.
The battaile of Siddim fought by the king of Elam with his cõfederates againſt the kings of Sodome and Gomorra with theirs.
Elam's proud King, great *Chedor-laomor*,
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,
The Soveraigne of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made warre againſt the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrah, *Zeboim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*,
Who, ſubiect to him for twelue yeares before,
Rebelled now, and caſt the yoake they bore.
Both Camps approach, their bloodie rage doth riſe
And euen the face of cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heate inflames their minds with ire,
Their blood is moou'd, their hart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbes (ſeeming to march too ſlowe)
Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;
And euen alreadie in their geſture fight:
Th'iron-footed courſers, luſtie freſh and light,
Marrying their Maiſters cauſe and courage both
Snow all the field with a white foaming froath,
And prauncing with their load (as proude withall)
With loude-proude neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hoaſts march forward furiouſly,
The Plaine betweene ſoone ſhrinketh equally:
Firſt in the aire begins a fight of duſt,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely iouſte.
Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright ſwords and ſhields, and plumed helmes of golde
Vn-goard with bloud; no Caske had loſt his head,
No Horſe his loade, no ſcattered Corps lay dead.

But,

Comparison.

But, on our Corn-fields towards harueſt-time
(For puniſhment of ſome ingratefull crime)
Th'incenſed hand of Heav'ns Almightie King
Neuer more thicke dooth ſlipperie Ice-pearls fling,
Then heere the arrowes ſhowre on every ſide:
An iron Clowde heavens angrie face doth hide
From Souldiers ſight; and flying weapons then
For lacke of ground fall vpon horſe or men:
Thear's not a ſhaft but hath a man for White,
Nor ſtone but lightly in warme blood dooth light;
Or, if that anie faile their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themſelues they enter-ſplitt:
The wounds come all from Heaven: the braveſt hee,
Kills and is kild of him he doth not ſee:
Without en aime the Dart-man darts his ſpeare,
And Chaunce performes th'effect of Valour there.

Simile.

As two ſtout Rams, both Ieloux-phrenſie-ſicke,
Afront two flocks, ſpurr'd on with angers pricke,
Ruſh-on each other with tempeſtuous ſhocke
And butting boiſterous, hornes and heads doe knocke:
So theſe two Armies enterchanged blowes,
And doubling ſteps and ſtrokes vpon their Foes,
Firſt fleſh their Launces, and their Pikes imbrew;
Then with their ſwords about them keenly heaw,
Then ſtab with daggers, ſtanding bravely to't,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foote to foote;
So neere, that oft ones Targets pike doth pierce
Another's ſhield and ſends him to his Herſe.
And gawdie plumes of foes (be-Cedered brave)
Oft on their Foes (vn-plumed) creſts do wave.

Of all their ſtroakes ſcarce any ſtroake is vaine,
Yet ſtand they firme, and ſtill the fight maintaine:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turne their backs, no neither ſhrinke a-ſide,
Of their owne blood as of their foes as franke.
But, too-too-tyred, ſome at laſt dif-ranke:
Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints redoubled aye,
And ſo pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they diſcerne,
But knowing none, to all are ſtrangely ſterne.
The *Paleſtine* fights vnder *Elams* Standard,
The *Shynarite* with *Sodomes* Enſignes wander'd:
Simile. Even as two ſwarmes of buſie Buzzers, mounting
Amid the aire, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troupes; one goes, another comes,
Another turnes; a cloud of Moatlings hummes
Above our heads, who with their cipers wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which, a hundred times a minute
Doth loſe a Souldiar, and as oft re-win-it.
But, may one hope, in Champions of the Chamber,
A martial braue of an old Captaine againſt the effeminate ſoftnes and delicacie of Carpet-Knights.
Soft Carpet-Knights, all ſenting Muske and Amber
(Whoſe chiefe delight is to be over-come)
Vn daunted harts that dare to Overcome?
In Woman-Men a manly Conſtancie?
In wanton Armes vn-wearied Valiancie?
No, no, (*Gomorrha*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:
No (filthie *Sodome*) 'tis not heere the game
To play with Males, in ſpight of Natures name:

No

No (*Zeboim*) heere are no Looking-Glaſſes
For *Para-Nymphes* to gaze their painted faces:
To ſtarch Muſtachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with *favours* brayded in't):
No (*Adamah*) we ſpend not heere the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banqueting and Play:
Nor laſtly (*Zoar*) is it heere the guiſe
Of ſilken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Miſtreſſe-Prize*)
With Reed-like Launce, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize vnder a Tented ſhade;
As at your Tourneys: Therefore to your Mew:
Lay-downe your weapons, heere's no Worke for you.
'Tis heere the Faſhion (and the pride of Warres)
To paint the face with ſweat, duſt, blood, and ſcarres:
Our Glaſſe is heere a bright and gliſtering Shield:
Our Satten, ſteele: the Muſike of the Field
Dooth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roare:
Death tilteth heere: The Miſtreſſe we adore
Is Victorie (true Soveraigne of our harts)
Who without danger graceth no Deſerts:
Dead carkaſes perfume our dainty Noſe:
Our Banquets heere be Banquets for the Crowes:
Flie therefore (Cowards) flie and turne your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-ſhaming acts)
But with our Swords and Launces (in your haſt)
Through-thrilled (Villaines) this ſhall be your laſt,
Sayd *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in ſuch ſort,
That't ſeemes a ſudaine Whirle-winde doth tranſport
Their fainting Troupes: ſome (beſt-adviſed) flie
To tops of Mountaines that doo neighbour by;

Defeature of the Sodomites.

Some through the plaine, but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once looke backe (no not with halfe a face)
Their feare hath no reſtraint, and much leſſe art:
This throwes away his ſhield, and that his darte; (launces
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, pikes and
Are no defence, but rather hinderances:
They with their hearts have alſo loſt their ſight,
And reaking leſſe a glorious end, in Fight,
Then thouſand baſe deaths, deſperately they ran
Into the floud that fats rich *Chanaan*.
Then, *Iordan* armes him 'gainſt theſe infidels
With rapid courſe, and like a ſea he ſwels,
Lakes under ground into his channell range, (change:
And ſhalloweſt Foords to ground-leſſe gulphs doe
He fumes, he foames, and ſwiftly whirling round,
Seemes in his rage theſe bitter words to ſound:
Dye (Villaines) dye, O more then infamous
Foule Monſters, drench your damned ſoules in vs:
Sa, ſa, (my Floods) with your colde moiſture quench
The luſt-full flame of their ſelfe-burning ſtench:
Drown, drown the Hell-hounds, & revenge the wrong
Which they have done our Mother *Nature* long.
The River ſwiftly whirling-in the ſlaves,
Above with Bowes, beneath with bodies paves:
The gaudie Plume, yet floating light and ſoft,
Keepes for a while the hollow helme aloft:
But yet (at length) even thoſe that ſwim the beſt,
Downe to the bottome ſinke among the reſt,
Striving and ſtrugling (topſi-turuie toſt)
While fayne they would but cannot yeild the ghoſt;

Becauſe

Becauſe the flood, (vn-willing to defile
His pureſt waves with ſpirits ſo foule and vile)
Re-ſpewes them ſtill into themſelues, and there
Smoothers, and choakes, and ramms them (as it were):
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at laſt
To the maine Sea, or his owne ſhoare doth caſt.
The Kings of *Sodome* and *Gomorrha* then,
Hoping to traine the King of *Elams* men,
Among the Clay-Pitts which themſelues before
(T'intrap the Foe) with boughes had covered or'e,
Ran thither-ward: but their confuſed Flight
In their owne Ambuſh made their owne to light,
Wherein they loſt the flower of all their reſt,
Sooner of death then of deaths feare poſſeſt.
One, as he flyes with trembling ſteps the dart
Which (from behinde) nigh pierſt him to the hart,
Tangling his foote with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wylde Vine that neere a Pit did grow,
Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heeles
Vp to the waſt in water: where he feeles
A three-fold Fate: for there (o ſtrange) he found
Three deaths in one, at once *ſlaine*, *hang'd* and *drownd*!
Another, weening ore a well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-les foote doth ſlip,
And in he falls: but inſtantly (paſt hope)
He catcheth hold vpon a dangling rope,
And ſo at lenght with ſhifting hands gets-vp
By little and little to the Fountaines top:
Which *Thadael* ſpying, to him ſtraight he hyes,
And thus alowd vnto the wreteh he Cryes:

Their own Ambuſhe ſerues againſt themſelues.

Varlet,

Varlet, is this, is this the meanes you make
Your wonted yoake of *Elam* off to ſhake?
Is this your Skirmiſh? and are theſe your blowes
Where-with t'incounter ſo couragious Foes?
Sir, leave your ladder; this ſhall ſerve as well,
This ſword ſhall be your ladder downe to Hell:
Go pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Accheron*)
The Tribute heere denide vnto your owne:
Heere-with he drawes his Fauchin bright and keene,
And at a blow heawes both his armes off cleane;
His trickling hands held faſt, downe fell his Trunke,
His blood did ſwim, his body quickly ſunke.
Another (roughly puſhed by the Foe)
Falls headlong downe into a Bog below,
Where, on his head deepe planted in the Mud
With his heeles vp-ward like a Tree he ſtoode;
Simile. Still too and fro waving his legs and armes,
As Trees are wont to wave in windie ſtormes.
Another heere (on horſeback) poſting over
A broad, deepe clay-pit that greene boughes do cover,
Sinks inſtantly; and in his ſuddaine Fate
Seemes the brave Horſe doubly vnfortunate:
For, his owne neck he breakes, and bruizing in
(With the keene ſcales of his bright Brigandin)
His Maiſters bowels, ſerves (alas) for Toombe
To him that yerſt ſo many times did combe
His criſpie Creſt, and him ſo frankly fed
Simile. In's hollow Shield with Oats and Beanes, and Bread:
Even ſo ſometimes, the loving Vine and Elme
(With double domage) iointly over-whelme;

Shee

Shee wayles the wrack of her deere Husbands glade,
He moanes his Spouſes feeble armes and ſhade,
But moſt it grieves him with his Trunk to cruſh
The pretious Cluſters of her pleaſing Buſh;
And preſſe to death vnkindly with his waight
Her that for love imbraceth him ſo ſtraight.
Yet, *Lot* alone (with a ſmall troupe aſſiſted) *Lots valour.*
The Martiall Brunt with Manly breſt reſiſted,
And thirſting Fame, ſtands firmely looking for
The furious Hoaſt of *Chedorlaomor*:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops *Simile.*
Of tender Saplings with their ſlender tops,
Is Fell'd almoſt as ſoone as vnder-taken
By Multitudes of Peaſants Winter-ſhaken:
Lot's little Number ſo environ'd round,
Hemm'd with ſo many ſwords is ſoone hewn-downe.
Then, left alone, yet ſtill all one he fares, *His vndanted reſolution.*
And the more danger ſtill the more he dares:
Like a ſtrange Maſtife fiercely ſet vpon
By mongrell Currs, in number ten to one: *Simile.*
Who tyer'd with running (growne more cunning) gets
Into ſome corner, where vpright he ſets
Vpon his ſterne, and ſternly to his Foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he ſhowes,
And ſnarles, and ſnaps; and this and that doth bite,
And ſtoutly ſtill maintaines th'vnequall fight
With equall furie, till (diſdaining Death)
His Enimies be beaten out of breath.
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doo;

Him Princely meets and mildely greets him thus:
Ceaſe(valiant youth) ceaſe, ceaſe t'incounter vs,
Wilt thou (alas) wilt thou (poore ſoule) expoſe
And hazard thus thy life and Fame to loſe,
In ſuch a Quarrell, for the cauſe of ſuch?
Alas, I pittie thy mis-fortune much.
For, well I ſee, thy habit and thy tongue,
Thine armes (but moſt) thy courage (yet ſo yong)
Show that in SODOM'S wanton walls accurſt
Thou wert not borne, nor in *Gomorrha* nurſt.
O chiefe of Chivalrie, reſerue thy worth
For better warrs: yield thee: and thinke hence-forth
I highly prize thy prows; and by my ſword,
For thouſand kingdomes will not falſe my word.

Lot taken Priſoner.

Paſt hope of Conqueſt (as paſt feare of death)
LOT yields him then vpon the Princes Faith.
And from his Cammell quick-diſmounting, hies
His Royall hand to kiſſe in humble wiſe:
And th'Armie, laden with the richeſt ſpoile,
Trivmphantly to th'Eaſtward march't the while.

Abraham with his family of 300. goes to reſcue Lot.

No ſooner noiſe of theſe ſad novels came
Vnto the eares of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But inſtantly hee armes to reskue LOT,
And that rich preye the heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred ſeruants of his houſe he brings
(But lightly arm'd with ſtaves and darts, and ſlings,
Aided by MAMRE (in whoſe plaine he wonns)
ASCOL & ANER (AMOR'S valiant ſonnes)
So at the heeles he hunts the feareleſſe Foe,
Yet waites aduantage yer he offer blowe)

Favourd

Favourd by ſtreightneſſe of the wayes they tooke;
And cover'd cloſe with nights deceitfull cloake.
In *Groon-land* fields is found a dungeon
A thouſand-fold more dark then *Accheron*,
It hath no dore, leaſt as it turnes about
On ruſtie hooks, it creake too lowdly out;
But *Silence* ſerues for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Vſher that doth never weare
Stiff-ruſſling ſilkes, nor ratling chamlet ſutes,
Nor gingling ſpurres, nor creaking ſpaniſh bootes;
But, that he make no noiſe (when ere he ſturs)
His high-day ſutes are of the ſofteſt furres,
At other times (leſſe-ſtately-ſeruice-full)
Hee's only clad in cotton, ſhod in wooll:
His left fore-finger ore his lips he lock's,
With th'other beckens to the early Cocks,
The ruſhing ſtreames, and roaring *Eolus*,
Seeming (though dumbe) to whiſper ſoftly thus:
Sleepe ſiluer *Torrents*; ceaſe ſweet *Chante-cleere*,
To bid *good-morrow* to the *Morning* heere:
Be ſtill, ye Winds, keepe in your native neſt,
Let not your ſtormes diſturbe this houſe of Reſt.
In midſt of all this Cave ſo darke and deepe,
On a ſtill-rocking Couch lyes bleare-eyde *Sleepe*,
Snorting aloud, and with his panting breath
Blowes a blacke fume that all envapoureth:
Oblivion lyes hard-by her drouzie brother,
Who redily knowes not her ſelfe nor other:
Then ſolitarie *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And naſtie *Sloath* ſelfe-pyn'd, and poorely-frockt

A lively deſcription of Sleepe *with his Cel, Servants furniture & company*

Irreſolute, vnhandſome, comfortleſſe,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppie, and dooth preſſe
The yellow *Night-ſhade*, and blew *Gladiols* iuce,
Where-with her ſleep-ſwolne heavie lids ſhe glewes.
Confuſedly about the ſilent Bed
Fantaſtike ſwarmes of *Dreames* there hovered,
Greene, red, and yellow, tawnie, black, and blew;
Some ſacred, ſome prophane; ſome falſe, ſome true;
Some ſhort, ſome long; ſome deviliſh, ſome devine;
Some ſad, ſome glad; but monſtrous all (in fine):
Simile, They make no noiſe, but right reſemble may:
Th'vnnumbred Moats which in the Sunne doo play,
When (at ſome Crannie) with his piercing eye
He peepeth-in ſome darker Place to ſpie.
Thether th'Almighty (with a iuſt intent
To plague thoſe Tirants pride) his Angell ſent;
No ſooner entred, but the radiant ſhine
Of's gliſtering wings and of his glorious eyne,
As light as Noone makes the darke Houſe of Night,
The gawdie ſwarme of *Dreames* is put to flight,
And opening wide the ſable Canapey
The winged Herald ſommon'd *Sleepe* away.
Silence diſlodg'd at the firſt word he ſpake,
But deafe dead *Sleepe* could not ſo ſoone awake,
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd, and touz'd,
And by the Angell often rubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he ſtirres, and ſtretching lazily
His legges and armes, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawnes; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbow, heares This Meſſage done.

Great

Great Spirits-reſtorer, Cares-charme; Chacing-grief,
Night-ſhort'ning Sier, Man's-Reſt, and Mind's-Reliefe,
Vp, vp (ſayd he) diſpatch thee hence in poſt,
And with thy Poppie drench the conquering Hoaſt
Of thoſe proud Kings that (richly charg'd with Pray)
On *Chanaan* Mountaines lodge in diſ-aray.
Th'Angel in th'inſtant backe to Heav'n-ward gone;
Sleepe ſlowly harneſt his dull Beares anone;
And in a noiſe-leſſe Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drouſines*, and *Night*:
Th'Aire thickning where he goes dooth nod the head,
The Wolfe in Woods lies downe, th'Oxe in the Mead,
Th'Orque vnder Water; and on Beds of Downe
Men ſtretch their limbs, and lay them ſoftly downe.
The Nightingale pearcht on the tender ſpring
Of ſweeteſt Haw-thorne hangs her drowzie wing,
The Swallow's ſilent, and the loudeſt *Humber*,
Leaning vpon the Earth, now ſeemes to ſlumber:
Th'Yew moves no more, the Aſpe doth ceaſe to ſhake,
Pines bow their heads ſeeming ſome reſt to take.
So ſoone as *Sleep's* black wings had over-ſpred
The Pagan Hoaſt; the Souldiers haſt to bed:
For, inſtantly begin they all to winke
To hang their heads, and let their weapons ſinke:
Their words halfe-ſpoke, are loſt betweene their lips,
Through all their veines *Sleep's* charming humor ſlips,
Which to a deepe and death-like *Letharge* brings
Both Heathen Souldiers and their Heathen Kings.

Abrams Oration to his little Troope.

Abram perceaving now the Armie neere,
By their owne Fires; gan thus his Troupes to cheere:

Souldiers (ſaid he) behold, this happy Night
Shall make amends for that diſ-aſtrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance crie
For *Sodom's* ſhame and *Lot's* captivitie:
Me thinks already, *Victorie* (adorn'd
With bowes and Blades,& Casks,& Crownes)return'd
From th'Enimie, on our tryumphant ſpeares
Erecteth Tropheis farre more rich then theirs:
Me thinks already on our gliſtering Creſts
The glorious Garland of the Conqueſt reſts;
Our way to Vertue lies ſo ſmooth and plaine,
With paine-leſſe Honour, and vn-vent'red Gaine.
This Hoaſt you ſee, is not the valiant Troupe
That ſtript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* ſtoope;
That *Iordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foule heard of Swine wallowing in mire:
Regard them as they are, not as they were:
See but their ſloath, doo not their number feare:
He that's a ſleepe is dead, and he that's dead
Bites not (they ſay): what have we then to dread?
Why ſtay we (Lads) already downe they are,
Their throats be naked, and their boſomes bare,
Their lyves lie proſtrate heere at our Command;
And Fortune calls but for your helping hand.
Come, follow me, rather, the *Lord of Hoaſts*
(Terrour of Tirants) who through all the Coaſts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly power, and brings mens Plots to nought:
Come (happy Troope) follow with one accord
Th'invincible brave Standard of the Lord.

This

This ſayd: eſt-ſoones I woat not what a grace,
What devine beame reflected on his face:
For, as in March, the Serpent, having caſt
His old foule skinne, crawles from his hole full faſt,
Hiſſes, and ſtings, and ſtares vs in the face,
And (gold-like) gliſtering, glides along the graſſe:
So Heav'n inſpires freſh vigour in each part,
His blood renewes, his hart dooth take new hart,
A martiall Furie in his breſt there boiles,
His ſtature ſeemes much taller then yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheekes with Roſe and Lilly Dies,
A lovely Lightning ſparkles in his eyes,
So that his gallant Port and gracefull Voice
Confirmes the faineſt, makes the ſad reioice.

Simile.

Then, on the Camp he ſets, where round about
Lie mingled Carrs, and Horſe, and Men that rout:
Reſt ſeazeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The Fire it ſelfe ſlept in his Aſhie bed.

Abraham *ſetts vpon the Camp of* Chedorlaomer.

Th' *Hebraes* the-while laid-on on back, or breſt,
Or arme, or ſide, according as their Reſt
To th'ground had bound them; and thoſe lyves bereft
The which Death's Image in an Image reſt.
Heere, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Poures-out at once his gore, his ghoſt, and Wine;
The full Helme hops, and with a voice confuſed,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accuſed.
Another, taken by inchanting ſleepe,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons, quaffing deepe,
Dooth at a wound, given in his ratling gorge,
The Wine againe in his owne Cup diſ-gorge.

Another;

Another, while ingeniously he playes
Vpon his Lute some passing-pleasing Layes,
Sleepe sieles his eyes vp with a gloomie cloud;
And yet his hand still quavers light and loud:
But at the last it sinks, and offring faire
To strike the Base, strikes but the empty aire:
His Soule, descending to th'infernall Coasts,
Goes to conclude his Song vnto the Ghosts;
Dolefull it was, not for the Argument
(For 'twas of *Love*) but for the sad event.
Another, wak'ned with those loud alarmes,
Starts-vp, and groapeth round about for armes,
Which ah too-soone he findeth (for his part)
For a keene poignard stabs him to the hart.
Like as a Tigresse, having with the gore
Simile. Of Bulls and Heifers made her spots the more,
And pav'd a Plaine with Creatures mangled limbs,
Viewes on each side her valiant stratagems,
Treads on the vanquisht, and is proudly-sad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw she had:
So th'*Hebrew* stalking round-about the slaine,
Braves (but it boots not) and would very faine
That those dead bodies might their ghosts re-gather,
Or that those Mountaines would produce him (rather)
Some Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In blood-drown'd Valleis might his Valour trie.
Amor's three sonnes did no lesse slaughter make,
Abram for zeale, they but for Furies sake:
This, nayles a Souldier with his sword to th'ground;
That, at a blow, th'heads of two Heads dis-crown'd.

This,

This, vnderneath a Chariot kills the Driver:
That, lops off legs and armes, and heads doth ſhiver.
The Tents already all in blood doo ſwim,
Guſhing from ſundry Corps from ſeverall limbe.
In briefe, ſo many ravening Wolves they ſeeme
Within whoſe breſt fierce Famine biteth keene,
Who ſoftly ſtealing to ſome Fold of Sheepe
(While both the Shepheard and his Curr doo ſleepe)
Furbiſh their hungry teeth, teare, kill and prey
Vpon the beſt, to eate and beare-away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquiſhed awake,
And (re-aray'd) the Victors vnder-take;
Putting the three proud *Amorites* to flight,
Who but for ABRAM, had beene routed quite.
Sleepe, ſleepe (poore *Pagans*) ſith you needs muſt die,
Goe ſleepe againe, and ſo die eaſilie,
Die yer you thinke on Death, and in your Dreames
Gaſpe-out your ſoules; Let not your dazeled beames
Behold the havoke and the horrour too
Of th'Execution that our ſwords ſhall doo,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer Death, to fright you with a thouſand deaths,
Sayd ABRAHAM: and pointing every word
With the keene point of his quick-whirled ſword:
(As ſwift in dooing, as in ſaying ſo)
More fiercely chargeth the inſulting Foe,
Then ever Storme-full cloud, which fed with Water's,
Thin moiſt-ful fumes (the ſnowie Mountains daughters) *Camparison.*
Shower'd heaps of Haile-ſhot, or pour'd floods of raine,
On ſlender ſtems of the-new tender Graine:

Through blood, & blades, through dāger duſt, & death,
Through mangled corps, and carrs he traverſeth;
And partly in the ſhock, parte with his blowes,
Hee breaketh in through thickeſt of his Foes,
And by his travaile topſie-turneth then
The live and dead, and halfe-dead, horſe and men:
His bright-keene Fauchin never threats but hits,
Nor hits but hurts, nor hurts but that it ſplits
Some privie poſterne, whence to Hel (in poſt)
Some groaning Pagan may gaſpe out his ghoſte:
He all aſſayles, and him ſo brave beſtowes,
That in his Fight he deales more deaths then blowes.

Simile.

As the Notth-winde, re-cleering-vp the front
Of clowdie Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The ſhowers that *Auſters* ſpungie thirſt exhales
Out of thoſe ſeas that circle *Orans* walls:
So where-ſo-e're our *Hebrue Champion* wield
His warre-like weapon and his gliſtering ſhield
(Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadefull light)
All turne their backes, and all be-take to flight,
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope and all,
Their Hearts are done and downe their weapons fall:
Or, if that anie be ſo ſtrangely-ſtout
As not to fainte but bravely yet hold out,
Alas, it boots not, for it cannot ſtop
The victorie, but haſte his owne miſhap.

Elamites *overthrowne by* Abraham.

But in what Fence-ſchoole, of what maiſter, ſay,
Brave pearle of Souldiers learnd thy hands to play
So at ſo ſundrie weapons ſuch paſſados,
Such thruſts, ſuch foyns, ſtramazos and ſtoccados?

God giveth victory.

Even

Even of that Mighty God, whose sacred might
Made Heav'n and earth (and them so brave bedight)
Of meerely nothing: of that God of Power
Who swore to be thy Target and thy Tower:
Of thāt high God, who fortifies the weake,
Who teacheth His even steely bowes to breake,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame,
But daunts the proude and dooth their courage tame.
Thy sword abat s th'armed, the strong, the stout; *Abrahā follows the execution.*
Thou cleau'st, thou kill'st: the fainte dis-armed route,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voices thunder,
And thy proud dreadfull porte confounds with wonder:
Death and Dispaire, Horror and Furie fight
Vnder thine Ensignes in this dismal night:
Thou slayest this, and that thou threat'st as much:
This thou poursew'st, that thou disdaign'st to touch:
In brief (thou braue-blest Knight) thou quelst at once
Valiant and vile, arm'd and vnarmed ones.
Heere, thine even hand (even in a twinkling trice)
In equall halues a Pagans head doth slice,
Downe on each shoulder looketh either halfe,
To gaze vpon his ghastly *Epitaph*,
In lines of blood writ round about him faire,
Vnder the curten of his parted haire:
Heere through a Ierkin (more then musket-proofe)
Made twelue-fold double of East-countrie Buffe,
Cleane through & through thy deadly shaft doth thrill
A Giants bulke; the wounded hulke doth reele:
The head behinde appeares; before the fethers;
And th'Ethnike soule flies both-wayes out togethers:

Heere thou dooſt cleave, with thy keen Fauchins force
The Bards and Breſt-plate of a furious Horſe,
No ſooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his Fortune in a bloody track:
Thy barbed Dart, heere at a *Chalde* flies,
And in an inſtant lardeth both his thighes,
While he blaſpheming his hard Starres and State,
Hops (like a Pie) in ſteed of wonted gaite.

Lot reſcued, revengeth bravely his Captivity.

Now LOT (the while) eſcap't from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burthen of his iron bands;
With iuſt revenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet grow ſwift, his ſinnewes waxen ſtrong,
His hart revives; and his revived hart
Supplies new ſpirits to all and every part:
Simile. And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of ſome great Stable, ſtaring ſcuds about,
Shakes his proud head and creſt, yerks out his heeles,
Butts at the Aire, beates on the humble fields,
His flying ſhadow now purſues amaine,
Anone (amaz'd) flies it as faſt againe,
Againe beholds it, with ſelfe-proud delight
Lookes on his leggs, ſets his ſtiffe taile vpright,
And neighes ſo loud to Mares beyond the Mound;
That with the noiſe the neighbour Hills reſound:
So, one-while, LOT ſets on a Troupe of Horſe,
A band of Sling-men he anon dooth force,
Anon he puſheth through a ſtand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anone he ſtrikes,
Anon he ſtalkes about a ſteepfull Rock,
Where ſome, to ſhun Death's (never-ſhunned) ſtroake,

Had

Had clamberd-vp; at length a path he ſpies,
Where, vp he mounts and dooth their Mount ſurpriſe:
Whence, ſtones he heaves ſo heavie and ſo huge,
That in our Age three men could hardly bouge;
Vnder whoſe waight his flying Foes he daſhes,
And in their fleſh, bones, ſtones, and ſteele he paſhes:
Sometimes he ſhootes, ſometimes he ſhakes a Pike,
Which Death to many, dread to all dooth ſtrike.
Some in the breſt he wounds, ſome in the backs;
Some on the hanch, ſome on the head he hacks,
He heawes downe all; and maketh where he ſtood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.

At length the *Pagans* wholy left the place,
Then both ſides ranne, theſe chaſed, thoſe doo chaſe:
Theſe onely vſe their heeles, thoſe heeles and hands:
Thoſe wiſh but a faire way, theſe that the ſands
Would quickly gape and ſwallow quick to hell
Themſelves that fled, and them that chace't ſo fel:
Theſe rẽder nought but blows, thoſe nought but blood,
Both ſides have broake their Ranks; pel-mel they ſcud;
Choakt-vp with duſt, diſordered, diſ-aray'd;
Neither, Commaund, Threat, nor Intreat obay'd:

The Pagans wholy put to flight.

Thou that (late) brag'dſt that thy white * *Wormly* brave
Could dry foot runne vpon the liquid Wave,
And on the ſand leaving no print behinde
Out-ſwifted Arrowes, and out-went the Winde,
With a ſteele Dart, by ABRAH'M ſtiffly ſent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle ſlent:
And thou that thrice, neere *Tigris* ſilver ſource,
Had'ſt wonne the Bell, as beſt in every Courſe,

* *A late famous Races-Horſe of the North, ſometimes belonging to my eſpeciall kinde Friend* M. S. Horſe-poole.

Art caught by *Lot*, &(thrilld from ſide to ſide)
Looſeſt thy ſpeeds-praiſe, and thy life beſide.
It ſeemes no Fight, but (rather as befalls)
An execution of ſad criminals:
Who ſo eſcapes the ſword, eſcapes not ſo
His ſad deſtruction; or, if anie tho
Eſcapt at all, they were but few (at leaſt)
To rew the fatall ruine of the reſt:
For th'Vnkle and the Nephew never lin
Simile. Till out of *Chanaan* they have chac't them cleane:
Like to a caſt of Falcons that purſew
A flight of Pigeons through the welkin blew,
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver
(To ſave their lives) they hardly can recover.
The Kings of Chanaan *receive* Abraham *and his company with great ioy and gratefull offer of their homage vnto him.* At his returne from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Palæſtine* with glad and humble words
Do welcome *Abram* and refreſh his Troope;
To's knees their heads, to's feet their knees they ſtoope:
O valiant Victor! for thy high deſarts,
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeale; or if ought more
(As wel thou maiſt) thou dooſt expect therfore,
Accept (ſayd they) our Lands, our goods, our golde,
Our wives, our lives, and what we deereſt holde:
Take all we have, for all we have is thine,
Melchiſedech *bleſſeth* Abraham. No wrong to vs, to take thy Valours fine.
MELCHISEDEC God's *ſacred-Miniſter*,
And King of *Salem*, comes to greet him theare,
Bleſſing his bliſſe, and thus with zealous crye
Devoutly pierc't Heav'ns ſtarrefull Canapey.

Bleſt be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbes that turne about the Pole;
And Rules the Actions of all Humane-Kinde
With full commaund: and with one blaſt of winde
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudeſt Hills,
Dries-vp the Ocean, and the Empty fills:
Bleſt be the great GOD of great *Abraham*,
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every Place vnto him Altars build,
And every Altar with his Praiſe be fill'd,
And euery Praiſe aboue the Welkin ring
As loud or louder then the Angels ſing:
Bleſſed be He that by an Arme-leſſe crew
Of Art-leſſe Shepards did ſo quick ſubdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* ſo;
And to the ſervants of an exil'd Foe
Hath given the Riches and the royall ſtore
(Both of their Bootie and their Owne before)
Of ſuch an Hoaſt, of Nations that firſt ſee
Sol's early riſing from *Aurora's* knee.

But *Abraham*, to prove, that not for Prey,
He put-on armes, devides the Spoiles away:
The *Tythe's* the *Prieſts*: the Reſt of all the things
(Yerſt loſt in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion He participates
To th' *Amorites*, his ſtout Confederates:
Shewing himſelfe a Prince as politike
Prudent and iuſt, as ſtout and Souldier-like,
That with his Proweſſe Policie can mel,
And Conquering, can vſe his Conqueſt well

Abraham diſtributes the booty reſerving only a portion for the Amorites that were his confederates.

Magnani-

Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meeke,
That skorning Riches, true Renowne doth ſeeke.
So, from the Sea, even to th'*Euphratean ſource*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* chriſtall courſe,
Rings his renowne: Of him is all the ſpeech,
He is famous far and neare. At home, abroade; among the poore and rich,
In warre & peace: the Fame of his high deeds
Confirmes the Faithful in their fainting Creeds;
And terrifies the Tirant Infidels,
Shaking the ſides of their proud Citadells,
That with their fronts the ſeat of IOVE do ſkorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do ſpurne.
Voice, Harpe, and Timbrel ſound his praiſe together,
Hee's held a Prophet or an Angell rather,
They ſay that God talks with him face to face,
Hoaſts at his houſe, and to his happie Race
Gives in *Fee-ſimple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as farre as *Tigris* ſtrand.
God appeares vnto him and maketh covenant with him. And it is certaine, the *Thrice-ſacred-One*,
The King of Kings, by Dreame or Viſion,
Speaks with him oft; & calls him thus by name:
Faint not my ſeruant, feare not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fained lip
Seeke guilefully thy ſimpleneſſe to trip,
Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath)
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruite of death:
Tis I that brought thee from the Native VR,
From night to day, from death to life (thus fur)
I brought thee hether, I have bleſt thee heere,
I with thy flockes have covered farre and neere

Chanaan's fat Hills; I have preſerv'd thy Wife
From Strangers luſt, and thee from Tirants knife,
(When thy faint hart, and thy falſe tongue (affrai'd
To tell the Truth) her and thy ſelfe betray'd):
'Tis I, that have ſo oft from Heathens power
Preſerv'd thy perſon; and (as Conquerour)
Now made thee Tryumph over th'Eaſtern Kings,
(Whereof ſo farre thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in brief) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy helpe at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad.
Keepe thou my Cov'nant: and (to ſignifie,
That, to the World thou dy'ſt, to live to Mee)
Go, *Circumciſe* forth-with thy Selfe and Thine,
Leade holy Life, walke in my Wayes devine
With vpright-foote; ſo ſhall my favour haunt
Thy Houſe and thee, and thou ſhalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Chanaans* Children have with mighty hand
So long poſſeſt: a happy Land that flowes
With milke and honey: a rich Land where growes
(Even of it ſelfe) all kinde of Fruite and Corne, (Horne:
Where ſmiling Heav'ns poure-downe their Plenties-
I'le heape thee there with Honour, Wealth, and Power,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Tower.
O Lord (ſaid ABRAM) though into my lap
In ſhowers of Gold even all the Heav'ns ſhould drop,
What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas (my Lord) I have enough, for one
That hath no iſſue after to inhærit,
But my good ſervant ELEAZAR's merit.

Circumciſion *inſtituted.*

Chanaan *promiſed to* Abraham.

Not ſo, my Sonne (replies th'Omnipotent)
Miſtake not ſo my bountifull intent;
I'll not diſparage to a Servants Fee
The rich eſtate, and royall Dignitie
That in my People ſhall heereafter ſhine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a ſtock of thine,
Thine owne deere Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heires, and in thy ſtate ſucceed.
Yea, thine owne Sonne's immortall-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the treaſures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with ſodaine Ioy,
Made anſwere thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy Newes! (Lord let him ever thrive):
And ſhall his Seed ſucceed ſo Eminent?
Ah let me die then, then I die content.
ISMAEL indeed dooth live (the Lord replies)
And lives to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when firſt his Mother, (flying
Thy ieloux SARA's curſt and threatfull crying)
To the dry Deſarts ſandie horror hy'd,
I have for both beene carefull to provide;
Their extreame Thirſt due-timely to refreſh,
Conducting them vnto a Fountaine freſh,
In liquid Criſtall of whoſe Mayden ſpowt
Bird never dipt his bill, nor Beaſt his ſnowt:
And, if I err not (but, I cannot err:
For, what is hid from Harts-Artificer?
What can the ſight of the Sight-maker dim?)
Another Exile yet attendeth him,

Where-

Where-in he ſhall (in ſeaſon) feele and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He ſhall grow Great, yet ſhall his reſt be ſmall,
All ſhall make warre on him, and He on all:
Through Corſlets, Rivets, Iacks, and Shirts of Maile,
His ſhaft ſhall thrill the Foes that him aſſaile:
A ſwift Hart's hart he ſhall (even running) hit,
A Sparrowes head he ſhall (even flying) ſplit:
And in the aire ſhall make the Swallow ceaſe
His ſweet-ſweet note, and ſlycing nimblenes.
Yea (O Saints-Firſtling) onely for thy ſake,
Twelve mighty Princes will I ſhortly make
Spring from his Loignes, whoſe fruitfull Seed ſhal ſway,
Even vnto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I meane to knit
Mine inward Cov'nant; th'outward ſeale of it
ISMAEL may beare, but not the efficace;
(Thy Sonne, but after Fleſh, not after Grace).
But to declare that vnder Heavens Frame,
I hold nought deerer then mine ABRAHAM,
I'll open SARA's dry and barren wombe,
From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) ſhall come,
To glad the World; a Sonne that ſhall (like thee)
Support the *Faith*, and prop hir Familie.
Come from thy Tent, come forth & here contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,
Number the Starres, meaſure their bigneſſe bright,
With fixed eye gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly marke their ord'red Courſes, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Liſts of Heaven:

Ismaels *mightines.*

Iſaac *promiſed.*

Then mai'ſt thou alſo number thine owne Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly read
Their noble Acts, and of their Publike-State
Draw an *Idea* in thine owne conceit.
This, This is Hee, to and with whom I graunt
Th'eternall Charter of my *Covenant*,
In him the Covenant ratified. Which if he truly keepe, vpon his Race
I'll poure an Ocean of my plenteous Grace:
I'll not alone give him theſe Fields heere ſeene,
But even from *India*, all that flowereth greene
To th'vtmoſt Ocean's vtmoſt ſand and ſhelfe;
I'll give him Heaven, I'll give him even my Selfe.
Of his ligne ſhall come Chriſt the Redeemer. Hence, hence, the *High and mighty Prince* ſhall ſpring,
Sinne's, Death's, and Hell's eternall taming King,
The ſacred Founder of Man's ſoveraigne Bliſſe,
World's peace, world's ranſom, & world's righteouſnes.
Th'Eternall ſeem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th'old-man to follow him with a greedy eye:
The ſuddaine diſ-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to Powder fiered on a boord,
When ſmoakingly it mounts in ſuddaine flaſh,
With little flame, giving a little claſh.
Plenty and Pleaſure had o're-whelm'd the while
Proſperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abhominations. *Sodome* and *Gomor* in all Vices vile,
So that, already the moſt ruth-leſſe Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rareſt ſhape;
Th'Adulterous kiſſe (which Wedlocks bands vnbindes)
Th'Inceſtuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes,
(Where Father wooes the Daughter, Siſter Brother,
Th'Vnkle the Niece, and even the Sonne the Mother,

They

They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor,
But rather ſcorn'd, as ſports they car'd not for.
Forbeare (deere Younglings) pray a-while forbeare,
Stand farther from me, or elſe ſtop your eare,
At th'obſcæne ſound of th'vnbeſeeming woords
Which to my *Muſe* this odious place affoords:
Or, if it's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sinne, pray heare their Puniſhments.
Theſe beaſtly Men (rather theſe man-like Beaſts)
Could not be fill'd with VENVS vulgar Feaſts;
Faire Nature could not furniſh their Deſire; *Their moſt execrable ſinne.*
Some monſtrous meſſe theſe Monſters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their harts,
Prodigiouſly they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted openly,
Their furious Luſts in fruit-leſſe Venerie.
Therefore, to purge Vlcers ſo peſtilent,
Two heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodome* ſent, *2 Angels ſent downe, receaved and gueſted by Lot:*
Whom (deeming Mortalls) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging and to taſte his Cates.
For Angels, being meere Intelligences,
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no ſences:
But (ſacred Legates of the *Holy-One*) *Of the nature and eſſence of Angels.*
To treat with vs, they put our Nature on;
And take a body fit to exerciſe
The Charge they have, which runs, and feeds, and flies;
Dures during their Commiſſion, and that paſt,
Turnes t'Elements whence it was firſt amaſſ't.
A ſimple Spirit (the glittering Child of Light)
Vnto a Body dooth not ſo vnite,

As to the Matter Forme incorporates;
But, for a ſeaſon it accommodates,
As to his Toole the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleaſure makes the ſame to ſtirre)
Yet in ſuch ſorte that th'inſtrument (we ſee)
Holds much of him that mooves it actively.
But, alwaies in ſome place are Angels though;
Not as all filling (God alone is ſo,
The ſpirit which all good ſpirits in ſpirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out-all, evermore):
Nor as environ'd (that, alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next ſubſtance; and whoſe ſuperfice
Vnto their place proportionable is)
But rather, as ſole ſelflie-limited,
And ioynd to place, yet not as quantitied,
But by the touch of their live efficace,
Containing Bodies which they ſeeme t'embrace:
So, viſibly thoſe bodies move, and oft
By Word of Mouth bring Arands from aloft,
And eate with vs, but not for ſuſtentation,
Nor naturally, but by meere diſpenſation.
Such were the ſacred Gueſts of this good Prince:
Such curteous ABRHAM feaſted in his Tents,
When, ſeeing three, he did adore but one,
Which comming downe from the celeſtiall Throne,
Fore-told the ſad and ſodaine Tragædie,
Of theſe looſe Citties, for their Luxurie.

Exhortation to Hoſpitalitie.

You that your Purſe doo ſhut, and dores do barre
Againſt the colde, faint, hungrie Paſſenger,

You

You little thinke that all our life and Age
Is but an exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth who ſo hath never given
Harbour to Strangers, ſhall have none in Heaven,
Where ſolemne *Nuptials* of the *Lambe* are held:
Wheare Angels bright and Soules that have exceld,
All clad in white, ſing th'*Epithalamie*,
Carrouſing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hoſpitalitie*, the Pilgrim poore
For Bed-fellow might have a Wolfe or Boare:
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loane,
A Loan to God, who payes with intereſt;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the leaſt.
For, almes (like levain) make our goods to riſe,
And God his owne with bleſſings plentifies.
O Hoaſts, what know you, whether (charitable)
When you ſuppoſe to feaſt men at your Table,
You gueſt Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Cittizens) as this good *Hebrue* did:
Who ſupped them: and when the time grew meet
To goe to bed, he heard amid the ſtreet
A wrangling iangling, and a Murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through Nights ſolitude.
For, thoſe that firſt theſe two bright Starrs ſuruaide
Wilde Stalion-like, after their bewties naigh'd;
But, ſeeing them by the chaſte ſtranger ſav'd,
Shame-les and ſence-les vp and downe they rav'd,
From Houſe to Houſe knocking at every dore,
And beaſtly-brute, thus, thus they rayle and roare.

The luſt-full Sodomites inflamed with the bewty of the Angels, mutiny againſt Lot *for harbouring them*

Brethren,

Brethren, ſhall we endure this Fugitive,
This ſtranger LOT, our pleaſures to deprive?
O Cowardiſe! to ſuffer in our ſights
An exile heere t'vſurpe our choiſe delights,
T'embrace a brace of Youth's ſo bewteous
(Rather two Gods come-downe from Heav'n to vs)?
Shall it be ſayd thar ſuch an old cold ſtock
Such rare yong Minions in his bed ſhould mock:
While wretched wee, vnto our ſelues make mone,
And (Widow like) weare-out ſheets alone?
Let's rather break his dores, and make him know,
Such daintie morcels hang not for his Mow.

Simile. *Even as at* Bathe, *downe from the neighbour Hills,*
After a ſnow, the melting Criſtall trills
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips thoſe ſteep Mountaines of their ſherts ſo white)
Through hundred Valleis guſhing Brookes & Torrents,
Striving for ſwiftneſſe in their ſundrie Corrents,
Cutting deepe Channels where they chance to run,
And never reſt till all do meete in one:
So, at their crie, from every corner throng
Vnto LOT's hovſe, Men, Children, old, & yong:
For, common was this execrable ſinne:
With bleare-ey'd Age, as nuſled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of luſt; with Infancie,
Example-led: all through Impunitie.
And thus, they all crye-out, Ope, ope the dore,
Come, open quickely, and delay no more:
Let-forth that lovely Payer, that they may prove
With vs the pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

LOT lowly then replyes: Brethren and Frends,
By all the names that Amitie commends,
By Natures Rules, and Rytes of Hoſpitalitie,
By ſacred Lawes, and leſſons of Moralitie,
By all reſpects of our com-Burgeſhip
(Which ſhould our minds in mutuall kindneſſe keepe)
I do adiure you all, that you refrayne
The honor of my harme-leſſe gueſts to ſtayne,
Nor in your hearts to harbour ſuch a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.

Lot ſpeakes the ſaier, & intreats them earneſtly for the ſafety of his Gueſts.

Baſe, buſie ſtranger, com'ſt thou hether, thus
(Comptrouler-like) to prate and preach to vs?
No (*Puritan*) thou ſhalt not heere do ſo:
Therefore diſpatch and let thy darlings goe;
Let-forth that lovely Payer, that they may prove
With vs the Pleaſures of Male-mingled love.

Their inſolent reply.

The horror of this ſinne their ſtubborne rage,
His ſacred promiſe giv'n his Gueſts for gage,
Th'old *Hebru's* mind ſo trouble and diſmay,
That well hee wotes not what to do nor ſay,
For, though we ought not (if Gods Word be true)
Doo any evill that good may enſue:
To ſhun one ill, another ill he ſuffers,
He proſtitutes his Iſſue; and he offers
Lambes to the guarde of Wolues: and thus he cryes,
I have (with that the teares ran-down his eyes)
I haue two daughters that be Virgins both,
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the firſt-fruites to their Bride-groomes dew
(O death to thinke it): But let none of you

He offers them his owne daughters to reskue his Gueſts.

Abuſe my chaſte Gueſts with ſuch villanie
As merits Fier from Heav'n immediately,
A Sinne ſo odious, that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to thinke vpon.
Tuſh, we are glutted with all granted loves,
Their monſtrous impudence. And common Pleaſure nought our pleaſure moves:
LOT, our delights (ty'de to no lawe's conformitie)
Conſiſt not in the pleaſure, but th'innormitie,
Which fooles abhorre: and ſaying ſo, they ruſh,
Some vpon LOT, Some at his Gates do puſh.
O curſed Cittie! wheare the aged Sier,
Vn-able thus to doo, dooth thus deſier;
And Younglings, yet ſcarce weaned from their Nurce,
Strive with their Elders whether ſhall be worſe;
Full is the meaſure of thy monſtrous ſinne:
Thy Canker now o're all thy bulke hath been.
God hates all ſinne: but, extreme Impudence
Impudence in ſinning doubles the guilte of ſinn. Is even a greater ſinne then the Offence:
The ſweet kinde Kiſſes of chaſte Man and Wife
(Although they ſeeme by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded then allow'd, and grac't
In their ſweet fruits (their iſſue choicely-chaſte)
With Lawe's large priviledge, yet evermore
(As Modeſtie and Honeſtie implore)
Ought to be private and (as things forbidden
Vnto the ſight) with Night's black curtin hidden.
Yet, theſe foule Monſters, in the open ſtreete
Wheare altogether all the Towne might ſee't,
Moſt impudent, dare perpetrate a'ſinne
Which Hell it ſelfe before had never ſeene,

A ſinne ſo odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damned in the darkeſome Pit.
But now, the Angels, their celeſtiall kinde
Vn-able longer to conceale, ſtrooke blinde
Thoſe beaſtly Letchers, and brought ſafe away
Lot and his houſhould by the breake of day.
But, O prodigious! never roſe the Sunne
More bewtifull, nor brighter ſhin'd-vpon
All other places (for he roſe be-times
To ſee ſuch Execution on ſuch Crimes):
And yet, it lowers, it lightens and it thunders,
It roares, it raines (O moſt vnwonted wonders)
Vpon this Land which 'gainſt th'Omnipotent
Had warr'd ſo long with ſinnes ſo inſolent:
And 'gainſt the pride of thoſe deteſted livers,
Heaven ſeemes to emptie all his wrathfull Quivers.
From *Accheron*, even all the Furies hye,
And all their Monſters them accompanie,
With all their tortures and their diſmall terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confuſed Horrors;
All on the guiltie ſtrand of *Iordan* ſtorme,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodome* ſwarme,
As thick as Crowes in hungrie ſhoales doo light
On new-ſown lands, wheare ſtalking bolt vpright,
As blacke as Iet they iet about, and feede
On Wheate, or Rye, or other kinde of ſeede,
Kaaking ſo lowd, that hardly can the Steere
The whiſtling Goad-man's guiding language heare.
It raind indeede but not ſuch fertile raine
As makes the Corne in Summer ſprout amaine;

Before their fearfull deſtruction, the Angels bring Lot and his family ſafe out of the Citty.

The manner of their puniſhment by fire and brimſtone

from Heaven, & the reaſon thereof.

And all things, freſhed with a pleaſant aire,
To thrive, and prove more lively, ſtrong, and faire:
But, in this ſinke of Sinne, this ſtinking Hell,
A raine of Salt, of Fire and Brimſton fell.
Salt, did conſume the pleaſant fruitfulnes
Which ſerv'd for fewell to their Wantonnes:
Fire, puniſhed their beaſtly Fire within:
And Brimſton's ſtinke, the ſtench of their foule Sinne.
So, as their Sinne was ſingular (of right)
Their Puniſhment was alſo exquiſite:
Heere, open Flames, and there yet-hidden Fires
Burne all to aſhes, ſparing neither Spires
Of Brick nor Stone, nor Columnes, Gates, nor Arches,
Nor Bowers, nor Towers, nor even their neigbour-Marches,

The ſame moſt lively repreſented.

In vaine the-while the People weepe and crie,
To ſee their wrack and know no remedie:
For now the Flame in richeſt Roofes begun,
From molten gutters ſcalding Lead dooth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their eares doo ſplit,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Roſin ſpit:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thouſand ſparks doo flie;
Halfe-burned Houſes fall with hideous fray,
And VVLCAN makes Mid-night as bright as Day:
Heav'n flings-down nought but flaſhing Thunder-ſhot,
Th'Aire's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot
Are ſpewing ÆTNA's that to Heav'n aſpire;
All th'Elements (in briefe) are turn'd to Fire.
Heere, one perceaving the next Chamber burning,
With ſuddaine leape towards the window turning,

Thinkes

Thinks to crie *Fire*; but inſtantly the ſmoake
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voice doo choake.
Another, ſooner feeles then ſees the Fire,
For, while (O horror) in the ſtinking mire
Of his foule Luſt he lies, a Lightning flaſh
Him and his Love at-once to duſt dooth daſh:
Th'abhorred Bed is burnt, and they as well
Coupled in Plague as Sinne, are ſent to Hell.
Another yet on tops of Houſes crawles,
But his foote ſlips and downe at laſt he falls,
Another feeling all his cloathes a-fire,
Thinking to quench them yer it ſhould come nigher,
Leapes in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyle and bubble like a ſeething Pan,
Or like a Caldron that top-full of Oyle,
Environ'd round with fume and flame dooth boyle,
To boile to death ſome cunning counterfait
That with falſe ſtamp ſome Princes Coyne hath beat.
Another, ſeeing the Citie all in Cinders,
Himſelfe for ſafety to the fields he renders;
But flakes of Fire from Heav'n diſtilling thick,
There th'horrour of a thouſand Deaths doo ſtrike.
Through *Adamah*'s and *Gomer*'s goodly Plaines,
Sodome and *Seboim* not a ſoule remaines:
Horſe Sheepe, and Oxen, Cowes and Kids pertake
In this Revenge, for their vile Maiſters ſake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inrol'd the *Deed* of their dread Puniſhment,
With Diamantine Pen, on Plates of Braſſe,
With ſuch an Inke as nothing can deface:

Simile.

The molten Marble of theſe cindred Hills,
Aſphaltis Lake, and theſe poore, mock-fruit Fields
Keepe the *Record*: and crie through every Age,
How God deteſteth ſuch deteſted rage.
O chaſtiſement moſt dreadly-wonderfull!
Th'Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad ſtanding Poole
O're-flowes (yet flowes not), whoſe infectious breath
Corrupts the Aire, and Earth diſ-fertileth:
A Lake, whoſe back, whoſe belly, and whoſe ſhoare,
Nor Barke, nor Fiſh, nor Fowle hath ever bore.
The pleaſant Soile that did (even) ſhame yer-while
The plenteous beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now ſcarr'd, and collowed, with his face and head
Cover'd with aſhes, is all dri'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Vpon whoſe breſt nothing can live or thrive:
For, nought it beares ſave an abortive ſuite
Of ſeeming-faire, falſe, vaine, and fained fruit,
A fruite that feedes the eye, and fills the hand,
But to the ſtomach in no ſteed dooth ſtand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips,
Or Ivorie teeth, in emptie ſmoake it ſlips,
So vaniſhing: onely, the noſe receaves
A noyſome ſavour that behind it leaves.
*Heere, I adiure you, vent'rous Travailours,
That viſite th'horror of theſe curſed ſhoares,
And taſte the venome of theſe ſtinking ſtreames,
And touch the vaine fruite of theſe wyth'red ſtems:
And alſo, You that doo behold them thus
In theſe ſad Verſes pourtray'd heere by vs,

** Exhortation to Travailers that have ſeene, & to others that ſhall read or heare theſe fearefull monuments of Gods ſevere Iuſtice, to make right vſe of this fearefull Example*

To tremble all, and with your pearlie teares
To ſhower another Sea; and that your haires
Staring vpright on your affrighted head
Heave-vp your Hatts; and in your diſmall dread,
To thinke you heare like Sulphrie Stormes to ſtrike
On our new Monſters for Offences like.
For, the Almightie's dread all-daunting arme,
Not onely ſtrikes ſuch as with *Sodome* ſwarme
In theſe foule Sinnes; but ſuch as ſigh or pittie
Sodoms deſtruction, or ſo damn'd a Cittie:
And cannot conſtant with dry eyes obſerve
God's iudgements iuſt on ſuch as ſuch deſerve.
LOT hies to SEGOR, but his wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weepes and wailes (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pittie! O kinde-cruell error)
The dire deſtruction of the ſmoaking Citties,
Her Son-in-Lawes (which ſhould have been) ſhe pitties,
Grieves ſo to leave her goods, and ſhe laments
To loſe her Iewels and habiliments:
And (contrarie to th'Angels Words preciſe)
Towards the Towne ſhe turnes her wofull eyes.
But inſtantly, turn'd to a whitely ſtone,
Her feete (alas) faſt to the ground be growne;
The more ſhe ſtirres ſhe ſticks the faſter in:
As ſilly Bird caught in a ſubtile gin,
Set by ſome Shepheard neere a Copſes ſide,
The more it ſtruggles is the faſter ti'de.
And, as the venome of an eating Canker
From fleſh to fleſh runnes every day the ranker,

Lots *wife metamorphozed.*

Simile.

Simile.

And

And never reſts, vntill from foote to head
O're all the Body his fell poyſon ſpread:
This Ice creepes-vp, and ceaſeth not to num,
Till even the marrow hard as bones become,
The braine be like the ſcull, and blood convert
To Alablaſter over every part;
Her Pulſe doth ceaſe to beat, and in the aire
The Winds no more can wave her ſcatt'red haire:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quarr
Of *Cardonne* Rocks, and all her bowells are
A pretious Salt-Mine, ſupernaturall,
Such, as (but Salt) I woat not what to call,
A Salt which (ſeeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Leſſon given,
Not to preſume in Devine things to prie,
Which ſeav'n-times Seal'd, vnder nine Locks doo lie.
Shee weepes (alas) and as ſhe weepes, her teares
Turne into Pearles from on her twinkling haires:
Faine would ſhe ſpeake, but (forced to conceale)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeale;
Her mouth yet open, and her armes a-croſſe,
Though dumbe, declare both why and how ſhe was
Thus *Metamorphoſ'd*: for Heav'n did not change
Her laſt ſad geſtures in her ſuddaine *Change*.
No gorgeous Mau-ſole grace't with flatt'ring verſe,
Eternizeth her Trunke, her Houſe, and Herſe;
But, to this Day (ſtrange will it ſeeme to ſome)
One and the ſame is both the Corps and Tombe.

Mans proneneſſe to fall, without the ſupport of

Almighty Father! Gracious God and Iuſt!
O, what hard-hartednes, what brutiſh Luſt,

Purſueth

Purſueth man: if thou but turne thy face,
And take but from vs thy preventing grace:
And if, provoked for our paſt offences,
Thou give vs vp to our Concupiſcences?
O *Harran's* Nieces, you (LOT's daughters) ſaw
SODOME conſumed in that Sulphury flawe:
Their Hills and Forreſts calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields ſowne with a burning brine,
Their ſtately houſes like a coale-pit ſmoaking,
The Sunne it ſelfe with their thick vapoures choaking:
So that within a yard for ſtinking ſmother
The Labourers could hardly know each other;
Their flowring Valley to a Fenne exchangd,
And your owne Mother to a Salt-ſtone chang'd:
Yet all (alas) theſe famous Monuments
Of the iuſt rigour of God's Puniſhments,
Cannot deterr you: but even *Sodome*-like
Inceſtuouſly a holy-man you ſeeke;
Even your owne Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turnes intice him to your will:
Conceaving ſo (O can Heav'n ſuffer it?)
Even of that ſeede which did your ſelues beget:
Within your wombes you beare for nine months time
Th'vpbraiding burden of your ſhameleſſe Crime,
And troubling Kindreds names and Nature quight,
You both become even in one very Night,
Wives to your Father, Siſters to your Sonnes,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at-once.
All vnder, colour that thus living ſole,
Sequeſtred thus in an vnhaunted hole,

of Gods gracious favour.

Lot *drawen by his Daughters, in drunkenneſſe to commit Inceſt with both of thē.*

Heav'ns envie ſhould all ADAM's race have reſt,
And LOT alone ſhould in the World be left.
Had't not been better, never to have bred,
Then t'have conceaved in ſo foule a bed?
Had't not been better never t'have been Mothers,
Then by your Father, to have borne your Brothers?
Had't not been better to the death to hate,
Then thus t'have lov'd him that you both begat?
Him, ſo much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith, of theſe Rockes God could immediately
Have raiſ'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or ſtriking but
Th'Earths ſolide boſome with his brazen foote,
Out of the duſt have reared ſodaine ſwarmes
Of People, ſtay'd in Peace, and ſtout in Armes,

31 MA 59

FINIS.

FOR Second Booke *of this* Third Day *of the* Second Weeke, *it appeareth by the Order of our Poet that he intended that Tract called*

THE FATHERS.

which though it follow (as imperfect) among his Fragments, *I wiſh to be read in this Place immediately after the* Vocation.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE LAW E.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR THOMAS EGERTON
KNIGHT:
BARON OF ELLESMORE;
LORD HIGH CHANCELOVR
OF ENGLAND;
AND
ONE OF HIS MAIESTIES
MOST HONORABLE
PRIVIE COVNSEL;
&c.

Most humbly

Showes to thy Great-Worthines,
(*Grave* MODERATOR *of our* Britaine LAWES)
The Muſes *abiect* (*ſubiect of* Diſtreſſe)
How, long Wrong-*vext in a not*-Need-*leſſe* Cauſe
(*Not at the* Kings Bench, *but the* Pennie-les)
By one I: Want (*the ſonne of* Simplenes):
Vn able more to greaze *the ſcraping pawes*
Of his Attourney Shift, *nor oyle the iawe*
Of his (deare) *Counſell, Seriant* Penſivenes:
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis
To Plead *himſelfe* (*and ſhow his* (*little*) LAWE)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courteſies:
Pleaſe it thee therefore an Iniunction *grant,*
To ſtay the Suite *betweene Himſelfe and* Want.

So Hee and His for aye
For Thee and Thine ſhall pray.

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

31 MA 59

THE LAWE.

The third booke of the third Day of the ſecond Weecke.

THE ARGVMENT.

Envie *in* Pharao, *ſeekes to ſtop the Cauſe*
Of Iewes *increaſe*: Moſes *eſcapes his clawes*;
Out of a Burning (*vnburnt*) Buſh, *a Voice*
For Iacob's *Reſcue dooth of Him make choice*;
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *to the* Egiptian *King*
His Hard'ning, PLAGVING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Iſrael *ingrate for all*:
Chriſt-*Typing* Manna, Quailes, Rock-waters *fall*:
The glorious LAWE · *the* golden Calfe: ſtrange Fire:
Core *in-Gulph't*: MOSES *prepar'd t' Expire.*

ARme-Arming Trompets, loftie Clarions,
Rock-batt'ring Bũbards, Valour-murd'ring Guns,
Thinke you to drowne with horror of your Noiſe
The choiſe ſweet accents of my ſacred Voice?
Blow (till you burſt) roare, rend the Earth in ſunder;
Fill all with Furie, Tempeſt, Warr, and Thunder;
Dire Inſtruments of Death, in vaine yee toile:
For, the loud Cornet of my long-breath'd ſtile

Out-

Out-ſhrills yee ſtill; and my *Stenterian* Song,
With warbled Ecchoes of a ſilver tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spayne*,
And then from thence, even to the *Artike* Wayne.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any ſort;
My ſide's too-weake, alas, my breath's too-ſhort:
It is the ſpirit-inſpiring Spirit, which yerſt
On th'eldeſt Waters mildly moved firſt,
That furniſhes and fills with ſacred winde
The weake dull Organs of my *Muſe* and minde.
So, ſtill (good Lord) in theſe tumultuous times,
Give Peace vnto my Soule, ſoule to my Rimes:
Let me not faint amid ſo faire a courſe:
Let the World's-end be th'end of my Diſcourſe:
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS dooth all devoure,
In lofty ſtile (Lord) let me ſing thy Power.

Deſcription of the Pallace of Envie,

ALL-CHANGING Time had cancel'ld and ſuppreſt
IOSEPH's Deſerts, his Maiſter was deceaſt,
His Sonnes were dead: when curriſh *Envie's ſtrife*
Layes each-where ambuſh for poore ISRAEL's life:
Who, notwithſtanding, dooth farre faſter ſpread
And thicker ſpring then in a fruitfull Mead
Moated with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel, which the bleating Flocks
Can with their daily hunger hardly mowe
So much as daily dooth ſtill newly grow.
This *Monſter* wunns not in the Cell ſhe wunt,
Sh'hath rear'd her Pallace on the ſteepeſt Mount
Whoſe ſnowie ſhoulders with their ſtonie pride
Eternally doo *Spayne* from *France* devide;

It hath a thouſand loop-holes every-way,
Yet never enters there one Sunnie ray,
Or if that any chance ſo farre to paſſe,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudie face:
At every Loope, the Work-man wittily
Hath place't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, where-by
Pratling *Renowne*, and *Fame* with painted wing,
Newes from all corners of the World doo bring,
Buzzing there-in: as, in a Sommer Even, Simile.
From clefts of Medowes that the Heat hath riven,
The Graſſ-hoppers, ſeeming to faine the voices
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thouſand noiſes.
It fortun'd *now* that a ſwift-flying *Fame*, To whom Fame reporteth Iſraels proſperity.
Which (lately but) from ſtately *Memphis* came,
Sweating, and duſtie, and nigh breath-les, fills
With this Report one of her liſt'ning Quills:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with vs,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Moſt wakefull Goddeſſe, Queene of mortall harts,
Conſort of *Honour*, *Wealth*, and *High-Deſerts*,
Doo'ſt thou not know, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiſeth, the Conquerour of Hell,
That twice-borne King here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead ſhall live againe; and by his Worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfait, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Croſſe th'envie of *Envie* kill)
Dooth (even in ſight) abundantly increaſe?
That Heav'n and Earth conſpire his Happines?
That ſeaventy Exiles, with vn-hallowed Frie
Cover the face of all the World well-nigh?

And, drunk with wealth, waigh not thy force a iot?
Envie thou ſeeſt it, but fore-ſeeſt it not.
Envie incenſeth Pharao to oppreſſeth.m.
Swolne like a Toade, betweene her bleeding iawes
Her hiſſing Serpents wrigling tailes ſhe chawes:
And haſting hence, in ISIS forme ſhe iets;
A golden veſſell in one hand ſhe gets,
In th'other a ſweet Inſtrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Suthernwood,
A ſilver Creſcent on her front ſhe ſet,
And in her boſome many a foſt'ring teat,
And thus diſguized, with pride and impudence
She preſſes-in to the *Bubaſtike* Prince,
(Who ſlumbring then on his vn-quiet Couch,
With IZRAEL'S greatneſſe was diſturbed much):
Then ſhe (the while, ſquinting vpon the luſtre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers gliſtre:
And ſnuffing with a wrythed noſe the Amber,
The Muske and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: ſleep'ſt thou? ſleep'ſt thou (ſon)?
And ſee'ſt thou not thy ſelfe and thine vn-done?
While cruell Snakes, which thy kinde breſt did warme
Sting thee to death with their vngrateful ſwarme?
Theſe Fvgitives, theſe outcaſtes do conſpire
Againſt rich *Ægypt*, and ingrate, aſpire
With odious Yoake of bondage to debaſe
The noble PHARAOHS, Goddes immortall Race:
With theſe laſt words into his breſt ſhe blowes
A baneſull aire, whoſe ſtrength vnfeltly flowes
Through all his veines, and having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reaſon* ſtoop to *Sence* in every part:

So

So th'Aſpick pale (with too-right aime) dooth ſpit
On his bare face that comes too-neere to it,
The froath that in her teeth to bane ſhe turnes,
A drowzie bane that inly creepes, and burnes
So ſecretly, that with-out ſence of paine,
Scar, wound, or ſwelling, ſoone the Partie's ſlaine.
What ſhall I farther ſay? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's-fountain, Courtiers-ſcourge,
Beſides her ſable poyſon, dooth inſpire
With *Hate* and *Feare* the Princes fell deſire:
Hence-forth therefore, poore ISRAEL hath no peace,
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no eaſe,
Still, ſtill oppreſt, Taxe vpon Taxe aroſe,
After Theſts Threats, and after Threats come blowes.
The ſilly wretches are compell'd ſome-while
To cut new Channels for the courſe of *Nile*:
Sometimes ſome Cities ruines to repaire:
Sometimes to build huge Caſtles in the aire:
Sometimes to mount the *Parian* Mountaines higher
In thoſe proud Towers that after Worlds admire
(Thoſe Towers, whoſe tops the Heav'ns have terrified:
Thoſe Towers, that'ſcuſe th'audacious *Titan*'s pride:
Thoſe Towers, vaine Tokens of a vaſt expence;
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments):
To make with their own ſweat and blood their morter:
To be at-once Brick-maker, Maſon, Porter.
They labour hard, eate little, ſleeping leſſe,
No ſooner layd, but thus their Task-lords preſſe;
Villaines, to worke; what are yee growne ſo ſloth?
Wee'll make yee yield vs wax and honey both.

Envies two Twins.

Slavery of the Iſraelites.

Pharao his vain policy.

In briefe, this Tirant, with ſuch ſervitude
Thought ſoone to waſte the *ſacred multitude*,
Or, at the leaſt, that over-layd with woe,
Weak'ned with watching, worne with toyling ſo,
They would in time become leſſe ſerviceable
In VENUS Battailes, and for breed leſſe able,
(Their ſpirits diſperſt, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* ſap vn-duly qualified):
But, when he ſaw this not ſucceed ſo well,
But that the Lord ſtill proſper'd ISRAEL;

His cruell Edict againſt the male children.

Inhumane, he commaunds (on bloodie Paine)
That all their male-babes in their birth be ſlaine:
And that (becauſe that charge had done no good)
They ſhould be caſt in CAIRO's ſilver Flood.
O Barbariſme learned in Hell below,
Thoſe that (alas) nor ſteele nor ſtreame doo know,
Muſt Die of ſteele or ſtreame: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infants blood, the Mothers mixe;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the ſtroake, her with the griefe thereof:
With two-fold teares *Iewes* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life, their life hath reav'n.
But, IOCHEBED would faine (if ſhe had durſt)
Her deere ſonne MOSES ſecretly have nource't:
Yet thinking it better her Babe forgoe,
Then Childe and Parents both to hazard ſo,
At length ſhe layes it forth, in Ruſh-boate weaves it,
And to God's Mercie and the Flood's ſhe leaves it.
Though Rudder-les, not Pilot-les, this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Floods ſide did float,

And

And ſaves from wracke the future *Legiſlator*,
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter,
Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did ſtrike her)
A lovely Babe (or little Angell liker)
Which with a ſmile ſeem'd to implore the ayde
And gentle pittie of the Royall Mayde.
Love, and the Graces, State and Maieſtie,
Seeme round about the Infants face to flye,
And on his head ſeem'd (as it were) to ſhine
Preſagefull rayes of ſome-what more devine.
She takes him vp and reares him royal-like;
And, his quick Spirit, traind in good Arts, is like
A well breath'd Body, nimble, ſound, & ſtrong,
That in the Dance-ſchoole needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree ſet in as good a ſoile,
Which growes a-pace, without the Husbands toyle.
In time, he puts in *Practiſe* what he *Knowes*;
With curteous *Milaneſſe*, manly *Courage* ſhows:
H'hath nothing vulgar: with great happineſſe,
In choice diſcourſe he dooth his minde expreſſe;
And as his Soule's-type his ſweet tongue affoords,
His gracefull Works confirme his gracious woords:
His Vertues make him even the Empir's heire:
So meanes the Prince, ſuch is the peoples praier.
Thus, while or'e-whelmed with the rapid courſe
Of Miſchief's Torrent (and ſtill fearing worſe)
IZRAEL ſeemes help-les and even hope-les too
Of any helpe that Mortall hand can doo:
And, while the then-Times hideous face and forme
Boads them (alas) nothing but wracke and ſtorme,

His Daughter finding Moſes *expoſed, cauſeth him to be Princelybrought vp.*

Gods providence in his preſervation.

Their *Caſtor* ſhines, their Saviour's ſav'd: and Hee
That with high hand ſhall them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, ſcarring with end-les ſhame
Th'*Egiptian* Court, is raiſed by the ſame.

Moſes affection and duty toward his Parents and care of his Brethren.

For, though him there they as a God adore,
He ſcornes not yet his friends and kindred poore:
He feeles their Yoake, their mournings he laments:
His word and ſword are preſt in their defence,
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,
And ſent expreſſe by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that taſted nought ſo well
As ISRAEL's blood) to ill-intreat a *Iew*,
Him bold incounters, and him bravely ſlew.

Hee flies out of Egipt.

But fearing then leaſt his inhumane Prince
Should heare of it, young MOSES flies from thence,
And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping IETHRO's ſheepe,
He Faſts and Prayes; with Meditations deepe
His vertuous zeale he kindles more and more,
And prudently he layes-vp long-before
Within his Soule (his ſpirituall Armorie)
All ſacred Weapons of *Sobrietie*,
Where-with t'incounter, conquer, and ſuppreſſe
All Inſurrections of Voluptuouſnes.

God talketh to him in the Wildernes.

Alſo, not ſeldome ſome deepe *Dreame* or *Trance*
Him ſuddainly dooth even to Heav'n advance:
And He that whilome could not finde the Lord
On plenteous ſhoares of the *Peluſian* Foord,
In walled Citties with their Towered Ports,
In learned Colledges, nor ſumptuous Courts;

In

In *Desart* meetes him; greetes him face to face,
And on his browes beares tokens of his Grace,
For, while he past his sacred Prentiship
(In Wildernes) of th' *Hebrues* Shephardship;
In driving forth to kisse-cloud SINA's foote
His fleecie Flock, and there attending to't,
He suddaine sees a *Bush* to flame and fume,
And all a fire, yet not at all consume;
It flames and burnes not, cracks and breakes not in,
Kisses but bites not, no not even the skin:
True figure of the *Church*, and speaking Signe
Which seemeth thus to of it selfe define:
What? (AMRAM's sonne) Doth IACOBK's bitter Teen
Dismay thee so? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flourishes, on each side hedged round
With prickly Thornes, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire dooth seeme the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burnes the Wicked, tries the Innocent;
Who also addeth to the sacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Devine.

Moses vision of the flaming Bush

I AM *I that I am*, in me, for me, by me:
All Beings else Be not (or else vn-selfly be)
But from my Beeing, all their Beeing gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:
Onely Beginning, Midst, and End of all;
Yet sans Beginning, Midst, and End at all:
All in my selfe compris'd; and all compriſing
That in the World was, is, or shall be rising:

The voice of the Lord speaking out of the Bush.

Base

Baſe of this Vnivers: th'vniting Chaine
Of th'Elements: the Wiſedome Soveraigne:
Each-where, in Eſſence, Power and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountaine of Goodneſſe: ever-ſhining Light:
Perfectly Bleſt: the One, the Good, the Bright:
Selfe-ſimple Acte, working in fraileſt matter:
Framer of Formes: of Subſtances Creator:
And (to ſpeake plainer) even that GOD I AM
Whom ſo long ſince religious ABRAHAM,
ISAAK, and IACOB, and their Progenies
Have worſhipped and praiſ'd in humble wiſe.

God hath pitty on his people afflicted in Ægipt

My ſacred eares are tyred with the noiſe
Of thy poore Brethren's iuſt-cõplaining voice:
I have beheld my Peoples burdens theare;
MOSES, no more I will, nor can for-beare:
Th'have groan'd (alas) and panted all too-long
Vnder that Tyrants vn-relenting wrong.

He ordaineth Moſes for their Deliverer. & gives him commiſſion to goe to Pharao.

Now, their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captaine of their Colonie,
A ſacred Colonie, to whom (as mine)
I have ſo oft bequeath'd rich *Paleſtine.*
Therefore from me, command thou PHARAO
That preſently he let my People goe
Into the *Drie-Arabian* Wilderneſſe,
Wheare far from ſight of all profane exceſſe,
On a new Altar they may Sacrifice
To ME the LORD (in whom their ſuccour lies:
Haſte, haſte (I ſay) and make me no excuſe
On thy Tongue's rudenes (for the want of vſe)

Nor

Nor on thy weakenes, nor vn-worthines
To vnder-goe so great a Buisines.
What? cannot He that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as dooth belong)
Vnto his Legat? And, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and All to nought shall bring;
Th'Omnipotent, who dooth confound (for His)
By weake the strong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Iudgements, men may more
The Work-man then the Instruments adore)
Will he forsake, or leave him vn-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to doo-well affected,
Can by his Maister never be reiected.

No sooner this, the *Deuine Voice* had ended,
And vp to Heav'n the Bushie Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egipt* (cruellest of Men):
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greetes him, in th'Almighties name.
Great NILVS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hoasts,
Let goe my People out of all thy Coasts,
Mine ISRAEL, (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wildernes;
That vnto me, without offence or feare,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.

Moses (accompanied with his brother Aaron) sets forward in his high Embassage.

Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd,
Not to be whipt, but rather hang'd, or burn'd)

Pharaos proud answere.

What Lord, (ſaid PHARAO) ha? what Soveraigne?
O ſeaven-horn'd *Nile*! O hundred-pointed Plaine!
O Cittie of the Sunne! O *Thebes*! and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, doo yee all not bow
To vs alone? Are yee not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then to what other Powers
Owes your great PHARAO homage or reſpect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and checkt?
I ſee the Drift. Theſe Off-ſcums all at once
Too-idlely pamper'd, plot Rebellions:
Sloath marrs the ſlaves, and vnder faire pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traitours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are wee
To thinke by Favours and by Clemencie,
To keepe men in their duty? To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, inſolent and wilde:
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters dooth diſ grace,
And ſmoothes the path to Treaſons plots a-pace.
The dull Aſſe, numbers with his ſtripes his ſteps:
Th'Oxe, over-fat, too-ſtrong, and reſtie, leaps
About the Lands, caſteth his yoake, and ſtrikes,
And waxen wilde, even at his Keeper kicks,
Well to enioy a People, through their skin
The true Anatomie of a tirant. With ſcourges ſlyce't, muſt their bare bones be ſeen:
We muſt ſtill keepe them ſhort, and clip their wings,
Pare neere their nailes, and pull out all their ſtings;
Lade them with Tribute, and new Towle, and Taxe;
And Subſidies, vntill we breake their backs:
Tire thē with travaile, flay-them, pole-them, pil-them,
Suck blood and fat, then eate their fleſh, and kill-them.

'Tis

'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat,
Except their Subiects: but beware of that.
Ha, Miſcreants, ha raſcall Excrements,
That lift your heele againſt your gracious Princes;
Hence-forth, you get nor wood nor ſtraw no more,
To burne your Bricks as you have had before:
Your ſelves ſhall ſeeke it out; yet ſhall you ſtill
The number of your wonted taske fulfill.
I have Commiſſion from the King of Kings, *Moſes reply.*
Maker, Preſerver, Ruler of all things
(Replies the *Hebrue*) that (to know the Lord)
Thou feele his hand, vnleſſe thou feare his word.
In th'inſtant, AARON on the ſlipperie ſand *Aaron caſteth downe his Rod: which immediatly turnes into a Serpent.*
Caſts downe his Rod; and boldly thus began:
So ſha'l thy golden Scepter downe be caſt,
So ſhall the Iudgements of the Lord at laſt
(Now deemed dead) revive, to daunt thy power:
So ISRAEL ſhall *Egipts* wealth devoure:
If thou confeſſe not God to be the Lord:
If thou attend not, nor obſerve his Word:
And, if his People thou doo not releaſe,
To goe and ſerve him in the Wildernes.
Before that AARON this Diſcourſe had done,
A greene-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It gliſt'red bright, and in a faſhion ſtrange,
Into a Serpent it did wholy change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting, and hiſſing with his forked tongue.
The *Memphian* Sages then, and ſubtill Prieſts, *The Magitians of* Egipt *counterfet that*
T'vphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,

miracle, and be-witch the eyes of the King.

Vpbraid them thus: Alas! is this the moſt
Your God can doo, of whom ſo much you boaſt:
Are theſe his Wonders? Goe (baſe *Monte-banks*)
Goe ſhow elſe-where your ſleights and Iugling ptanks;
Such Tricks may blear ſome Vulgar innocents,
But cannot blind the Counſell of a Prince,
Who, by the Gods inſtructed, dooth containe
All Arts perfection in his ſacred braine.
And as they ſpake, out of their curſed hands
They all let-fall their ſtrange-inchanted Wands,
Which inſtantly turne into Serpents too,
Hiſſing, and ſpetting, crawling too and fro.
The King too-much admires their cunning Charmes:
The place with Aſpicks, Snakes, and Serpents ſwarmes;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huſwife ſees
The Maggots creeping-in a rotten Cheeſe.

Simile.

You, you are Iuglers (th' *Hebrew* then replide)
You change not Nature, but the bare out-ſide;
And your Enchantments onely doo transforme
The face of things, not the Eſſentiall forme.
You (Sorcerers) ſo mock the Princes eye,
And, his Imagination damnifie,
That common-ſence to his externall, brings
(By re-percuſſion) a falſe ſhape of things.
My Rod's indeed a Serpent, not in ſhow,
As here in ſight your ſelves by proofe ſhall know.
Immediatly his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Roul'd on his breſt; his body wriggelled
Some-times aloft in length, ſometimes it ſunke
Into it ſelfe, and altogether ſhrunke:

It ſlides, it ſups the aier, it hiſſes fell,
Inſteede of eyes two ſparkling Rubies ſwel:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched ſtrong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat; and (as greedie) fett
With ſodaine rage vpon thoſe Counterfet,
Thoſe ſeeming-Serpents, and them all devoure:
Even as a *Sturgeon* or a *Pike*, dooth skoure
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers wheare they lye,
Of ſmaller Fiſhes and their feeble frie.

Moſes *Rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the* Egyptians,

Simile.

But, at high Noone, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deaf to his owne good, is more inclin'd
To Sathans tooles: the people like the Prince,
Preferre the Night before Lights excellence.
Where-fore the Lord, ſuch proud contempts to paye,
Ten ſundrie *Plagues* vpon their Land doth laye:
Redoubling ſo his dread-full ſtroakes, that there,
vvho would not love him mild, him rough ſhould feare.

Pharao *and his people hardened.*
Therefore God Plagued Egypt,

Smighting the Waves with his Snake-wanded wood,
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to blood;
So that the ſtreame, from fruitfull MEROE
Runnes red and bitter even vnto the Sea.
The Court re-courſt to Lakes, to Springs, and Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, and Lakes had the like taſte and looks:
Then, to the Ditches; but even to the brinke
There flow'd (alas) in ſteed of Water, inke:
Then, to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Ruſh, pipe-op'ning Ferne is found;
And there they dig for Water, but alas,
The wounded ſoile ſpets blood into their face.

1. *By turning their Waters into blood.*

O iuſt-iuſt Iudgment! Thoſe proud Tyrants fell,
Thoſe bloodie Foes of moorning IZRAEL;
Thoſe that delighted, and had made their game
In ſhedding blood, are forc't to drinke the ſame:
And thoſe that ruth-les had made *Nile* the ſlaughter
Of th'*Hebrue* Babes, now dye for want of Water.

2. *Covering their Land with Frogs.*

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Halls and Courts he loads
With foule great Frogs, and vgly croaking Toades;
Which to the tops of higheſt Towers do clamber
Even to the Preſence, yea the privie Chamber:
As ſtarrie Lezards in the Summer time
Vpon the walls of broken houſes climbe.
Yea; even the King meets them in every diſh
Of Privie-diet, be it Fleſh or Fiſh:
As at his Boord, ſo on his royall Bed;
With ſtinking Frogs the ſilken quilts be ſpred.

The Magitians counterfait the ſame, but their deceipts are vain

The Prieſts of PHARAO ſeeme to do the ſame:
AARON alone in the Almighties Name,
By Faith almightie: They for inſtruments
Vſe the black Legions of the *Stigian* Prince:
He by his Wonders labours to make knowne
The true Gods glorie; onely they their owne:
He ſeekes to teach; they to feduce a-wry:
He ſtudies to build vp; they to deſtroy:
He ſtriking Strangers doth His people ſpare;
They ſpoile their owne, but cannot hurt a haire
Of the leaſt *Hebrue*: they can only wound;
He hurts and heales: He breakes and maketh ſound:
And ſo, when PHARAO doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Floods and ſends the Froggs away.

But

But (as in Heav'n there did no Iuſtice raigne)
The Kings repentance endeth with his paine:
He is re-hardned: like a ſtubborne Boy
That plyes his Leſſon (Hypocritely-coy)
Whiſe in his hand his Maſter ſhakes the Rod,
But, if he turne his backe, doth flowte and nod.
Therfore the Lord, this Day with loathſome *Lice*
Plagues poore and rich, the naſtie and the nice,
Both Man & Beaſt; For AARON with his wand
Turnes into *Lice* the duſt of all the Land.
The morrow after, with huge ſwarmes of *Flyes*,
Hornets and *Waſpes*, he hunts their Families
From place to place, through Medows Fens & Floods,
Hills, Dales, and Deſarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye,
Poore wormes of Earth, proud Aſhes, Duſt and Clay;
For, how (alas) how will you make defence
'Gainſt the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the dread dart that flaming in his hand,
Shall paſh to powder all that him withſtand:
And 'gainſt the rage of flames eternall-frying,
Whear damned ſoules lye ever-never-dying:
Sith the leaſt *Flyes*, and *Lice*, and *Vermine* too
Out-braue your braves, and Triumph over you?
Gallop to *Anian*, ſaile to *Iucatan*,
Viſite *Botongas*, dyve beyond the *Dane*:
Well may you flye, but not eſcape him theare:
Wretches, your haltars ſtill about you beare.
Th' Almighties hand is long, and buiſſie ſtill;
Having eſcap't his Rod, his Sword you feele:

The King eaſed of his puniſhmẽt, is again hardned.

Simile.

Therefore
3. Ægypt *is plagued with* Lice.

4. *With* Flyes &c.

Man cannot hide him frõ the hand of God, nor avoid his vengeance.

He

Hee ſeemes ſometimes to ſleepe, and ſuffer all;
But calls at laſt for Vſe and Principall:
With hundred ſorts of Shafts his Quiver's full,
Some paſſing keene, ſome ſome-what ſharpe, ſome dull,
Some killing dead, ſome wounding deepe, ſome light,
But all of them do alwayes hit the white,
Each after other. Now th'Omnipotence
5. With the Plague of Peſtilence. At *Egypt* ſhoots his Shafte of Peſtilence:
Th'Oxe falls-downe in his yoake, Lambs bleating dye,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they flie.
6. With Vlcers & grievous Scabs or Murreine. Anon he covers Man and Beaſt with coars
Of angrie Biles, Botches & Scabs and Sores,
Whoſe vlcerous venomes, all inflaming, ſpread
O're all their bodie from the foote to head.
Then, Raine, and Haile, & flaming Fire among
7. With haile & Fyer frõ Heaven Spoile all their fields: their Cattell great with yong
Are braind with haile-ſtones: Trees with tempeſt cleft,
Robd of their boughes, their boughes of leaves bereft.
And, from Heav'ns rage, all to ſeeke ſhelter, glad;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dreadly-ſad:
The *Soan* Virgins teare their Bewties honnor,
Egyptians *amazed at this extraordinary skourge.* Not for the waſte ſomuch as for the manner.
For in that Countrey never ſee they Clowd,
With waighte of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They know no Ice: and though they have (as we)
The Yeare intire, their ſeaſons are but three:
They neither Raine-bow, nor fat Deawes expect,
The naturall fruitfulneſſe & proſperity of Ægypt in it ſelfe marueilous, Which from elſ-wheare *Sol's* thirſtie raies erect:
Raine-les, their ſoile is wett; and Clowd-les, fat;
It ſelf's moiſt boſome brings it this and that:

For

For, while elſ-where, the Rivers roaring pride
Is dryed-vp; and while that farre and wide
The *Palæſtine* ſeekes (for his thirſtie Flocke)
Iordan in *Iordan*, *Iaboc* in *Iaboc*;
Their floud o're-flowes, and parched *Meſraim*
A ſeaſon ſeemes in a rich Sea to ſwim,
Niles billowes beat on the high-dangling Date;
And Boats do ſlice; where Ploughes did ſlide of late.
Steepe ſnowie Mounts, bright Stars, *Eteſian* gales,
You cauſe it not: no, thoſe are Dreames & Tales:
Th'eternall-Trine, who made all compaſsly,
Makes th'vnder waves, the vppers want ſupply;
And *Ægypts* Wombe to fill with fruits & Flowers,
Gives ſwelling *Nile* th'office of heavenly Showers.
Then, the *Thrice-Sacred* with a ſable Clowde
Of horned *Locuſts* dooth the Sunne be-clowde,
And ſwarmeth downe on the rebellious Coaſte
The *Graſſ-hoppers* leane, dam-devouring Hoaſte,
Which gleans what *Haile* had left, &(greedy) crops
Both Night & Day the Husbands whole-yeares hopes.
Then, groſſe thicke *Darkeneſſe* over all he dight,
And three faire Dayes turnes to one fearefull Night:
With Inke-like Rheume the dull Mifts drouzie vapours
Quench their home-Fiers, and Temple-ſacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
One 'gainſt a ſettle breaketh both his ſhinnes,
Another, groaping vp and downe for bread,
Falls downe the ſtayres and there he lyes for dead.
But, though theſe works ſurmount all Natures might,
Though his owne Sages them of guile acquight,

8 *they are vexed with Graſshoppers.*

9. *With palpable darkeneſſe.*

The Iſraelites in all theſe plagues vntoucht, yet Pharao ſtill hardned.

Though th'are not caſuall (ſith the holy-man
Fore-tells prefixly What, and Where, and Whan)
And though that (living in the midſt of His)
The *Iſraelites* be free from all of This,
Th'incenſed Tirant ſtrangely-obſtinate,
Retracts the Leave he granted them of late.
For, th'*Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his People to the plenteous Land
Of *Palæſtine*: Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would ſet
A Tragædie, where wicked Potentates
Might ſee a Mirror of their owne eſtates:
And, who (moſt-iuſt) muſt have meet Argnments
To ſhow the height of his Omnipotence,
Hardens the King, and blinding him (ſelfe-blind)
Leaves him to Luſts of his owne vicious mind.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cauſe Sinne, as ſinne; but as Sinnes Puniſhment.

10. Therefore all the firſt borne of Egipt are ſlaine in one night by the Angel.

For the laſt charge, an Angel in one night
All the firſt-borne through all the Land doth ſmight,
So that from *Sues* Porte to *Birdene* Plaine,
There's not a Houſe but hath ſome body ſlaine,
Save th'*Iſraelites*, whoſe doores were markt before,
With ſacred *Paſſ-Lambs* Sacramental gore:
And therefore, ever-ſince, on that ſame day,
Yeerely, the *Iewes* a Yearling Lambe muſt ſlay:
A token of that *Paſſage*, and a Type
Of th'*Holy-Lambe*, which ſhould (in ſeaſon ripe)
By pouring-forth the pure and plenteous Flood
Of his moſt precious Water-mixed Blood,

Preſerve

Preſerve his People from the dread *Deſtroyer*
That fries the wicked in eternall Fier.
Through all the Land, all in one inſtant cry,
All for one cauſe, though yet all know not why:
Night heapes their horrors, and the Morning ſhowes
Their private griefes, and makes them publike woes.
Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden treſſe diſplay,
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,
Wives, Husbands, Sonnes, & Siers, Siſters and Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noiſe:
O ſtubborne ſtomack (cauſe of all our ſadnes)
Dull Conſtancie! or rather deſperate Madnes!
A Flood of Miſchiefes all the Land doth fill,
The Heav'ns ſtill Thunder; th'Aire doth threaten ſtill,
Death, ghaſtly Death trivmpheth every-where
In every houſe, and yet without all feare,
Without all feeling, we deſpiſe the Rod,
And ſcorne the Iudgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent, He is King of Kings:
And in his ſight, the Greateſt of you all
Is but as Moates that in the Sunne doo fall:
Yield, yield (alas) ſtoope to his powerfull threat;
He's warn'd enough that hath beene ten-times beat.
Go, get you gone, hence, hence vn-luckie race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,
Your breath this Aire: Why haſte you not away?
(*Hebrues*) what lets you? wherefore doo you ſtay?

After ſo many grievous plagues the Egiptians cry out vpon their King to let the Iſraelites goe.

They haſten and importunes them to be gone.

Step to our houſes(if that ought you lacke)
Chuſe what you like, and what you like, goe take,
Golde, Plate, or Iewells, Ear-rings, Chaines or Ouches,
Our Guirdles, Bracelets, Carkanets or Brouches,
Beare them vnto your gods, not in the ſands
Wheare the Heav'n-kiſſing, Clowd-browd *Sina* ſtands;
But much-much farther, and ſo farr, that here
We never more your odious newes may heare:
Goe (*Hebrues*) goe, in God's Name thryve amaine;
By looſing you, we ſhall ſufficient gayne.

After their departure Pharao *immediately pourſues them,*

With the Kings leaue, then th' *Hebrues* Prince collects
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs:
Scarce were they gon, when PHARAO doth retract,
And armes all *Ægypt* to goe fetch them back,
And camping neere them, execrablie-rude,
Threatens them death, or end-les Seruitude.

Simile.

Even as a Duck, that nigh ſome criſtall Brooke
Hath twice or thrice by the ſame Hawke bin ſtrooke,
Hearing aloft her gingling ſiluer bells,
Quivers for feare, and looks for nothing els
But when the Falcon (ſtooping Thunder-like)
With ſodaine ſouſe her to the ſoile ſhall ſtrike,
And with the ſtroake, make on the ſence-les ground
The gutt-les Quarre, once, twice, or thrice rebound:
So IZRAEL, fearing againe to feele
PHARAO's fell hands, who hunts him at the heele,
Quivers and ſhivers for diſpaire and dread;
And ſpits his gall againſt his godly Head.

The Iſraelites *feare, and murmuring againſt* MOSES.

O baſe ambition! This falſe Politike,
Plotting to Great himſelfe, our deaths doth ſeeke,

He

He mocks vs all, and makes vs (Fortune-les)
Change a rich Soile for a dry Wildernes;
Allur'd with luſtre of Religious ſhowes,
Poore ſoules, He ſells vs to our hatefull Foes:
For, O what ſtrength? alas what ſtratagem?
Or how (good God) ſhall we incounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it ſhall ſave-vs
From their fell hands that ſeeke to ſlay, or ſlave-vs?
Shall we diſ-armed, with an Armie fight?
Can we (like Birds) with ſtill-ſteepe-riſing flight
Surmount theſe Mountaines? have we Ships at hand
To paſſe this Sea (this halfe a Sea halfe ſand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sailes, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes theſe Waters to be Navigable?
Alas! ſome of vs ſhall with Sythes be ſlaſht,
Some, with their Horſe-feete all to peeces paſht,
Some, thrill'd with ſwords, or ſhafts, through hundred holes
Shall ghaſtly gaſpe-out our vntimely ſoules:
Sith die we muſt, then, die we voluntarie,
Let's runne our Selves where others would vs carie;
Come *Iſraelites*, come let vs die together,
Both men and women; ſo we ſhall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yield (perhaps) to MOSES even his Wiſh.
Why Brethren, know yee not (their Ruler ſaith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That Hee turnes Hills to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That Hee hath preſt a thouſand winged Bands
T'aſſiſt his Children, and his Foes t'aſſaile?
And that Hee helps not, but when all helps faile?

Moſes *inſtruction to incourage them, with aſſured confidence in God.*

See you this mighty Hoaſt, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, and ſeemes the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours
Simile. As thick, or thicker then the Welkin poures
His candied drops vpon the eares of Corne
Before that CERES yellow locks be ſhorne:
It all ſhall vaniſh, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have ſwallowed you)
Of all this Armie, that (in Armour bright)
Seemes to out-ſhine the Sunne, or ſhame his light,
There ſhall to-morrow not a Man remaine:
Therefore, be ſtill; God ſhall your ſide ſuſtaine.
Then (zealous) calling on th'immortall God,
Calling vpõ God he parts the red-Sea, ſo that the people paſſe thorough as on dry land. He ſmote the Sea with his dead-living Rod:
The Sea obay'd, as bay'd: the Waves controul'd,
Each vpon other vp to Heav'n doo fold:
Betweene both ſides, a broad deepe Trench is caſt,
Dri'd to the bottome with an inſtant blaſt:
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (els)
With golden ſands, with Pearle and Nacre-ſhels,
And on each ſide is flanked all along
With walls of criſtall, beautifull and ſtrong.
This Flood-les Foord the Faithfull Legions paſſe,
And all the way their ſhoo ſcarce moiſted was.
Dreame we (ſaid they)? or is it true we try?
The Sea ſtart at a ſtick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th'Ocean in th'aire ſuſpending?
Bulwarks of Billowes, and no drop deſcending?
Two Walls of Glaſſe built with a word alone,
Afrik and *Aſia* to con-ioine in one?

Th'all-

Th'all-ſeeing Sunne new bottomes to behold?
Children to runne where Tunnies lately rould?
Th'*Egiptian* Troopes purſue them by the track;
Yet waites the patient Sea, and ſtill ſtands back,
Till all the Hoaſt bee marching in their Ranks
Within the Lane betweene his criſtall Banks;
But, as a wall weak'ned with mining-vnder,
The Piles conſum'd, falls ſuddainly a-ſunder,
O're-whelmeth all that ſtand too neere the breach,
And with his Ruines fills-vp all the Ditch:
Even ſo Gods finger, which theſe Waters bay'd,
Being with-drawne, the Ocean ſwell'd and ſway'd,
And, re-conioining his congealed Flood,
Swallowes in th'inſtant all thoſe Tirants wood.
Heer, one by ſwimming thinks himſelfe to ſave,
But with his skarfe tangled about a Nave,
He's ſtrangled ſtraight; and to the bottome ſinking,
Dies, not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:
While that (in vaine) another with loud laſhes
Scoures his proud Courſers through the ſcarlet *Waſhes*,
The ſtreames (where-on more Deaths then Waves do (ſwim)
Burie his Chariot, and his Chariot him:
Another, ſwallowed in a Whirle-Whales wombe,
Is layd a-live within a living Tombe:
Another, ſeeing his Twin-Brother drowning,
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands graſping that hand, his Twin
Vnto the bottome hales him head-long in;
And inſtantly the Water covers either,
Right Twins indeed, borne, bred, and dead together.

The Egiptians following them are ſwallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Nile's

Pharao *prophanely blaſphemeing & proudly braving* Moſes *and the Sea, is notwithſtanding drowned with the reſt.*

Nile's ſtubborne Monark, ſtately drawne vpon
A curious Chariot chace't with pearle and ſtone,
By two proud Courſers, paſſing Snow for colour,
For ſtrength the Elephants, Lions for valour,
Curſeth the Heav'ns, the Aire, the Winds, and Waves;
And marching vp-ward, ſtill blaſphemes and braves:
Heere a huge Billow on his Targe dooth ſplit,
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet
To ſecond thoſe: The Sea growes ghaſtly great,
Yet ſtoutly ſtill Hee thus dooth dare and threat:
Baſe roaguing Iugler, think'ſt thou with thy Charmes
Thou ſhalt prevaile againſt our puiſſant armes?
Think'ſt thou poore ſhifter with thy Hell-Spells thus
To croſſe our Counſailes and diſcomfit vs?
And, O proud Sea, falſe, traiterous Sea, dar'ſt thou?
Dar'ſt thou conſpire 'gainſt thine owne *Neptune* now?
Dar'ſt thou preſume 'gainſt vs to riſe and roare?
I charge thee ceaſe: be ſtill I ſay: no more:
Or I ſhall clap thine Armes in Marble ſtocks,
And yoake thy ſhoulders with a Bridge of Rocks:
Or baniſh thee from *Etham* far for aye
Through ſome new Channel to goe ſeeke thy way.
Here-at, the Ocean more then ever frets,
All topſie-turvie vp-ſide-downe it ſets,
And a black billow that aloft dooth floate
With ſalt and ſand ſtops his blaſphemous throate.
What now betides the Tirant? Waters now
Have reft his neck, his chin, cheekes, eyes, and brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there's nothing ſeene,
But his proud arme ſhaking his Fauchin keene,

Where

Where-with he ſeemes, in ſpight of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace ISRAEL.
At laſt he ſinks all vnder water quight;
Spurning the ſand, againe he ſprings vpright;
But, from ſo deepe a bottome to the top,
So clog'd with armes, can cleave no paſſage vp:
As the poore Partridge cover'd with the net — Simile.
(In vaine) doth ſtrive, ſtruggle and bate and beat,
For the cloſe Meſhes and the Fowler's craft
Suffer the ſame no more to whurle aloft.
I, to your ſelves leave to conceave the Ioy
Of IACOB's heires, thus reſcu'd from anoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cauſe in hand,
And their dead Foes ſhuffled vpon the ſand,
Their ſhields, and ſtaves, and Chariots (all-to-tore)
Floating about and flung vpon the ſhoare,
When thus th' Almighty (glorious God moſt High)
For them, without them, got the Victorie:
They skip and daunce, and marrying all their voices,
To Timbrels, Hawbois, and loud Cornets noiſes,
Make all the ſhoares reſound and all the Coaſts.
With the ſhrill Praiſes of the Lord of Hoaſts.
Eternall Iſſue of eternall Sire,
Deepe Wiſedome of the *Father*, now inſpire
And ſhow the ſequell that from hence befell,
And how Hee dealt with his deere ISRAEL,
Amid the Deſart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards their *Promiſd* plenteous *Hæritage*:
Tell, for (I know) thou know'ſt: for, compaſt aye
With Fire by Night, and with a Cloud by Day,

2. Part of this Tract where is diſcourſed of the eſtate of the People of Iſrael in the wilderneſſe vntill the death of Moſes.

Thou (my ſoule's hope) weart their ſole guide & guarde,
Their Meat and Drinke in all their Iourney hard.
Marching amid the *Deſart*, nought they lacke,
Heaven ſtill diſtils an Ocean for their ſake
Of end-les-good: and every Morne dooth ſend
Sufficient Food for all the day to ſpend.
When the Sun Riſeth and dooth haſt his Race
(Halfe ours, half theirs, that vnderneath vs pace)
To re-beholde the bewtie, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all miſſ-order)
Of th'awefull Hoaſt lodg'd in the Wilderneſſe,
So favour'd of the Sun of Righteouſneſſe:
Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his dore
Findes his Bread readie (without ſeeking more)
A pleaſant bread, which from his plenteous Clowd,
Like little Haile, Heav'ns wakefull Steward ſtrow'd.
The yellow ſands of *Elim's* ample Plaine
Were heaped all with a white ſugred graine,
God giveth them Manna. Sweet Corianders, Iunkers, not to feede:
This Hoaſt alone, but even a World (for neede).
Each hath his parte, and every one is fed
With the ſweet morcels of an vn-bought Bread.
It is given from day to day. It never raines for a whole yeare at-once,
But daily for a daye's proviſions:
To th'end, ſo great an Hoaſt, ſo curbed ſtreight,
Still on the Lord's wide-open hand ſhould waite,
And every Dawning have due cauſe to call
On him their Founder and the Fount of all:
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer*-full,
The ſur-plus rots; mould, knead it how they will.

The

The Holy-One (iuſt Arbitrer of Wrong)
Allowes no leſſe vnto the weake then ſtrong:
On *Sabaoth's* Eve, hee lets ſufficient fall
To ſerue for that Day and the next with-all,
That on his *Reſt*, the ſacred Folke may gather
Not Bodie's meat, but ſpirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread haſt,
Thou, for whom Harueſt all the Yeare dooth laſt,
That in poore Deſarts, rich abundance heapeſt,
That ſweat les eat'ſt, & without ſowing reapeſt,
That haſt the Aier for Farme & Heav'n for Field
(Which, ſugred Mel, or melled Suger yield)
That, for taſte-changing doo'ſt not change thy Cheere,
God's Penſioner, and Angell's Table-peere.
O IZRAEL, ſee in this *Table* pure,
In this faire Glaſſe, thy Saviour's portraiture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promiſed,
The ſacred Seed, to bruiſe the Serpents head,
The glorious Prince whoſe Scepter ever ſhines,
Whoſe Kingdome's ſcope the Heav'n of heavens con-
And, when He ſhall (to light thy Sin-ful load) (fines
Put *Manhood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.

It is a lively figure of Chriſt *the true Bread of life.*

This Graine is ſmall, but full of ſubſtance though:
CHRIST ſtrong in working, though but weak in ſhow.
Manna is ſweet: Chriſt as the Hunnie-Combe.
Manna from high: and CHRIST from Heaven dooth
With that, thear falls a pleaſant pearly Deaw: (come.
CHRIST comming-downe doth all the earth be-ſtrew
With ſpirituall Guifts, That, vnto great and ſmall
Taſtes to their *Taſtes*: and CHRIST is all to all.

The ſame demonſtrated by particular conference.

(Food to the hungry, to the needie Wealth,
Ioy to th'afflicted, to the ſickly health,
Pardon to thoſe Repent, prop to the bow'd,
Life's ſavour to the Meeke, *Death*'s to the Proud).
That's common good: and *Chriſt* communicate.
That's purely-white: and *Chriſt* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrues* (at the laſt):
Chriſt and his *Word* the World dooth ſoone diſ-taſte.
Of That, they eate no leſſe that have one meaſure,
Then who have hundred: and in *Chriſt* his Treaſure
Of Devine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proſelite*
Hath no leſſe part then Doctors (deepe of ſight).
That's round: *Chriſt* ſimple, and ſincerelie-round.
That in the *Arke*: *Chriſt* in his *Church* is found.
That dooth (with certaine) ſtinking Wormes become:
Chriſt (th' *Ever-Word*) is ſcandall vnto ſome.
That raineth not but on the ſacred Race:
Chriſt to his Choſen doth confine his Grace.
That's broken every graine: *Chriſt* (Lamb of God)
Vpon his *Croſſe*-Preſſe is ſo torne and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath purl'd
Downe from Mount *Sion* over all the World,
Yet, glutted now with this *ambroſial* Food,
The people luſt for fleſh.
This heav'nly Bread, ſo holy and ſo good,
Th' *Hebrues* doo luſt for Fleſh: a freſh South-winde
God ſends them Quailes
Brings ſhoales of Fowles to ſatisfie their minde,
A cloud of *Quailes* on all the Camp is ſent,
And every one may take to his content,
For, in the Hoaſt, and all the Country by;
For a dayes-Iourney, Cubit-thick they lie.

But, though their Commons be thus delicate;
Although their eyes can ſcarce looke out for fat,
Although their bellies ſtrout with too-much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eate,
Yet ſtill they howle for hunger: and they long — *They long for the Garlike and Onions of Ægypt.*
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks and Garlike ſtrong:
As Childe-great Women, or greene Maydes (that miſſe
Their Termes appointed for their flouriſhes)
Pine at a princely Feaſt, preferring farr,
Red-Herrings, Raſhers, and (ſome) ſops in Tarr, — *Simile,*
Yea coales, and clowts, ſticks, ſtalks, and durt, before
Quaile, Pheaſant, Partridge and a hundred more;
So their fantaſtike wearyſome Diſeaſe
Diſtaſtes their Taſtes, and makes them ſtrange to pleaſe.
But, when the Bull that lately toſſ't his horne
In wanton Pride, hangs downe his head, forlorne
For lack of *Water*: and the Souldiour bleake
Growes (without Arms) for his own waight too-weake,
When fierie Thirſt through all their veines ſo fierce
Conſumes their blood, into their bones doth pierce,
Sups-vp their vitall humour, and dooth dry
Their whilome-beauties to *Anatomie*:
They weepe and waile, and but their voice (alas)
Is choakt already that it cannot paſſe (would
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throat, they — *They murmure for wãt of water With grievous imputation to their good Guide*
Roare-out their griefe that all men heare them ſhould.
O Duke (no *Hebrue*, but an *Ethnike* rather)
Is this (alas) the guerdon that we gather
For all the ſervice thou haſt had of vs?
What have we done, that thou betray'ſt vs thus?

For our obedience, ſhall we ever-more
With Feare and Want be hanted at our dore?
O windie words! O periur'd promiſes!
O gloze to gull our honeſt Simplenes!
Eſcapt from Hunger, Thirſt doth cut our throat:
Paſt the *Red-Sea*, heere vp and downe wee float
On firm-les ſands of this vaſt Deſart heere,
Where, to and fro we wander many a yeere:
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life:
No neither Death (the welcome end of ſtrife).
Envie not vs (deere Babes) we envie you,
You happy ones whom *Egipt's* Tirant ſlew,
Your Birth and Death came hand in hand together,
Your End was quick, nay 'twas an Entry rather
To End-les Life: We wretches, with our age
Increaſe our Woes, in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope no Harbour where we may take breath:
And Life to vs is a continuall Death.
You bleſſed live, and ſee th' Almighties face:
Our Dayes begin in teares, in toiles they paſſe,
And end in dolours (this is all we doo):
But Death concludes teares, toiles, and dolours too.

Moſes reproves them & ſmiteth the Rock from whence iſſues plenty of water.

Stiff-necked People, ſtubborne generation,
Egipt doth witnes (in a wondrous faſhion)
God's goodnes (to thee): all the Elements
Expound vnto thee his Omnipotence.
And doo'ſt thou murmur ſtill, and dar'ſt thou yet
Blaſpheme his Promiſe and diſcredit it?
Said Moses then, and gave a ſuddaine knock
With his deere Scepter on a mighty Rock;

From

From top to toe it ſhakes, and ſplits with-all,
And well-nigh halfe, vnto the ground doth fall,
As ſmit with Lightning; then, with rapid ruſh
Out of the Stone a plenteous *Streame* doth guſh,
Which murmurs throgh the Plain, proud, that his glaſſe
Gliding ſo ſwift, ſo ſoone re-youngs the graſſe;
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sunne,
And, through new paths ſo brave a courſe to runne.
Who hath not ſeene (farre-vp within the Land) Simile.
A ſhoale of Geeſe on the dry-Sommer ſand
In their hoarce language (ſometimes lowly-lowd)
Suing for ſuccour to ſome moiſt-full clowd;
How, when the Raine deſcends, their wings they beat,
(With the freſh drops to coole their ſwelting heat)
Bib with their bills, bouze with their throats, and ſuck,
And twenty-times vnto the bottome duck?
Such th'*Hebrues* glee: one, ſtooping downe, doth ſup
The cleere quick ſtreame; another takes it vp
In his bare hand, another in his hat,
This in his buskin; in a bucket, that
(Well freſht him-ſelfe) beares ſome vnto his Flock;
This fills his Pitcher full, and that his Crock,
And other-ſome (whoſe Thirſt is more extreame)
Like Frogs lie padling in the criſtall ſtreame.
From *Raphidim*, alongſt the *Deſart* Coaſt,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoaſt; *They march toward Mount Sina, where God delivereth them his* LAWE.
Where, th'everlaſting GOD, in glorious wunder,
With dreadfull Voice his feareful LAWE doth thunder:
To ſhow, that His reverent; Devine *Decrees*
(Whereto all hearts ſhould bow, and bend all knees)

Proceed

Proceed not from a *Politike* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a pettie Prince;
(Nymph-prompted NVMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* Strifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man,
But from that King, who at his pleasure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Aire, and all there-in:
That ISRAEL shall finde him (if they sinne)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that dread *Testament*
Grav'n in two Tables, for vs impotent,
Hath in the same a sadder Load compris'd,
And heavier Yoake then is the Yoake of *Christ*.
That, that dooth show vs Sin; threats, wounds, and kills:
This offers Grace, Balme in our Sores instills.

With what dread full Maiesty it was delivered.

Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrues* eyes,
Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roares throgh Earth & skies,
Lowder and lowder it careers and cracks,
And stately SINA's massie center shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top
A whirling Flame round like a ball doth wrap;
Vnder his rockie ribs, in Coombes below,
Rough-blustering BOREAS, nourst with *Riphean* snow,
And blub-cheekt AVSTER, puft with Fumes before,
Met in the midst, justling for roome, doo roare:
A cloake of clouds all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,
Muffles the Mountaine both a loft and vnder:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARVS showes.
A heav'nly Trump a shrill *Tantara* blowes,

The

The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble-flash,
The smoaking Storms, the whirle-fier's crackling clash,
And deafning Thunders, with the same doo sing
(O wondrous consorte) the' everlasting King
His glorious Wisedome, who doth give the *Law*
To th'Heavenly Troupes and keepes them all in awe:
But, as in Battaile, we can heare no more
Small Pistol-shot, when once the Cannons roare:
And as a Cornet soundeth cleere and rife
Above the warbling of an *Alman* Fife:
A dreadder Voice (yet a distincter Voice)
Whose sound doth drowne all th'other former noise,
Roares in the Vale and on the sacred Hill,
Which thrills the eares, but more the hearts doth thrill
Of trembling IACOB, who all pale for feare,
From God's own mouth these sacred words doth heare.

Simile.

Simile,

Harke IZRAEL. O IACOB heare my LAVVE:
Heare it to keepe it (and thy selfe in awe).
I am IEHOVA, I, with mightie hand
Brought thee from Bondage out of *Ægypt* Land:
ADORE MEE ONLY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy Hart in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of anie sort)
To thine owne Workes My Glory to transporte.
VSE NOT MY NAME without respect and feare,
Never Blaspeme, neither thy selfe For-sweare.
SIXE DAYES, VVORKE for thy Food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
TO THOSE that gave thee life dew REVERENCE give,
If thou desier long in the Land to live.

The Decalogue

IMERVE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HVMAN BLOOD,
STAIN NOT *anothers* BED: STEAL NO MAN'S GOOD:
BEARE NO FALSE VVITNES. COVET NOT *to have*
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Asse, his Slave,
His Howse, his Land, his Cattle, or his Coyne,
His Place, or Grace; or ought that is not Thine.

The excellencie of the Lawe of God.

Eternall Tutor, O Rule truly-right
Of our fraile life, our foote-steps Lanthorn bright,
O Soule's sweet Rest, O biting curbe of Sinne,
Which Bad despise, the Good take pleasure in:
Reverent EDICTS vpon Mount SINA given,
How-much-fold sence is in few words contriuen!
How wonderfull, and how extending-farre!
How plain, how sacred, how profound you are!
All Nations els, a thousand times (for cause)
Have Writ & Race't, and chopt & chang'd their Lawes:
Except the *Iewes*, but they, although their State
With everie Moone almost did innovate,

The inconstancy and vanity of Humane Lawes,

As sometimes having Kings, and sometimes none,
In all their Changes kept their Law still one.
What resteth at this day, of *Salaminian*,
Laconian LAVVES, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome* that made even all the World one Cittie,
So strong in Armes, and in States-Arte so wittie,
Hath, in the Ruines of her Pride's rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relike of her *Twice-Sixe Tables*.

Stability and authority of the Law of God.

But, since in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounce't This *Lawe*, three-thousand times the Sun
Hath gallopt round Heav'ns golden Bandeleer
Imbosst with Beasts studded with starrs so cleere,

And

And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft,
Although the People vnto whom 't was left
Bee now no People, but expulst from home,
Through al the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State through everie Age almoſt
On a rongh Sea of Miſchiefs hath been toſt.
A Butt, a Brooke a Torrent dooth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Diſcipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coronan*
Of T*heban* Rytes: nor T*hebes* of *Cadmean*:
But this *Set* LAVV given IACOB's Generations,
Is the true Lawe of Nature and of Nations,
Which (ſacred) ſounds whear-ever (to diſcrye)
Th' all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.
The T*urkes* imbrace, the *Chriſtians* honour it,
And *Iewes* with Feare do even adore it yet.
I only, I (Great GOD) thy LAVVES do ſpurn
With my foule feete, I do thy Statutes skorne:
Pufft in my Soule with extreame *Pride*, before
Nay in thy ſted I doo my Selfe *Adore*.
I *Serue* no Wooden Gods, nor *Kneele* to Stones,
But *Couetous* I Worſhip Golden ones.
I Name thee not but in vaine *Blaſphemie*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in ſad *Hrpocriſie*.
I *Reſt* the Sabaoth: yet I breake thy LAVVE,
Seruing (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Mawe.
I *Reuerence* Superiors, but in ſhowe,
Not out of Love, but as compelled ſo.
I *Murder* none, yet dooth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others Fame, and my Harts-hate their life.

How all men tranſgreſſe the ſame in every part.

I *Civilize*, leaſt that I ſeeme *Obſcæne*:
But Lord (Thou know'ſt) I am *Vnchaſte* vnclean.
I ſeeme no *Thiefe*, yet tempted with my *VVant*,
I take too oft the Fruite I did not plant.
I ſpeake not much, yet in my little Talke
Much *Vanitie* and manie *Lyes* doo walke.
I *VViſh* too-earneſt and too-oft (in fine)
For Others Fortunes, male-content with mine.
Heere lye I naked, lo th' *Anatomie*
Of my foule Hart. O *Humane-Deitie*,
O *Chriſt*, th' Almightie's like All-mighty *VVord*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe*; as whylome (Lord)
Thou putſt-on Mine: mee in Thy Blood be-lave;
And in my Soule thy ſacred LAVVES ingrave.
While with the Duke th'Eternall did deviſe,
And to his inward ſight did modellize
His *Tabernacle's* admirable Forme;
And prudently him (faithfull) did informe
In a new *Rubrik* of the *Rytes Devine*
To th'end the Heires of promiſ'd *Paleſtine*,
After their Phancie ſhould not worſhip him,
Nor (Idoll-prone) example leading them,
Into his ſacred TEMPLE introduce,
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* vſe:
But, by their *Rytes* to guide their ſpirituall eye
To *Chriſt*, the Rocke on whom their hopes ſhould lye:
Behold (alas) fraile AARON, Deputied
During his abſence all the Flocke to guide,
Dumb coward Curr, barkes not againſt their ill:
But giving way to the mad Peoples will,

Remedy for all our ſinnes.

In Moſes abſence Aron makes the Golde Calfe.

Caſteth

Casteth a *Golden* Calfe, and sets it vp
For them to worship and vnto it stoop:
Gold, Rings, and Iewels which the Lord of Heaven
Had (as Love-Tokens) lately to them given,
Are cast into a Mould: and (which is worse)
IACOB, to Wed a *Calfe*, dooth *God* Divorce.
Those Feet that dry-shod past the *Crimsin Gulph*,
Now Dance (alas) before a Molten *Calfe*:
That Voice which late on ETHAM sands had rung
Th'Almightie's glory, now to Sathan sung.

The zealous Prophet, with iust furie moov'd,
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reproov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol: and eft-soones
Flankt by olde LEVI's most religious Sonnes,
Throngs through the Camp, & each-where strowes his way
With blood and slaughter, horrour and dismay:
As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerefull eye chooSing a plot of Wheat,
Reape it at pleasure, and of *Ceres* locks
Make hand-fuls sheaves, & of their sheaves make Shocks;
And through the Field from end to end doo runne,
Working a-vie, till all be downe and done:
Or, as so many Canons shot at-once
A-front a Camp; Th'Earth with the Thunder grones,
Heere flies a broken arme, and breakes another;
There stands th'one halfe of a halv'd body, th'other
Falls-downe a furlong thence, here flies a shield;
And deepe-wide windowes make they in the field.

All these sure signes of God's deere estimate,
Cannot confirme the *Hebrue* Magistrate

Moses sharply reproueth Aaron, breakes the Idol, and punisheth the Idolaters

Simile.

Simile.

Aaron and Mary (or Miriam) murmur against Moses.

In his Authority: even AARON ſpights-it,
And MIRIAM (his Siſter too) back-bites-it.
But ſuddainly on her, in his Defence,
Foule Leproſie did puniſh this Offence.

Nadab and Abihu for offering of ſtrange Fire, are killed by Fire from Heaven.

His Nephews, ſcorning his Commaund, aſpire
Before the Lord to offer forraine Fire,
But, on them ſoone a heav'nly Flame downe-falling
(As in the Sommer ſome hot dry *Exhaling*,
Or *blazing Starre* with ſuddaine Flaſh doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all:)
Fires inſtantly their beards and oyled haire,
And all the ſacred veſtiments they weare;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burnes to aſhes,
Their *Cenſors* melts with heat of Lightning flaſhes,
Their coales are quenched all, and ſacred Flame
Th'vn-hallowed Fire devour'd and over-came.

Core, Dathan, and Abiram their conſpiracie.

His Kinſ-man CORE then (with DATHAN ioyn'd
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O ſee (ſaith he) how many a ſubtill gin
The Tirant ſets to ſnare our Freedomes in!
How we abuſ'd with *Oracles* moſt vaine,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON faine)
For idle hopes of promiſ'd *Signories*,
Doo ſimply loſe our ſweeteſt Liberties!
See how they doo ingroſſe betweene them two,
Into one Houſe, SCEPTER and EPHOD too:
See how they dally, and with much delay
Prolong our Iourney to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) ſee how ſlie Courſe they take,
To build their Greatnes on our grievous wrack.

Hear'ſt

Hear'ſt thou mé (MOSES), if thou chiefly ſoy
To ſee thy Brethren's torments and anoy,
'Twere good to walke vs yet for ten yeares more
About theſe Mountaines in theſe Deſarts poore:
Keepe vs ſtill Exiles; Let vs (our Deſire)
Languiſh, wax-olde, and in theſe ſands exſpire,
Where cruell Serpents haunt vs ſtill at hand,
A Fruit-les, Flood-les, yea a Land-les Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine Ambition
Cannot come downe to private mens condition,
Be Captaine, Duke and King: for God approves-thee,
Thy Vertues guard, the People feares and loves-thee.
But as for AARON, what is his deſert?
What high exploit, what excellence, what art, (ſhame?
Gain'd him th'*High-Prieſthood*? O good God, what
Alas, hath he for any thing got fame
But HOREB's Horne-God: for diſpiſing thee,
And thy Commaunds; and for Conſpiracie?
The morrow next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with ſacred Cenſor went
Adorn'd, ſelfe-gazing, with a lofty eye;
His Faction preſent: AARON alſo by.
Lord ſhield thy Cauſe, approove thee veritable,
Let not thy Name be to the Lewd a Fable:
Oint thine *Anointed* publikely: by Miracle,
Show whom thou haſt ſelected for thine *Oracle*:
Sayd MOSES then; and even as yet he ſpake,
The groaning Earth began to reele and ſhake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles
And in her boſome vp and downe it tumbles,

Their dreadfull puniſhment.

Tearing

Tearing her Rocks, Vntill she *Yawne* away
To let it out, and to let in the Day:
Heav'n sees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Devils dazled with the glistring leav'n
Of th'ancient Sunne, yet lower faine would dive,
But chain'd to th'Center all in vaine they strive.
CORE, round compast with his Rebel Friends,
Offers to BELZABVB, and to the *Fiends*:
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling downe;
And armes of Trees there planted vp-side-downe:
He goes with Noise downe to the *Silent* Coast,
Intombd alive, without all art or cost.
And all the rest that his proud side assum'd,
Scaping the Gulph, with Lightning are consum'd.

Aarons charge is confirmed by miracle.

And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-bloomes, & Almonds beares;
When all his Fellowes have no life in theirs.
Now, shall I sing, through MOSES prudent Sway

Sundry victories of the Israelites vnder the cõduct and direction of Moses.

How ISRAEL doth AMALEC dismay,
ARAD, and OG (that of huge Giants springs)
Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
With the false Prelate, who profanely made
Of *Prophets-gifts* a sacrilegious trade;
Who false, sayes true; who striving (past all shame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the same:
Who, snaring th'*Hebrues* with fraile Beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their soules defaces?
Doubt-les his Deeds are such, as would I sing
But halfe of them, I vnder-take a thing

As

As hard almoſt, as in the *Gangike* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And of ſo much, ſhould I a little ſay,
It were to wrong him, and his Praiſe betray.
His Noble Actes we therefore heare ſuſpend,
And skip vnto his ſweet and happie End:
Sith, th'End is it whereby we iudge the beſt
(For either Life) how Man is Curſt or Bleſt.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waſte,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling faſt,
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his ſoule refine,
And raiſe to Heaven, whence it was ſent devine:
Hee doth not (*Now*) ſtudie to make his *Will*,
T'*Entaile* his Land to his *Male-Iſſue* ſtill:
Wiſely and iuſtly to devide his Good,
To Sonnes and Daughters, & his neereſt Blood:
T'aſſigne his Wife a *Dowrie* faire and fit,
A hundred times to add and alter it:
To quittance Frendſhips with franke Legacies:
To guerd-on Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancell* ſome,
T'apoint himſelfe a Pallace for a *Tombe*.
I praiſe a Care to ſettle our Eſtate,
But, when Death threats vs, then it is too-late;
A ſeemely Buriall is a ſacred Ryte,
But let the living take that charge of right.
Hee, lifting higher his laſt thoughts, beſides
The Common-Weale's care, for the Church prōvides,
And graving his diſcourſe with voice devoute,
Bids thus Fare-well to all that ſtand about:

Reſeruing the VVarrs for another Diſcourſe: our Poet haſteth to the death of Moſes,

By his Example Men are warned not to deferre to make their Will till it bee too late to be troubled with the buiſines of this world:

He pronounceth the blessings and the curses, writtē in Leuiticus. 26. & Deutro. 28, *whearevnto the people say Amen*

O IACOB's seed (I might say, my deere sonnes)
Y'are sence-les more then mettals, stocks, or stones,
If y'have forgot the many-many Miracles
Where-with the Lord hath seal'd my sacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this savage Place)
In forty yeeres receaved of his grace:
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walke thou in his feare,
And in thy harts-hart (not in Marble) beare
His ever-lasting LAVVE: before him stand,
And to his Service consecrate thy hand.

Blessings on those that obey.

If This thou doo, thy Heav'n-blest fleecie Flocks,
Shall bound about thy Pastures, Downes and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Sommer in a Mead,
The Grass-hoppers that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Eawes fat Twins shall bring thee ever,
And of their Milke shall make a plenteous River,
Th'old Tirant loads not with so-many Loanes,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impositions,
The panting Vassalls to him Tributarie,
As thy rich Fields shall pay thee voluntarie:
Thy children, and thy children's children, set
About thy Table side by side at meate,
Shall flourish like a long and goodly row
Of pale-greene Olives that vprightly grow
About a ground, and full of Fruite, presage
Plenty of Oile vnto their Maister sage:
Sonnes of thy sonnes shall serve thy reverent Eld:
Thou shalt die quiet, thou shalt live vn-queld:
Blessed at home, and blessed in the Plaine:
The blessed God shall send thee timely Raine,

And

And holeſome windes, and with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns ſtore-houſe to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fel Foes with Troopés of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but ſhall flie thee ten:
The Peace-Plant Olive, or Tryumphant Bay
Shall ſhade thy gates: Thy Valour ſhall diſmay,
And daunt the Earth: and with his ſacred awe
Thy Saviour-King ſhall give the World the law.
If I other-wiſe, the Megrime, Gowte, and Stone, *Curſes on the Diſobedient.*
Shall plague the fel with thouſand pangs in one,
Thy numbrie Flocks in part ſhall barren bee,
In part ſhall bring abortives vnto thee:
Accurſt at home, accurſed in the Plaine,
Thy labour boot-les, and thy care in vaine:
Thy Field ſhall be of ſteele, thy Heav'n of braſſe,
Thy Fountaines dry: and God diſpleaſ'd (alas)
In ſteed of holeſome ſhowers, ſhall ſend downe flaſhes
Of Lightning, Fire, Haile, Sulphur, Salt, and Aſhes:
Thou ſhalt reape little where thou much haſt ſhed,
And with that little ſhall thy Foe be fed;
He ſhall the fatteſt of thy Heard devoure
Before thy face, and yet thou muſt not lower:
Thou ſhalt build faire, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a Wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall loſe her *Bride-belt*: God with rage ſhall ſmight
Thy ſtubborne hart, with blindnes, and affright,
So that a wagging leafe, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the leaſt creake ſhall make thee turne thy back.
Thou never ſhalt thine adverſe Hoaſt ſurvay,
But to be beaten, or to runne away:

He pronounceth the blessings and the curses, writtē in Leuiticus. 26. & Deutro. 28, *whearevnto the people say Amen*

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And

And holesome windes, and with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns store-house to thy happy Race:
Thy proud sel Foes with Troopés of armed men
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Thy Saviour-King shall give the World the law.
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Shall plague the sel with thousand pangs in one,
Thy numbrie Flocks in part shall barren bee,
In part shall bring abortives vnto thee:
Accurst at home, accursed in the Plaine,
Thy labour boot-les, and thy care in vaine:
Thy Field shall be of steele, thy Heav'n of brasse,
Thy Fountaines dry: and God displeas'd (alas)
In steed of holesome showers, shall send downe flashes
Of Lightning, Fire, Haile, Sulphur, Salt, and Ashes:
Thou shalt reape little where thou much hast shed,
And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;
He shall the fattest of thy Heard devoure
Before thy face, and yet thou must not lower:
Thou shalt build faire, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a Wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall lose her *Bride-belt*: God with rage shall smight
Thy stubborne hart, with blindnes, and affright,
So that a wagging leafe, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the least creake shall make thee turne thy back.
Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast survay,
But to be beaten, or to runne away:

A People ſtout, for ſtrength and number ample,
Which th' *Ægle* hath for *Enſigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall ſhall dam,
And make thee (Famiſht) thy voide bowells cram
With thine owne bowells, and for want of meate
Thine owne deere Children's trembling fleſh to eate.
And then, thy Remnant (farre diſpearſt from home)
O're all the Corners of the Earth ſhall roame:
To ſhew their Curſe, they ſhall no Countrey ow'ne,
And (which is worſe) they ſhall not be their Owne.
AMEN, ſayd all the Hoaſt. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began.

The Song of Moſes.

1

SIth IZRAEL (O will-full) will not heare:
Hearken O Heavens, and O thou Earth give eare
Vnto my voice, and Witneſſe (on-my-part)
Before the Lord, my zeale and their hard hart.

2

O Heav'n and Earth attend vnto my Song,
Heare my diſcourſe, which ſweetely ſlides along
As ſilver ſhowers on the drye Meads doo trill,
And hunnie deawes, on tender graſſe diſtill.

God

3

Gód grant (I pray) that in their harts, my Verſe
(As water on the wyth'red Lawnes) may pierce:
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May ſerve the old for raine for deaw the young.

4

I ſing th'Eternall, O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praiſe him with me, ſound his glory forth,
Extoll his Power, his perfect Works record,
Truth, Goodnes, Greatnes, Iuſtice of the Lord.

5

But, though for ever He have thowne him ſuch,
His Children yet (no Children, rather-much
A Baſtard Race) full of malitious ſinne,
All kinde of vice have fouly wallowed in.

6

O fooliſh People, dooſt thou thus requight
His Father-care, who fence't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who choſe thee as his heire?
Who made thee of ſo foule a maſſe, ſo faire?

7

Vn-winde the bottome of old Times againe;
Of Ages paſt vn-reele the ſnarled skaine,
Aske of thy Parents and they ſhall declare,
Thine Elders, and they'll tell thee Wonders rare.

8

They'll tell thee, how, when firſt the Lord had ſpred
Men on the Earth, and iuſtly levelled
His ſtraite long Meaſure th'All-Ball to devide,
He did for thee a plenteous Land provide.

9

For his deere IACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t'have ſequeſtred from the reſt of men,
To th'end his *Bleſſed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his Care, Love, Lot, and Hæritage.

10

They'll tell thee too, how through the ſandy horror
Of a vaſt *Deſart*, Den of ghaſtly Terror,
Of Thirſt and Hunger, and of Serpents fel,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL,

11

Yea (of his goodnes) to direct him ſtill,
By Word and Writ ſhow'd him his ſacred Will;
Vnder his wing's ſhade hid him tenderly,
And held him deere, as apple of his eye.

12

As is the royall *Eagle*'s ſacred wont,
When ſhe would teach her tender Birds to mount,
To flie and crie about her Neſt, to cheere-them,
And whē they faint, on her wing'd back to beare-them:

13

God (without aide of other Gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the higheſt Places,
Suck Oyle and Honey from the Rocks diſtilling,
In plenteous Land with pleaſant Fruits him filling.

14

He gave him Milke and Butter for his meate,
Kid, Lambe, and Mutton, and the flower of Wheate,
And for his Drinke, a moſt delitious Wine
(The ſprightfull blood of the broad-ſpreading Vine).

But

15

But, waxen fat, he lifts his wanton heele
Againſt his God (to whom his Soule ſhould kneele),
Forſakes his Maker, and contemnes the Same
That ſaved him from danger, death, and ſhame.

16

Then, he inflam'd the furie of the Lord,
With profane bowing to falſe Gods abhord:
With ſerving *Idols*, and with Sacrificing
To Fiends, and Phanſies of his owne deviſing.

17

For vaine falſe Gods, Gods vn-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew,
He hath forgot the true eternal BEEING,
The God of whom he holds bliſſe and being.

18

God ſaw it well, and Ielouſlie a-fire,
Againſt his Children thus he threats his ire:
No, I will hide the brightnes of my face,
I'll take from them the treaſures of my grace:

19

Then let vs ſee what will of them become:
But, what but miſchiefe can vnto them come,
That ſo perverſe with every puff let flie
Their Faith, ſole conſtant in inconſtancie?

20

Th'have made me ieloux of a God, no God:
I'll make them ieloux, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no People: And their breſt
Shall ſplit for ſpight to ſee the *Nations* bleſt.

Devouring

21

Devouring Fire that from my heart dooth fume,
Shall fiercely burne, and in my wrath conſume
The deepe of Deepes, the middle Downes, and Fields,
And ſtrong foundations of the ſteepeſt Hills.

22

I'll ſpend on them my ſtore of Puniſhments,
And all mine Arrowes; Famine, Peſtilence,
Wilde Beaſts, and Wormes that baſely crawling are,
Without remorſe ſhall make them end-les Warre.

23

Abroad, the Sword their ſtrong men ſhall devoure;
At home, through Feare, the Virgin in her flower,
The freſh young Youth, the ſucking Children ſmall,
And hoarie head, dead to the ground ſhall fall.

24

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And cleane deſtroy them, I would IACOB race,
Raze his Memoriall from the Earth for aye,
But that I feare the *Heathen* thus would ſay:

25

We have prevail'd, we by our ſtrength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them over-throwne:
'Twas not their God that did it for their Sins,
No, He him-ſelfe is vanquiſht with his Friends.

26

Ha! ſottiſh blocks, void of all ſence and ſight:
Could one man put a thouſand men to flight?
And two ten thouſand? if the God of Armes,
Had not even ſould their Troopes & bound their armes?

For,

27

For, God, our God, dooth all their Gods surpasse:
They know it well: but, their Wine springs (alas)
From SODOME's Vine, and grew in GOMER's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Raisons Poyson yields.

28

It is no Wine, no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomite of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venome, 'tis the same that comes
From the fel ASPIC's foule infecting gummes.

29

Doo not I know it? keepe not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their Sinnes doo mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

30

Their Ruine posteth: then, th'Omnipotent
Shall iudge for IACOB: then I will repent
To quite-destroy mine owne beloved People,
Seeing their strength all fail'd and wholy feeble.

31

'Twill then be said, where are their Gods become,
(Their deafe, dull Idols, sent-les, sight-les, dumbe)
To whom they lift their harts, and hands, and eyes,
And (as their Guards) so oft did sacrifice?

32

Now let those trim Protectors them protect;
Let them rise quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*: and come stand before,
To shield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

33

Know therefore Mortals, I th'I MMORTAL *am*:
There's none like *Mee* in or above this *Frame*:
I wound, I heale; I kill, I fetch from grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner ſave.

34

I'll lift my hand toward th'arched Heav'ns on high,
And ſweare with-all by mine Eternitie,
(Which only *Beeing*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

35

If once (I ſay) as ſoveraigne King alone,
I ſit me downe vpon my *Iuſtice* Throne,
I'll venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon iuſtly their iniquities:

36

My hart-thrill Darts I will make drunk with blood,
I'll glut my Sword with ſlaughter; all the brood
Of rebell Nations I will race (in fine)
To recompence the blood and death of Mine.

37

O Gentiles, then his People praiſe and feare,
Sith to the Lord it is ſo choiſely-deare:
Sith Hee'll avenge his Cauſe, and beating downe
His Enemies, will mildly cheere his Owne.

31 MA 59

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE CAPTAINES.

To The
Right Honorable,
The Earle Of Salisevrie,
Principal Secretarie
To His Maiestie;
Master
Of The Wardes
And Liveries:
One
Of His Maiesties
Most-Honorable
Privie Covnsaile:
And
Chancelovr
Of The Vniversitie
Of
Cambridge.

A Sonnet.

ARmes *yield to* Artes: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
More Townes then Pirrhus, *prudent* Cineas *wan:*
It will not ſeeme then, that I haue miſ-ſung,
To ſing of CAPTAINES *to a* Counſail-*man:*
Sith, without Counſaile, Courage *is but Rage;*
Rude in Reſolving, raſh in Acting it:
In which reſpect, thoſe of the Antike *age*
Fain'd PALLAS Goddeſſe *both of* Warr *and* Wit:
Therefore, to Thee, *whoſe* Wit *ſo much hath ſted*
(*In* Warr *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee, *whoſe* Vertue *hath now Tryumphed*
Of cauſe-les Envie, *and miſ-grounded* Hate:
To Thee (Wit's-*WORTHIE*) *had it not been wrong,*
Not to haue ſounded my Warr-*VVORTHIES* Song?

Your Honors

true honorer,

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

31 MA 59

THE CAPTAINES.

The fourth booke of the third Day of the second Weeke.

THE ARGVMENT.

Iust-Duked IOSVAH, *cheeres the* Abramides
To CANAANS *Conqueſt*: Iordan *ſelfe-devides*:
Re-Circumciſion, *what, and where, and why*:
Sackt Iericho: Hai *wonne* (*ſo* Achan *die*):
Gabaonites *guile*: ſtrange Haile: *the* Sun ſtands ſtill:
Nature *repines*. Iewes (*Guide-les*) *prone to ill.*
Adoni-Bezec. Sangar. DEBORA,
Barac *and* Iahel *conquer* SISARA.
Samuel *ſucceedes*: Iewes *craue a* KING: *a vile*,
Of People-*Sway*; States-*Ryle*: *and* MONARCHIE.

HAile *holy* IORDAN, and you *bleſſed* Torrents,
Of the pure Waters of whoſe criſtall Corrents
So many *Saints* have ſipt: O *Walls*, that reſt
Faire Monuments of many a famous Geſt:
O *Hills*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* ſo flowerie ſweet,
Where *Angels* oft have ſet their ſacred feet:
And thou O *ſacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th'only MAN-GOD, and his happy *Swadle*:

Canaan *ſaluted*

And

And thou O *Soile* which drank'ſt the *crimſin Shower*
That (for our health) out of his veines did poure:
And you fatt *Hillocks* (which I take as given
For a firme pledge of the full ioyes of Heav'n)
Where Milke and Hunnie flow: I ſee you all,
Vnder the conduct of my Generall
NVN's valiant *Sonne*: and vnder GEDEON's Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMPSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, heere (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I ſing;
Thrice-ſacred Spirit, thy ſpeedy ſuccour bring,
O Spirit, which weart their Guide, Guard, ſtrẽgth & ſtay,
Let not my Verſe their Vertue's praiſe betray.
IOSVAH, by Favour, nor by Bribes, obtaines
A higher Ranke then Royall Soveraignes;
(Who buyes in groſe, hee by retaile muſt ſell:
And who gives Favour, Favour askes as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (ſhe is ſight-les)
Neither by Force (for, who ſo enters (Right-les)
By Force, is forced to goe out with ſhame):
Nor ſodaine climbes he (rawe) vnto the ſame
(For, to high Place, who mounts not ſtep by ſtep,
He comes not downe, but head-long downe doth leap.

Ioſuah his iuſt authority, over the People of Izrael.

But, even as that grave-gracefull Magiſtrate
Which (now) *with* Conſcience, Lawe *doth Moderate,*
Was-firſt a Student (*vnder others awe*)
Then Bariſter, *then* Counceler *at-Lawe,*
Then Queens-Solic'tor, *then* Roules-*Arbitrer,*
And then Lord Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELER:
Hee comes to't by degrees: and having firſt
Show'n him ſelfe *Wiſe* in ſpying *Canaan* yerſt,

Simile.

Faith-

Faith-full to MOSES in his Miniſtrings,
And *Stoute* in Fight againſt the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAINE, and the ſacred Prieſts
Pronounce him ſo, the People pleaſed is.
But, in his State yer he be ſtall'd (almoſt)
Set in the midſt of God's beloved Hoaſt,
He thus dilates: O happy Legions deere
Which ſacred Armes vnder Heav'ns Enſignes beare,
Feare not that I yet forty yeares, againe
Your wandring Troops in theſe vaſt ſands ſhould traine
'Twixt Hope and Feare: th'vn-hallowed Offerings,
The proud Revolts, blaſphemous Murmurings,
Of your ſtiff-Fathers, have with-holden rather
Thē whole with-draw'n th'aide of your heav'nly Father:
God tenders it in time, and (pacifide)
Nills the ſet Terme without effect ſhould ſlide:
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word,
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord,
And bravely ſhow that th'Hoaſt of ISRAEL,
In Valour, farre doth his dread Fame excell.
Couragious IACOB; ARAD's ſtouteſt harts
And ſtrongeſt Holds have prov'd thy Pikes and Darts,
The *Madianites* have thine Arme's thunder known,
Th'haſt razed *Bazan*, ranſackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't ſcaly Serpents (in theſe Deſarts vaſt)
Croſt the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA paſt,
And ſent to Hell thy dreadeſt Foes; Lo now
God offers thee the Crowne, accept it thou.
Then turning him to RVBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their Portion had

His firſt Oration to the People.

He vrgeth particularly Ruben, Gad, *and*

Manasses to take part with their Brethren in prosecuting the Conquest of Canaan.

(By Moses grant) on *Iordan*'s Easterne verge;
Warr-eloquent, he thus proceeds to vrge:
Can you (my Harts) finde in your harts to leave
Your Ranks, and vs thus of your aides bereave?
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleepe,
While in cold Trenches your poore Brethren keepe?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudie store in storme-full Furie poures,
And drownes your Brethren with continuall showers?
Will you goe Dance and dally too and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gaine,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustaine?
God shield you should dishonour so your Blood:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Flood
Your Wives and Children and (vnfit for Battaile)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arme your selves, t'advance our Victories,
And share with vs in Perill, as in Prize.

The generall & ioyfull answere of the people.

O noble Prince, (then all the Hoast replide)
March-on a Gods name; and good Hap betide:
Were *Canaan* turn'd t'another Wildernes,
Were there before vs yet more Crimsin Seas,
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set
Each vpon other (vp to Heav'n to get)
Wee'll follow thee through all; and only th'end
Of our owne Lyves shal our brave Iourney end.
After the *Arke*, then march they in aray
Direct to *Iordan*, praising all the way

That

That living God, whose match-les mighty hand
Parted the Sea that they might passe by land.
Hoar-headed *Iordan* neatly lodged was
In a large Cave built all of beaten Glasse,
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphes*(his Daughters)rarely had embosst
With Pearles and Rubies, and in-lay'd the rest
With Nacre checks, and Corrall of the best:
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sunne,
With tribute silver to his service runne:
There IRIS, AVSTER, and Clouds blewly-black
Continually their liquor leave and take:
There th'aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Vpon a Tuffe, where th'eating waves incroach,
Did gladly waite for ISRAEL's approach:
Each haire he hath is a quick-flowing streame,
His sweat the gushing of a storme extreame,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weake gray eyes are alwaies seene to weepe,
About his loignes a rush-Belt weares he deepe,
A Willow Wreathe about his wrinkled browes,
His Father NEREVS his complexion showes.
So soone as Hee their welcome rumour heard,
His frostie head above the Waves he rear'd,
With both his hands strooke back behind his eares
The waving Tresses of his weeping haires,
And then perceaving IACOB's Armie stay'd
By his proud streames, he chid them thus, and said,

A Poeticall and pleasant description of the River Iordan.

Prosopopœia. Presumptuous Brooke, dar'st thou ingratefu.l Torrent,
Lift-vp thy horne, lash-out thy swelling Corrent
Against the Lord, and over-flowe thy bound
To stop his passage? shall the Floods profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way?
Shall *Egipt*'s honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, which with his plenteous Waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves,
Shall that yield humbly at his Servants beck?
And thou, poore Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns
Heere in his *Arke*, betweene the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung
His deepe wide Crock that on his hip had hung,
And downe his back poures back-ward all his Course:
The streame returnes towards his double source;
And leaving dry a large deepe Lane betwixt,
The fearefull Waves in heaped Hills were fixt,
To give God place, and passage to his Hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed Coast.
So, dry they passe (after the sacred *Oracle*)
The Israelites passe dry shod through Iordan And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Vpon Mount *Gilgal*: and their Flesh anon
They seale with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,
To give to His some speciall difference,
Circumcision. Will'd that all Males of ABRAHM's Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*:
And ever-more, that ISAAC's blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* beare his Gage of *Grace*.

But

But, why (sayst thou) should antient IZRAEL
In such a secret place Record and Seale
Th' *Acte* of the *Covenant*: & with bloodie smart
Ingrave their glory in a shamefull part?
Who blushes at it, is a grace-les Beast:
Who shames to see the *Signe* of *Grace* impresst
In shamefull part, he is asham'd of CHRIST
Borne of that Race, and selfly *Circumcis'd*.
A hundred subtile Reasons from the Writs
Of *Rabines* could I bring: but sober Wits
Rest satisfied, conceaving that th'incision
Of th'obscæne *Fore-skin*, signifies th'abcision
Or sacred cutting-off of foule Affects,
Be-seeming those whom God for his elects:
That God the Fruites of Flesh and Blood dooth hate:
And that through CHRIST we must regenerate.
Now, th' *Hebrues* kept their *Passe-ouer*: and go
(By Heav'ns addresse) to mightie *Ierico*,
Besieging so the Cittie round about,
That feare got in, but nothing could get out.
Souldiers (sayd then th'vndaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattoks, Ladders, nor Rams at all,
To mine, or skale, or batter-downe these Towers:
The great, the high, the Mightie God of Powers,
Wil fight himselfe alone: and then he bod
(As first himselfe had been inform'd by God)
That dayly once they all should march the round
About the Cittie with Horne-Trumpets sound,
Bearing about for only Bannaret
The Light-full *Arke*, GODS sacred Cabinet:

A curious Question why it was appointed in such a place.

A sharp & sober answere.

The right application and vse thereof.

The Passover.

The Siege of Iericho, *after a strange manner.*

Their ſwords vn-draw'n, not making any noiſe,
Threat-les their browes, & without braves their voice,
No ſhaft to ſhoot, no ſigne of Warre, no glance,
And even their March doth rather ſeeme a Dance.

The Citizens deride it.

What Childre-ſpell? what May-game have we here?
What, dare you (Gallants) dare you come no neere?
Is this your brave Aſſault? is this your Fight?
Ween you with Skar-crowes vs (like birds) to fright?
(Say'd the beſieged) get you ſome-wheare-els
(Poore ſotts) to ſhow your Bug-bears and your Spells:
Ceaſe your hoarſe muſicke, leave the ſtage alone,
Fooles, draw the Curten, now your Play is done.

On the 7. day, their Walls of themſelues fall downe.

Sixe dayes together had the *Hebrues* thus't
About the Towne, ſeaven-times the ſeaventh they muſt;
When ſacred *Levites* ſound more lowde and high,
Their hornie trumpes; then all the people crye
Come, come (great God) come, batter, batter downe
Theſe odious walls, this Idol-wedded Towne.
It cracks in th'inſtant, the foundation ſhrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinkes,
Each ſtone is loſe, and all the Wall doth quiver,
And all at once vnto the grouud dooth ſhiver
With hideous noiſe; and th' *Heathen* Gariſon
Is but immur'd with Clowdes of duſt alone:

Simile.

So ſhall you ſee a Clowd-croun'd Hill ſometime,
Torne from a greater by the waſte of Time;
Dreadly to ſhake, and boundling downe to hop;
And roaring, heere it roules tall Cedars vp,
Theare aged Oakes; it turnes, it ſpurnes, it hales
The lower Rocks into th'affrighted Vales,

Theare

There ſadly ſinkes, or ſodaine ſtops the way
Of ſome ſwift Torrent haſting to the Sea.
Boaſt you (O Bombards) that you Thunder drowne:
And vaunt you (Mines) that you turne vp-ſide-downe
Rampires and Towers, and Walls the maſſie-moſt:
Yet, your exploits require both time and coſt;
You make but a ſmall breach, but a rough way,
And (by miſchance) oft your owne ſide betray.
But, th' *Hebrues* with a ſodaine ſhoote and crye,
A whole great Towne diſ-mantle inſtantly,
And (vnreſiſted) entring every-wheare;
They exerciſe all hoſtile vengeance theare.
And, as a ſort of luſtie Bill-men, ſett — Simile.
In Wood-ſale time to fell a Cops, by great,
Be-ſtirr them ſo, that ſoone with ſweating paine
They turne an Oake-grove to a Field of graine:
So th' *Hebrue* Hoaſt, without remorſe or pittie, — Iericho *ſackt & conſumed with fire and all her inhabitāts put to the ſword. Without reſpect of State, Sexe or Age.*
Through all ſad corners of the open Cittie,
Burne, breake, deſtroy, bathe them in blood, and toile
To lay all levell with the trampled ſoile:
The Idol's Temples, and the delicat
Prince-Pallaces are quickly beaten flatt:
The Fier lowd-crackling with the Clowdes doth meet,
A bloodie Torrent runs through every ſtreet,
Their venge-full Sword ſpares neither great nor ſmall,
Neither the Childe that on his hands dooth craule,
Nor him that weares ſnow on his ſhaking head,
Ice in his heart; nor the leaſt beaſt they bred.
A deede (indeed) more worthy th' *Heſiline*,
Then th' holy *Hebrues*, had the voice Devine

Not

Not charg'd them ſo, and choicely armed them
'Gainſt *Iericо*, with his owne *Anatheme*:
Reſeruing onely for his *Sacred Place*,
The Gold & Siluer, th'Iron and the Braſſe.
Yet, ſacrilegious ACHAN dar'd to hoord
Some pretious Pillage, which incenſ'd the Lord
Againſt the Camp, ſo that he let them Flye
(For this Offence) before their Enimie.
For, when three thouſand choſen *Iſraelites*
Were ſent to HAI t'aſſault the *Cananites*,
The Towne alarm's: their Prince the forwardeſt
(No leſſe-brave Souldier then bold Atheiſt)
Armes the broad mountaine of his hairie breſt
With horrid skales of *Nilus* greedie Beaſt:
His brawnie armes and ſhoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wylie *Porcupin*:
Hee weares for Helm a Dragons ghaſtlie head
Whereon for Plume a huge Horſe-taile doth ſpreed;
Not much vnlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top in a thicke Tuffe doth grow,
Waving with euerie winde, and made to kiſſe
Th'Earth, now on that ſide, and anon on this:
In Quiver made of Lezards skins he wears
His poyſoned Arrowes; and the Bow he bears
Is of a mightie Tree ſtrung with a Cable,
His Shafte a Lever, whoſe keene head is able
To pierce all proofe, ſtone, ſteele, and Diamant:
Thus furniſhed the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
Sirs, ſhall we ſuffer this ignoble Race
Thus ſhamefully vs from our owne to chaſe?

*Curſe.

Achan's Sacrilege.

Hai ſummoned, the Townes men ſallie and put the Izraelites to flight.

The antike armour of the king

His inſolent and blaſphemous Oration.

Shall

Shall they be Victors yer they overcome?
Shall our Poſſeſſions and our Plenty come
Among theſe Mongrels? Tuſh, let Children quake
At dreames of ABRAM: let fainte Women ſhake
At their dread God, at their Sea-drying Lord,
I know no Gods above my glittering Sword:
This ſayd, he ſallies, and aſſaults the Foe
With furious skirmiſh, & doth charge them ſo,
As ſtormy billowes ruſh againſt a Rocke: 3. Similes.
As boiſtrous Windes (that have their priſon broake)
Roare on a Forreſt: as Heav'ns ſulph'rie Flaſh
Againſt proud Mountaines ſurly browes dooth daſh.
The ſacred Troopes (to conquer alwaies wunt)
Could not ſuſtaine his firſt Tempeſtuous brunt,
But turne their backs, and as they flye amaine,
Foure leſſe then Fortie of their band were ſlaine,
The ſonne of NVN then (with th' *Iſacian* Peers)
Before the *Arke* in proſtrate wiſe appeares; Ioſuah *and the Princes of* Iſrael *humbled before the Lord in Prayer.*
Sack on his backe, duſt on his head, his eyes
Even great with teares, thus to the Lord he cryes:
O, what alas? what have we done O Lord?
The People deſtin'd to thy Peoples ſword,
Conquers thy people; and the *Cananites*
(Againſt thy Promiſe) chace the *Izraelites.*
O Lord, why did not *Iordans* rapid Tide
Still ſtay our Hoaſt vpon the other ſide?
Sith heere, in hope, to get the *Promiſ'd* more,
Wee hazard all that we had wonne before.
Reguarde, and guard vs; nay, reguard thy Name:
O, ſuffer not the ſeed of ABRAHAM,

(Almightie Father, O thou God most high,)
To be expos'd to *Heathen's* Tirannie;
Much lesse, thy sacred *Arke*, for them to burne:
And last of all, thy glorious Selfe to skorne.
IOSVAH (sayd God) let th'Hoast be sanctifide,
And let the Church-Thiefe dye, that dar'd to hyde
Th'vn-lawfull Pillage of that cursed Towne,
(Thy Mayden-Conquest, prime of thy Renowne)
Then shalt thou vanquish, and the lofty Towers
Of HAI shall fall vnder thy war-like powers.
The morrow next, after the great *Assise*,
ACHAN (convicted, not by bare surmize,
But by God's Spirit, which vndermines our mindes,
And cleerly sees our secretest designes,
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Dye vncertaine rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoast with all he hath,
And sacrifiz'd vnto th'Almighties wrath.
Now, between *Bethel* and HAI's westerne Wall,
Theare lyes a Valley close inuiron'd all
Betweene the forking of a Hill so high
That it is hidden from all Passers-by,
Whose horned cliffs, below are hollowed,
And with two Forests arbour'd over-head;
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent
Bounding from Rocke to Rocke with roaring Corrent
Deaffens the Shepheards: so that it should seeme
Nature fore-cast it for some stratagem.
Thether the Duke (soone after mid-night) guides
His choicest Bands, and them their warly hides

Achan *executed*

an Ambush.

Each keepes his place, none ſpeaks, none ſpetts, none coughs,
But all as ſtill as if they marcht on moſſe:
So fallowe Wolues when they intend to ſet Simile.
On fearefull Flocks that in their Folds do bleate,
Through ſilent darkeneſſe ſecret wayes do groape;
Their feet are fethered with the wings of hope,
They holde their breath, and ſo ſtill vn-diſcride,
They paſſe hard by the watchfull Maſtie's ſide.
Meane-whiſe the howers opened the doores of Day,
To let out *Titan* that muſt needs away,
Whoſe radiant treſſes, but with trayling on,
Began to guilde the top of *Libanon*;
When, with the reſt of all his Hoaſt, the* GRAVE * Signifieth but an Earle, but heare I haue vſurpt it for the chief Captaine Ioſuah.
Marcheth amaine to give the Towne a braue.
They ſtraighte re-charge him: as in ſeaſon warme
The hunnie-makers buſſie-buzzing Swarme
With humming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Tower, and with their little hates
Fiercely aſſaile, and wound the naked skinns Simile.
Of ſuch as come to rob their curious Innes.
Why (Cowards) dare you come againe for blowes?
Or, doo you long your wretched lives to loſe?
Come, wee are for you; wee'll diſpatch you ſoon,
And for the manie wrongs that you have done
Vnto our ſelues, our Neighbours and our Frends,
This day our ſwords ſhall make vs full amends
(Crye th' *Amorites*) and th' *Hebrue* Captaine then A Stratagem.
Flyes, as affrai'd, and with him all his men
Diſorderly retyre, ſtill fayning ſo,
Till (politike) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe

Right to his Ambush: then the Souldiers theare
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noise so neere,
Would faine be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning gestures of Commanding Eld:
Simile. *So have I seene on* LAMBORN'S *pleasant Downes,*
When yelping Begles or some deeper Hounds
Have start a Hare, how milke-white Minks *and* Lun
(*Gray-bitches both, the best that ever run*)
Held in one leash, have leapt and strain'd, & whyn'd
To be restraind, till to their Master's mind)
They might be slipt (to purpose; that (for sport)
Watt *might have law, neither too-long nor short.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the Ambush past;
The Duke thus cheers his Iaered Troopes as fast,
Sa sa (my harts) turne, turne againe vpon-them
They are your owne, now charge & cheerely on-them:
His redie Souldiers at a beck obay,
Hai conquered. And on their Foes couragious loade they lay,
They shoote, they shocke, they strike, they stab, they kill
Th'vnhallowed Currs, that yet resisted still;
Vntill behinde them a new storme arose
With horrid noise, which daunts not only those,
But with the furie of it's force dooth make
The Hills and Forrests and even Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you doo? if heere you flye,
You fall on *Caleb*, wheare y'are sure to dye:
If theare, on IOSVAH: O vnfortunate,
Your help-les Gods in vaine you inuocate.
Y'are (O forlorne) like Rabets round be-set
Simile. With wyly Hunetts, Dogs and deadly Net:

With

With ſhrill *Sa-haw, heere-heere-ho, heere-againe,*
The Warren rings; th'amazed Game amaine
Runnes heere and there; but, if they ſcape away
From Hounds, ſtaves kill them, if from ſtaves the Hay.
Yield, yield, and die then, ſtrive not to retire,
For, even in Death behold your Towne a-fire.
Then *Gabaon*, a mighty Cittie neere,
That theſe Exploits of Heav'ns dread hand did heare,
Sent ſubtilly, to League with ISRAEL.
No, y'are deceau'd (ſayd then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Cananites* are deſtin'd long-a-goe
To Fire and Sword, and vtter Over-throwe;
From Heav'ns high Iudge the ſentence dooth proceed,
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
Alas! my Lord (replyde th'Embaſſadors)
You may perceave we are no Borderers
Vpon theſe Countries; For, our ſuits, our ſlops,
Our hoſe and ſhooes, were new out of the ſhops,
When we ſet forth from home; and even that day
This Bread was baked when we came away,
But the long Iourney we have gone hath wore
Our cloathes to raggs, and turn'd our Victuals hoare.
W'adiure you therefore in the ſacred name
Of that dread GOD to whom your Vowes you frame,
By the ſweet aire of this delightfull Coaſt,
By the good Angel that conducts your Hoaſt,
By deere embraces of your deerer Wives,
And by your Babes (even) deerer then your lyves,
By each of theſe, and all of theſe together,
And by your Armes whoſe Fame hath drawn vs hether,

The Gabaonits cunning Policie, to make League with Iſrael.

T'have pitty on vs, and to ſweare vnto-vs,
To ſave our lives, and not ſo to vndoo-vs
As theſe neere Nations: ISRAEL accords,
And with an Oath confirmes the ſolemne words,
So, I (good Lord) perceaving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full* ADAM, vnto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepeſt Hell;
Would faine be free: but, if I ſhould (alas)
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turne thine eyes away,
For, Fleſh and Blood poſſeſſe not Heav'n, for aye;
And, the ſtrict Rigour of thy *Juſtice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the leaſt of Sinnes endure.
Oh then, what ſhall I doo? I'll ſimilize
Theſe *Gabaonites*: I will my ſelfe diſguize
To gull thee, Lord, (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
I'll put-on (craftie) not the cloake of *Pride*,
(For, that was it whereby our Grand-ſires dide,
And *Lucifer*, with his aſſociates, fell
From Ioyes of Heav'n, into the Paines of Hell)
But th humble *Fleece* of that ſweet ſacred *Lambe*
Which (for our ſakes) vpon the *Croſſe* became
So torne and tatter'd; which the moſt refuſe:
Scorne of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Iewes*.
And, as a piece of Silver, Tinn, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or droſſe, more baſe)
In fervent Cruſible of thy free Grace,

A ſacred application of their prophane example.

Simile.

I'll guild me all with his pure Beautie's Gold:
Borne a new man (by Faith) I'll kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, CHRIST ſhall be mine example,
His Spirit ſhall be my ſpirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in CHRIST, and CHRIST in mee,
O wilt thou? canſt thou, drive vs farre from thee?
Deptive from promiſ'd new-*Ieruſalem*,
CHRIST thine owne *Likenes*, and me, *like* to him?
Banniſh from Heav'n (whoſe *Bliſſe* ſhall never vade)
Thy CHRIST, by whom; and me, for whō 'twas made?
But, O preſumption! O too-raſh Deſigne!
Alas, to *Will* it only, is not mine:
And, though I *would*, my fleſh (too-Winter-chill)
My Spirit's ſmall ſparkles dooth extinguiſh ſtill.
O therefore, thou, thou that canſt all, alone;
All-ſacred Father's like all-ſacred Sonne,
Through thy deepe Mercy daigne thou to transforme
Into thy Selfe me Sin-full ſilly Worme;
That ſo, I may be welcome to my God,
And live in Peace, not where the *Iewes* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou maiſt be
Th'vniting glew betweene my God and me.
Now, *Eglon*'s, *Hebron*'s, *Iarmuth*'s, *Salem*'s Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after theſe Accords)
Wroath that their Neighbours had betrayed ſo
Their common Country to their common Foe,
Had made ſo great a breach, and by the hand
Lead (as it were) th'*Hebrues* into their Land;
Set-vpon *Gabaon*: but th'*Iſacian* Prince,
As iuſt as valiant, haſts to hunt them thence,

And

And, reſolute to reſcue his Allies,
He ſtraight bids Battaile to their Enemies.
The Battaile of the fiue Kings.
The Fight growes fierce, and winged *Victorie*
Shaking her Laurels, ruſht confuſedly
Into the midſt; ſhe goes, and comes, and goes,
And now ſhe leanes to theſe, and now to thoſe.
AVSTER the while from neighbour Mountaines armes
A hundred Winters and a hundred Stormes
With huge great Haile-ſhot, driving fiercely-fel
In the ſterne viſage of the Infidel:
Extraordinary Volleis of Haile-ſhot frõ Heaven vpõ the Infidels.
The roaring Tempeſt violently retorts
Vpon themſelves the *Pagans* whirling Darts,
And in their owne breſts their owne Launces bore
Where-with they threatned th'Hoaſt of God before:
And (even) as if it envied the Renowne
Of valiant IOSVAH (now by GANGES knowne)
With furious ſhock, the formoſt Ranks it whirr'd
Vpon the next, the ſecond on the third:
Simile.
Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Child
Dooth in an evening on a Carpet build,
When ſome Wagg by, vpon his Worke dooth blow,
If one Arch faile; the reſt fall all a-row
Each vpon other, and the Childe he cries
For his loſt labour, and againe he tries:
If any, reſting on his knottie ſpeare,
'Gainſt Armes and Stormes yet ſtand out ſtifly there,
Th'Haile, which the Wind full in his face doth yerk
Smarter then Racquets in a Court re-ierk
Balls 'gainſt the Walls of the black-boorded houſe,
Beats out his eyes, batters his noſe, and browes.

Then

Then turne the *Pagans*, but without availe,
For, instantly the stonie storme of Haile
Which flew direct a-front, direct now falls
Plumb on their heads, and cleaves their skulls & caules:
And ever, as they waver to or fro,
Over their Hoast the Haily Clowd doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrue*, though betweene,
But a sword's length (or not so much) be seen:
A buckler one, another a bright helme
Over his threat'ned or sicke head dooth whelme,
But, the shield broken, and helme beaten in,
Th Haile makes the hurt bite on the bloodie green.
Those that escape betake them to their heeles;
IOSVAH pursewes, and though his sweat distills
From every part, he wounds, he kills, he cleaves:
Neither, the Fight imperfect so he leaves,
But full of faithfull Zeale and zealous Faith,
Thus (O strange language) thus alowd he sayth:
Beam of th'Eternall, dayes bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O All-seeing Sunne,
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gabaon*;
And thou, O Moone i' th' vale of *Aialon*,
That th' *Amorrhites* now by their hare-like flight
Scape not my hands vnder all-hyding Night.
As a Caroche, draw'n by foure lustie Steedes,
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,
Stops sodainly, if 't slip into a slough,
Or if it crosse some Log or massie bough:
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sunne,
Which now began, towards his West to runn,

At the Cõmand of Iosuah *the Sun standeth still.*

Simile.

Stops inſtantly, and gives the *Hebrues* ſpace
To rid the Pagans that they have in chace.

Deſcription of Nature who offended thearat, makes her complaint to God.

Nature, amaz'd; for very anger ſhakes,
And to th' Allmightie her complaint ſhe makes:
Seemely ſhe marches with a meaſur'd pace,
Choler puts Cullour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her booſome-Twinns
A lively ſpring of pleaſant milke there ſpinns,
Vpon her ſhoulders (*Altas*-like) ſhe bears
The Frame of All, downe by her ſide ſhe wears
A golden Key, where-with ſhe letteth-forth
And locketh-up the Treaſures of the Earth:
A ſumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs downe,
Wher-in the *Heavens*, the *Earth* & *Sea* is ſhown;
The Sea in *Siluer* woven, the Earth in *green*,
The Heav'ns in *azure*, with *gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Love*, freſh *Bewtie*, ſmiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulnes*, each for her favour ſew'th:
Grace ſtill attends ready to do her honour,
Riches and *Plentie* alwaies waite vpon her.

Accoutred thus, and thus accompani'de,
Proſopopœia With thouſand ſighs, thus to the Lord ſhe cryde:
Shall it be ſayd, a Man dooth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldeſt Daughter? ah, ſhall I
Have the bare Name, and Hee th' Authoritie
To Governe All, and All controule (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Lawe) then, receave the lawe
At others hands? of others ſtand in awe?

If't be thy pleaſure, or thou thinke it fit,
To have it ſo, or ſo to ſuffer it
(Pardon me (Father) that I am ſo free)
I heere ſurrender thy Lieutenancie:
Beſtow't on him, put all into his hand:
Who Heav'n cõmands, He well may Earth command.
Why (daughter) know'ſt thou not (God anſwers her)
That manie times my Mercie dooth transferre
Into my Children mine owne power, whear-by
They worke (not ſeldome) mine owne Wonders high?
That th'are my ſacred Vice-Roys? and that Hee,
Who (ſtript of Fleſh) by *Faith* is ioyn'd to mee,
May remove Mountaines, may drye vp the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wilderneſſe?
Th'haſt ſeen it (Daughter), therefore, but thou pine
In Ielouſie of this dread arme of mine,
Grudge not at theirs: for they can nothing doo,
But what my Spirit inables them vnto.
O happie Prince, I wonder not all,
If at thy feet the ſtout *Anachian* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Chananite*,
The *Phereſite*, *Hethite*, and *Iebuſite*,
And hugo *Baſanian*, by thy daunt-les Hoaſt
Were over-throwne: and, if as ſwift (almoſt)
As my ſlow *Muſe* thy ſacred Conqueſts ſings,
Thou *Cam'ſt*, *Saw'ſt*, *Conquer'dſt* more then thirty Kings:
Subduing *Syria*, and deviding it
Vnto twelue Kindreds in twelue portions fit:
Sith (O grand Vicare of th' Almightie Lord)
With only ſummons of thy mighty Word,

The power of a ſtedfaſt Faith.

IOSVAH *his Victories.*

Thou makeſt Rivers the moſt deaflie deepe
To lobſtarize (backe to their ſource to creep);
Walls give thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,
Rock-ruſhing Tempeſts doo retreat or charge:
Sol's at thy ſeruice: and the ſtarrie *Pole*
Is prowd to paſſe vnder thy Muſter-Roule.
As a blinde man, forſaken of his Guide
In ſome thicke Foreſt, ſad and ſelfe-beſide,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,
His groaping hand his (late) eyes office hath,
Heere at a ſtub he ſtumbles, theare the buſhes
Rake-off his Cloake, heere on a Tree he ruſhes,
Strayes in and out, turnes, this and that way tryes,
And at the laſt falls in a Pit, and dyes:
Even ſo (alas) having their Captaine loſt,
So blindly wanders IACOB's wilfull Hoaſt:
Contemnes the Fountaine of God's ſacred Lawe,
From Idoll-Puddles poyſonie drinke to drawe;
Forſakes th'olde true God, and new falſe-gods faines,
And with the *Heathen* friendſhip entertaines.
Th'Almighty ſaw it (for, what ſees he not?)
And ſodainely his furie waxed hot;
And on their necke, for his ſweet yoake, he layd
The Strangers yoake that hard and heavy waighd,
But, as an Infant which the Nurce lets goe
To goe alone, waves weakely to and fro.
Feeles his feete faile, cryes out, and but (alas)
For her quick hand, would fall and breake his face:
So IACOB, inſtly made afflictions thrall,
Is never readie in the Pit to fall.

Simile.

After his death Izrael having loſt his guide fals from his God.

God *therefore forſakes him.*

Simile.

Of

Of pale Diſpaire, but (if he crie, and crave him)
God ſtill extends his gracious hand to ſave him:
Rayſing ſome *Worthie* that may breake in ſunder
The Gyves and Fetters that he labours vnder.
So then, aſſiſted by th'immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings vnder his Command
IERVSALEM, LVZ, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SESAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too, whoſe bloodie Tirant fled,
Is caught againe, and payd with Cake for Bread:
To ſelfe-taught Torture he himſelfe is put,
His ſacriligious Thumbs and Toes be cut.
Whereby, more inly prickt, then outly payn'd,
God's Vengeance iuſt he thus confeſſ't, and playn'd.
O hand, late Scepter-grac't, O hand, that late
EGIPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at,
O hand, that (armed) durſt even MARS defie,
And could'ſt have pull'd proud IVPITER from high:
Now, where-to ſerv'ſt thou, but t'augment my moane?
Thou canſt not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head,
Ah no (alas) thou canſt not cut my bread.
O feete (late) winged to purſue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foil'd in fight,
Now you have loſt your Office, now alas,
You cannot march, but limp about this place.
But, 'tis the iuſt God, the iuſt hand of Heav'n
In mine owne Coine hath me my Payment given:
For, ſeventy Kings, thus maim'd of Toes and Thumbes,
I, inſolent, have made to lick the crummes

Vpon his Repentance God againe receaues him to favour.

The Tirant Adoni-Bezec taken & intreated as He had handled others.

His Complaint.

His Confeſſion.

Vnder my boord (like Dogs) and drawne perforce
To ſerve for blocks when I ſhould mount my Horſe.
Therefore (O Kings) by mine example learne
His caveat to all Tirants & cruel minded men. To bound your rage, limit your furie ſterne:
O Conquerours, be warned all by me;
Be to your Thralls, as God to you ſhall be:
Men, pitty Man, wretched and over-throwne;
And think his caſe may one-day be your owne:
For, Chance dooth change: and none a-lyve can ſay,
He happy is, vntill his Dying day:
The Foe that after Victorie ſurvives,
Not for himſelfe, but for your glory lives:
Th'Olive's aboue the Palme: and th'happieſt King
His greateſt Triumph, is Self-triumphing.
Iſrael againe & againe relapſeth. But, ISRAEL, wallowing in his mire againe,
Soone loſt the glory former armes did gaine;
And goods and bodies eaſie Booties bin
To ARAM, MOAB, and the PHILISTIN.
Againe humbled What help (O IACOB)? th'haſt nor Armes, nor Head,
Thy Fields with bones of thine owne bands be ſpread,
And th'only name of thy profaner Foe,
Congeales thy blood, and chills thy hart for woe.
Flie, flie, and hie thee quickly to recover
The all-proofe Target of thine ancient Lover,
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tirant-tamer,
Terror of terrors, *Heathens* dreadfull hammer.
Againe & again relieved. Ah, ſee already how he reſcues thee
From th'odious Yoake of *Pagan* Tirannie,
Breaking the Fetters of thy bondage fel,
By AHOD, BARAC, and OTHONIEL,

And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Oxe-teem tills his tributarie Land,
When *Philistines*, with Sword and Fierie furie,
Slaughter the *Iewes*, and over-runne all *Iurie*;
Deflower the Virgins, and with lustfull-spight
Ravish chaste Matrones in their Husbands sight:
He leaves his Plough, he calls vpon his God,
And only armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp:
A *Pagan* Captaine weenes him thus to damp,
What meanes this Foole (saith he) goe silly Clowne,
Get thee to Plough, go home and till thy ground,
Go prick thy Bullocks; leave the Works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiars.
First learne thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To know my strength (rather th'Almightie's might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knottie Goad,
And with the third, thrusts him betweene the eyes,
That downe he falls, shaking his heeles, and dies.
Then steps another forth, more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets flie at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blow, and with his stroake,
The *Pagans* leg short-off in sunder broake;
On th'other yet, a while he stands and fights;
But th'*Hebrew* Champion such a back-blow smights
That flat he layes him; then with furie borne,
Forward he leapes, and in a Martiall scorne,
Vpon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,

Sangar *a Plow-Swain: a famous Champion of Israel.*

That

That blood and bowels (mingled with the bruize)
Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his ſides he ſpewes:
Simile. As, on Wine-hurdles thoſe that dance (for meed)
Make with ſweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,
Each Grape to weepe, and crimſin ſtreames to ſpin
Into the Vate ſet to receave them in.
Thence thirty ſteps, a chiefe Commander preſt,
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Creſt,
And cries, come hether (Cow-heard) come thou hether,
Come let vs cope, but thou and I together;
I'll teach thee (Peaſant) and that quickly too,
Thou haſt not with thy fellow Swaines to doo,
That on Mount *Carmel*'s ſtormie top doo feed:
No, heere (poore ſot) thou other fence ſhalt need.
SANGAR runnes at him and he runnes ſo fierce,
That on his ſtaffe him ſixe ſteps back he beares;
Beares downe another with him, and another,
That but with geſture ſtood directing other:
Simile. As, when 'tis darke, when't raines, and bluſters rough,
A thund'ring Tempeſt with a ſulphurie puffe
Breakes downe a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each oppoſite to other:
Smoake, duſt, and doore-falls, with ſtormes roaring din,
Diſmay the ſtouteſt that Command within;
The common ſort (beſide their little wits)
Skarr'd from their beds, dare not abide the ſtreets:
But, in their ſhirts over the Walls they runne,
And ſo their Towne, yer it be ta'en, is wunne;
The ſuddaine Storme ſo inly-deepe diſmayes-them,
That feare of Taking, to diſpaire betrayes-them.

Amidſt

Amid their Hoaſt, then bravely ruſhes SANGAR,
His ſinnewie Arme anſwers his ſacred Anger:
Who flyes, or followes, he a-like beſteds:
On ſcattered heapes of ſlaughtered Foes he treads.
This, with his elbow heere he over-turnes,
That, with his brow; this, with his foote he ſpurnes;
Heer, with his Staff he makes in ſhivers fly
Both caske and skull, and there he breakes a thigh,
An arme, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;
And th'hungrie Shepheard hardly beats ſo thick
Nutts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beats downe:
With ſwords and ſhields, and ſhafts, the Field is ſowne:
Alone he foiles a Camp: and on the Plaine
There lye ſixe hundred of the *Heathen* ſlaine.
Almightie God, how thou to Thine art good:
Thy peoples Foes are not alone ſubdu'd
By a rude Clowne, whoſe hard-wrought hands, before
Nothing but ſpades, coulters, and bills had bore:
But, by a ſilly Woman, to whoſe hand
Thou for a time committeſt the Command
Of IZRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Lawe, nor Lord, they for a time are ſped,
But prudent DEBORA: vnto whoſe Throne
Fly thoſe whoſe heads with age are hoarie grown,
And thoſe great Rabbies that do gravely ſitt
Revoluing Volumes of the higheſt Writt:
And He that in the Tabernacle ſerues,
Her ſacred voice as Oracles obſerues:
None from her preſence ever comes confuſ'd:
And, gotten skill, gives place to skill infuſ'd.

Compariſon.

DEBORA

O Iacob's Lanthorn, Load-ſtar pure, which lights
On theſe rough Seas the reſt of *Abramites*
(Sayd then the People) what ſhall vs befall?
Iabin's fell yoake our wearie necks dooth gall:
Weeare the Butts vnto all Pagan darts,
And colde Diſpaire knocks at our dores (our harts).
Izrael (ſayth ſhe) be of good cheer; for now
God Warrs vpon your Foes, and Leagues with you:
Thear-fore, to Field now let your Youth aduance,
And in their reſts couch the revenging Launce:
This ſayd, on Barac ſhee a Shield beſtowes,
Indented on the brims, which plaine fore-ſhewes
In curious Boſſe-worke (that doth neatly ſwell)
The (wonn and loſt) Battailes of Izrael,
As an abridgement, where to life appeare
The nobleſt Acts of eight or nine skoare yeare.
Lo heer an Armie, ſtooping by the ſide
Of a deep River (with their Thirſt halfe-dri'd)
Supps, licks, and laps the ſtreame: of all which rowte,
The Captaine chuſes but three hundred out
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
Abont a mightie Pagan Hoaſt dooth march,
Making the ſame, through their dread ſodaine ſound,
With their owne armes them-ſelues to inter-wound:
A helliſh rage of mutuall furie ſwells
The bloodie harts of barbarous Infidells,
So that the friends that in one Couch did ſleep,
Each others blade in eithers breſt doo ſteep:
And all the Campe with head-les dead is ſowne,
Cut-off by Cozen-ſwords, killd by their owne.

Barac,

His ſhield given by Debora.

Gedeon,

Lo

Lo there, another valiant Champion,
Who, having late tryumphant Laurels wonne; Iephthe
His heed-les Vow (in-humane) to full-fill,
His only Daughter dooth vnkindely kill:
The frantike Mother, all vnbrac't (alas)
With ſilver locks vnkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage, with nayles, with teeth, and tongue,
Runns-in, and ruſhes through the thickeſt throng,
And, ſhe will ſave, and ſhe will have (ſhe ſayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold ſhe layes
Vpon the Mayde, and tearing-off her Coat,
Away ſhe runns, thinking ſhe her had got.
The Prieſt diſſolues in teares, th'Offring is cheerefull;
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearefull:
The Father leades with ſlow and feeble pace,
The Daughter ſeemes to run to death a-pace,
As if the Chaplet that her temples tyes,
Were *Hymen's* Flowers, not Flowers for Sacrifice:
Her grace and bewties ſtill augment; (in fine) Sampſon,
Who ſo beholds her ſweet, love-darting Eyne,
Her Cheek's, Lip's, Brow's; freſh Lillies, Corral, Iett:
He ſees (or ſeemes to ſee) a Sunne to ſet.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maule, and Mould,
Have given ſuch life to th'Iron, Braſſe, and Gold,
That heer wants nothing but the Mothers skreech,
The Fathers ſigh, and the ſweet Daughters ſpeech.
Lo heer, another ſhakes his vnſhaven treſſes,
Tryumphing on a Lyon torne in peeces:
O match-les Champion! Pearle of men-at-armes,
That emptieſt not an Arcenal of Armes,

Nor needeſt ſhops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furniſh weapons for thy glorious Warrs:
An Aſſe's Iawe-bone is the Club wher-with
Thy mighty arme, braines, beats, and battereth
Th'vncircumciſed Campe: all quickly skud;
And th'Hoaſt that flew in duſt, now flowes in blood.
Heer, th'Iron Gates, whoſe hugeneſſe woont to ſhake
The maſſie Towers of *Gaza*, thou dooſt take
On the broad ſhowlders: there (in ſeeming ieſt)
Cruſhing their Pallace-pillars (at a feaſt)
Thou over-whelm'ſt the Howſe, and with the fall
The *Philiſtines* blaſpheming Princes all. (cruſh,
Heer, from ones head, which two huge coines doo
(As whay from Cheeſe) the battred braines doo guſh:
Heer lyes another in a deadly ſwound,
Nayl'd with a broaken rafter to the ground:
Another, heer paſht with a pane of wall,
Hath loſt his ſoule, and bodies ſhape withall:
Another, heer ore-taken as he fled,
Lyes (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seemes with his mooving to re-moue his Toombe:
Even as the ſoft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes vnder the Earth doth roule,
Refuſing light, and little aire receaves,
And hunting wormes her mooving hillocks heaves:
Lo lower heer, a beaſtly Multitude
The Levites *wife.* On one poore Woman all their luſts intrude;
Whoſe Spouſe (diſpleaſd with th'execrable Fact)
Into twelue Peeces her dead Bodie hackt,

And

And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelve quick tinders of inteſtine Warrs.
And lower yet, behold (with hatefull ſcorne)
The ARKE of God to DAGON's temple borne;
But, th'Idol yields to GOD, and DAGON falls
Before the ARKE, which *Heathen's* pride appalls.

The Arke *taken by the Philiſtines.*

BARAC thus arm'd, th'ASORIANS ſets-vpon,
That bright in braſſe, ſteele, gold, and ſilver ſhone:
But, his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To ſee the fearefull Engines of the Foe:
Nine hundred Chariots, whirling ſwift and light,
Whoſe gliſtering irons dazle even their ſight;
Whoſe barded Steeds beare in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCVS made
(As proud of it, as Vnicornes are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adornes their Front)
Amid'ſt their Pettral ſtands another Pike:
On either-ſide, long grapples (Sickle-like);
The like at either Nave: ſo that (in Warrs)
'Tis preſent death t'approch theſe broaching Carrs.

The Battaile betweene the Iſraelites *and* Aſorians *with their iron Charrets.*

But DEBORA, her Troopes incouraging,
Beſtirs her quick, and ſteps from wing to wing,
Courage (ſaith ſhe) brave Souldiers, ſacred Knights,
Strike, and ſtrike home, lay-on with all your mights,
Stand, feare them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the ſnares of Death.
Doubt-les, they are your owne: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt deiected ſpirits:
No, no, (my Harts) not Armes, nor Engines glorious,
But 'tis the hart that makes a Camp victorious:

Debora *comforteth and incourageth the* Iſraelites.

Or rather, 'tis God's Thunder-throwing hand,
Which only dooth all Warr's succeſſe command:
And, VICTORIE's his Daughter, whom he now
(For his owne ſake) frankly beſtowes on you.
Even as a ſort of Shepheards, having ſpide
Simile. A Wolfe come ſtealing downe a Mountaines ſide,
Crie ſhrill, *now-now*, vp-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe*;
Now-now (ſayes *Eccho*) vp-hill, *a Wolfe, a Wolfe*;
And ſuch a noiſe betweene the Vales dooth riſe,
That th'hungry-Thiefe hence without hunting flies:
Gods enemies overthrowne by their owne Engines. So th'*Hebrues*, hart'ned with her brave Diſcourſe,
Gave ſuch a ſhowt, that th'armed Carrs and Horſe
Turne ſuddaine back, their Drivers Arte deceave,
And changing ſide, through their owne Armie cleave.
Some, with the blades in every Courſers brow,
Were (as with Lances) boared through and through:
Some torne in peeces with the whirling wheeles,
Some troad to death vnder the Horſes heeles:
As (in ſome Countries) when in Seaſon hot,
Simile. Vnder Horſe feet (made with a whip to trot)
They vſe to threſh the ſheaves of Winter-Corne,
The graine ſpurts-out, the ſtraw is bruiſ'd and torne.
Some (not direct before the Horſe, nor vnder)
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the midſt a-ſunder:
Simile As in a Mead the Graſſe yet in the flower,
Falls at the foot of the wide-ſtradling Mower;
That with a ſtooping back, and ſtretched arme,
Cuts-croſſe the ſwaths to Winter-feed his Farme.
If there reſt any, reſolute and loth,
To loſe ſo ſoone their armes and honors both

At first assault, but rather bravely bent
To see so fierce and bloodie Fight's event;
Both DEBORA and BARAC thether pli'de:
But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE,
And NVN's great Sonne, that Heav'n-deere MARS-like
Who did transplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
She (in the zeale of her religious sprite)
Lifts-vp her hands to pray, and he to fight.
He charges fierce, he wounds, he slaughters all
But SISARA, their Captaine generall;
Who flies to IAHEL, and by her is slaine,
Driving a naile into his sleeping braine.
At last, the Helm of head-strong ISRAEL
Comes to the hand of famous SAMVEL;
One rarely-wise, who weds his Policie,
To devine Gifts of sacred Prophecie:
But, his too-greedy Sonnes, digressing quite
From his good steps, dis-taste the ISRAELITE
Of th'ancient RVLE of th'Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all seeke a suddaine *Change* of STATE.
Assembled then in sacred PARLAMENT,
Vp starts a Fellow of a meane Discent
(But of great spirit, well-spoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aspiring high to sit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he sayes:
O devine Thoughts! O Purpose worthie-praise,
To now-*Reforme* the STATE: and soundly *heale*
With holesome Lawes th'hurts of the *Common-weale*:
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed (or never);
Change not an Ague for a burning-Fever:

Debora *prayes, while* Barac *fights.*

The Infidels vtterly ouerthrown and Sisara *their Captaine, slaine by* Iahel.

Samuel, *Iudge.*

Israel *askes a* KING.

1. *A Declamatiō of a* Plebeian *for* Democratie *or People-Sway.*

In

In ſhaking-off confuſed *Anarchie*,
To be intic'e't t'imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fooles, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedome and Defence of the baſe Rabble,
But to brave mindes a Yoak intollerable.
For, who can brooke, milions of men to meaſure
Breath, Life, and Mooving, all at One mans pleaſure?
One, to keep all in awe? One, at a beck
A whole great Kingdome to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly ſight, to ſee a Prince,
Void of all Vertue, full of inſolence,
To Play with Noble States, as with a ſtrawe?
A Foole, to give ſo many Wiſe the Lawe?
A Beaſt, to governe Men? An Infant, Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field?

The corruption & licentiouſnes of moſt Princes Courts.

Who is't but knowes, that ſuch a Court as this,
Is th'open Shop of ſelling Offices?
Th'harbour of Riot, ſtewes of Ribaldrie,
Th'haunt of Profuſion, th'Hell of Tirannie?
That no-where ſhines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all Vice extreme?
That not a King among ten thouſand Kings,
But to his Luſt his Lawe in bondage brings?
But (ſhame-les) triumphes in the ſhame of Wives?
But bad, preferrs the bad, and good deprives?
But guildeth thoſe that glorifie his Follie;
That ſooth, and ſmooth, and call his Hell-nes holie?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd every-where) his meaneſt Subiects vexes:

As

As an ill-ſtated Body doth diſtill
On's feebleſt parts his cold-rawe humors ſtill. Simile.
That Forme of RVLE is a right *Common-weale*,
Where all the *People* haue an Enter-deale:
Where, (with-out awe or lawe) the Tirants ſwoord
Is not made drunke with blood, for a Miſſ-woord:
Where, Each (by turne) dooth *Bid* and dooth *Obaye*
Where, ſtill the *Commons* (having Soveraine-*Swaye*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit; giving no reguard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldie Monuments
From great-great-Grand-ſires skutcheon'd in Diſcents:
Where, *Learned* Men, vn-ſoule-clog'd (as it were)
With ſervile gyves of Kings imperious Feare,
Flye even to Heav'n; and by their Penns inſpire
Poſteritie with Vertue's glorious Fier:
Where, Honour's honeſt Combat never ceaſes,
Nor Vertue languiſhes, nor Valour leeſes
His ſprightful nerues, through th'Envie of a PRINCE,
That cannot brooke anothers excellence:
Or, Pride of thoſe who, from great Elders ſprung,
Have nothing but Their glorie on their tongue,
And deeming Others Worth, inough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Artes* contemne:
Or, baſe Diſpaire, in thoſe of meaner Calling,
Who, on the ground ſtill (woorme-like) baſely crawling,
Dare not attempt (nor ſcarcely think, preciſe)
Any great Act or glorious Enterpriſe;
Becauſe Ambition, Cuſtome, and the Lawe,
From high Eſtate hath bounded them with awe.

Where, Hee that never rightly learn'd t'obay,
Commandeth not, with heavie Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i'th'Publike having equall part,
All to ſave all, will hazard life and hart:
Where, *Libertie* (as deere as life and breath)
Borne with vs firſt, conſorts vs to our Death.
Shall ſavage Beaſts like better Nuts and Maſt
In a free Forreſt, then our choiſe Repaſt
In iron Cages? and ſhall we (poore Sots)
Whom Nature Maiſters of our ſelves alots,
And Lords of All beſides: ſhall we goe draw
On our owne necks an eaſe-les Yoake of Awe?
Rather (O IACOB) chooſe we all to die,
Then to betray our Native *Libertie*,
Then to become the ſporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*: or to yield vs thrall
To ſerve or honour any other King
Then that dread LAWE which did from ſINA ring.
Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honorable,
Stands-vp, and ſpeakes (maieſtically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEALE to builde.
Doubt-les (ſaid he) with waſte of Time and Soape,
Y'have labour'd long to waſh an ÆTHIOPE:
Y'have drawne vs heere a godly forme of STATE,
(And well we have had proofe of it of late):
Shall we againe the Sword of IVSTICE put
In mad-mens hands, ſoone their owne throats to cut?
What Tigre is more fierce? what Beare more fel?
What Chaffe more light? What Sea more apt to ſwel.

Simile.

2. Another of a reverent Senator for Ariſtocrati, or the Rule of a choſen Synode of the beſt men.

Comparisons.

Then

Then is th'vnbrideled Vulgar, passion-tost;
In calmes elated, in foule-weather lost?
What boote deep Proiects if to th' eyes of all
They must be publisht in the common-Hall?
Sith knowne Designes are dangerous to act:
And, th'vn-close Chiefe, did never noble fact.
DEMOCRATIE is as a tossed Ship
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the Deep: Simile.
A *Senate* fram'd of thousand Kinglings sleight,
Where, voices passe by number, not by waight;
Where, wise men doo propound, and Fooles dispose:
A Faier, where all things they to sale expose: Simile.
A Sinke of Filth, where aye th'infamousest, Simile
Most bold and buisie, are esteemed best:
A Parke of savage Beasts that each-man dreads: Simile.
A Head-les Monster with a thousand heads.
What shall we then doo? shall we by and by
In Tirants pawes deiect vs servilely?
Nay, rather, shunning these extremities;
Let vs make choise of men vpright and wise;
Of such whose Vertue dooth the Land adorne,
Of such whom Fortune hath made Noble-borne,
Of such as Wealth hath rais'd aboue the pitch
Of th'abiect Vulgar; and to th'hands of such,
(Such as for Wisedome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let vs commit the Raynes of ISRAEL:
And ever from the sacred Helme exclude
The turbulent, base, moodie *Multitude*.
Take away Choise, and where is Vertue's grace?
What? shall not Chance vnto Desert give place?

Simile. And Lotts, to Right? Shall not the blinde be led
By those whose eyes are perfect in their head:
Chiefely, amid such baulks, and blocks, and Pitts,
As in best *State*-pathes the best *States*-man meets?
Comparison. Who may bee better trusted with the key
Of a great Cheft of Gold and Iems then they
That got the same? And who more firm and fitt
At *carefull* Sterne of POLICIE to sit,
Then such as in the Ship most venture beare:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack feare:
Such as, Content, and having Much to loose,
Euen Death it selfe rather then Change would chuse?
While he discourst thus on a Theam so grave,
3. *The Oratien of a Noble yong Prince, for Monarchie or the sole Soverainty of a* KING: Vp-rose a Gallant, noble, yong, and brave,
Foe to the Vulgar, one that hope't (perchance)
One-day t' attaine a Scepters governance,
And thus he speakes: Your RVLE is yet too *Free*.
Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughes of *Publike-Tree*
Y' have qualified, but not *yet* cur'd our Griefe:
Y' have in our Field still left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues and Factions. For, pluralitie
Of Heads and Hands to sway an *Emperie*,
Are for the most part like vntamed Bulls:
Simile. One, this-way hales, another that way pulls:
All, everie-way; hurried with Passion's winds
Whether their Lust-stormes doo transport their mindes
At lengh, the strongest bears the weakest downe,
And to himselfe wholy Vsurps the Towne:
And so (in fine) your *Aristocratie*,
Hee by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.

In

In briefe, the Scepter *Aristocratike*,
And *People-Sway*, have **symtomes* both a-like:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Vnion*; which, of Governement
Is both the Life-blood, and Preservatiue
Whereby a STATE, young, strong, & long doth thrive.
But, MONARCHIE is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, vpon a sure Foundation:
A quiet House, wherein (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and serv'd of all:
A well-rigd Ship, where (when the danger's neere)
A manie Masters strive not who shall steere.
The World hath but One God: Heau'n but One Sun,
Quailes but One Chief: the Hunnie-Birds but One
One Maister-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in all hearts the Rule of *Royalty*.
At sound of whose Edicts, all ioynt-proceed:
Vnder whose Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who while consulting with Colleagues he stands,
Letts not the Victorie escape his hands:
And, that same *Maiestie* which (as the Base
And Pedestal) supports the waight and grace,
Greatnes and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
Is not extinguisht nor extenuate,
By beeing parcelliz'd to a pluralitie
Of pettie Kinglings of a meane Equalitie:
Like as a goodly River, deepe and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,

If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,
Be in a hundred little Brookes devided;
No Bridge more feares, nor Sea more waighs the ſame;
But ſoone it loſes both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wiſe and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powerfull Nerves,
And lively Lawe, that all intire preſerves:
His Countrie's life, and ſoule; ſight, and fore-ſight,
And even th'Almightie's ſacred Picture right.
While yet he ſpake; the People loudly cry'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'll have a KING for Guide.
He ſhall command: He ſhall conduct our Hoaſts,
And make vs Lords of th'IDVMEAN Coaſts.
Ingrate (ſaid SAMVEL) will you then reiect
Th'Almighties Scepter? doo you more affect
New POLICIE, then his old PROVIDENCE?
And change th'Immortall for a mortall Prince?
A KINGS Prerogatiue.
Well (Rebells) well, you ſhall, you ſhall have one.
But, doo yee know what followes there-vpon?
Hee, from your Ploughes ſhall take your Horſes out,
To ſerve his Pomp, and draw his Traine about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton ſort
Of Popiniayes and [illegible]eeks of the Court):
He ſhall your ch[illegible]mes and Daughters take
To be his Serv[illegible] his ſlaves to make):
You ſhall pla[illegible]yards, he the Wine ſhall ſup:
You ſhall ſowe Fields, and he ſhall reap the Crop:
You ſhall keepe Flocks, and he ſhall take the Fleece:
And PHARAO's Yoake ſhall ſeeme but light to his.

But

But, IZRAEL dooth wilfull ſtill perſever,
And SAMVEL (preſt and importun'd ever)
Anointeth SAVL (the ſonne of CIS) a Man
Whoſe curſed end marr'd what he well began.
You, too-too-light, buiſſie, ambitious witts,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fitts:
Fantaſtike Frantiks, that would innovate,
And every moment change your forme of STATE:
That weening high to flye, fall lower ſtill:
That though you change your bed, change not your Ill:
See, See how much th'Almightie (the moſt High)
Heer-in abhorrs your fond inconſtancie.
The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRITIE,
And ſacred KINGDOME, tooke authoritie
A-like from Heav'n: and theſe three Scepter-formes
Flouriſh a-vie, as well in Arts and Armes,
As prudent Lawes. Therefore, you ſtoute *Heluetians*,
Griſons, *Genevians*, *Raguſins*, *Venetians*,
Maintaine your Liberties and change not now
Your ſacred Lawes rooted ſo deepe with you.
On th'other ſide, we that are borne and bred
Vnder KINGES Awe, vnder one *Supreme Head*,
Let vs ſtill honor their dread *Maieſties*:
Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subſidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more theſe factious Teachers,
Theſe ſhame-les *Tribunes*, theſe ſeditious Preachers,
That in all places alwayes belch and barke
Alowd a-broad, or whiſper in the darke,
Rayling at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lieutenants of Allmightie God.

Saul *anointed King of* Izrael.

A *checke to buiſſie ſeditious and ambitious Malcontents in any State.*

The authocity of every kind of Gouvernment is from God.

Therefore every People to perſiſt in the State eſtabliſhed.

And

And let not vs, before a KING, preferre
A *Senate*-ſway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'T is better bear the *Youth-ſlips* of a KING,
I'th' *Law* ſome fault, I'th' *State* ſome blemiſhing,
Then to fill all with Blood floods of *Debate*,
While, to *Reforme*, you would *Deforme* a STATE,
One cannot (with-out danger) ſtirr a ſtone,
In a great Building's old foundation:
And, a good Leach ſeekes rather to ſupport,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle ſort,
A feeble Bodie (though in ſickly plight)
Then with ſtrong Med'cines to deſtroy it quight.
And therefore, Curſed, *ever* Curſed *bee*
Our *Hell-*ſpurr'd* PERCIE's *fel* Conſpiracie;
And every head *and every* hand *and* hart,
That did Conceive *or but* Conſent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheiſts, *fayning* Superſtition,
To cover Crueltie *and cloake* Ambition:
Incarnate Devills, Enimies of Man,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monſters in-humane,
Diſ-natur'd NEROS, *impious* EROSTRATS,
That with one Puffe *would* blow-vp *all* Eſtates:
Prince's *and* Peere's, and People's *Government*
(*For, of all Three conſiſts our* PARLAMENT)
Religion, Order, Honeſtie, *and all*,
And more then all that Fear *can fear to fall*:
And therefore, Bleſſed, *ever* Bleſſed *bee*
Our glorious GOD's *immortal Maieſtie*;
ENGLAND's *Great* Watch-man, *he that* Iſrael *keepes*,
Who never ſlumbers *and who never* ſleepes:

Our

Our gracious Father, whose still firme affection
Defends vs still with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour that thus saves vs still,
Vs so vnworthy, vs so prone to Ill:
Our sacred Comforter (the Spirit of Light)
Who stirs vs still in the true FAITH *aright:*
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE,
Who by his Power and Providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fierie *Zeale* (WEALE.
Preserv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERES, *our* PVBLIKE-
Therefore O Prince (our Nostrels deerest breath)
*Thou true Defender of true Christian-*FAITH,
O let the Zeale of GOD'S *House eate thee vp:*
Fill Babilon *her measure in her Cup:*
Maime the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pittie *not* Agag, *spare not* Amalech:
Hunt, hunt these Foxes that would vnder-mine
Roote, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:
O spare them not: to spare them, is to spoile
Thy Selfe, thy Seed, *thy* Subiects, *and thy* Soile.
Therefore O PEERES, *Prince-loyall* Paladine,
True-noble Nobles, La:-by by-Designes;
And in God's quarrell, and your Countries, bring,
Counsaile and Courage to assist your KING;
To counter-mine against the Mines *of* Rome;
To conquer Hydra, *and to over-come*
And cleane cut-off his Hornes, and Heads, and all
Whose harts doo vow, or knees doo bow to Baal:
Be Zealous for the Lord, and faith-full now,
And honour Him, and Hee will honour you.

FATHERS, *and* Brethren (*Miniſters of* CHRIST)
Ceaſe ciuill Warrs, warr all on Anti-Chriſt,
Whoſe ſubtle Agents, *while you* ſtriue *for ſhells,*
Poyſon the kernel with Erronious *Spells:*
Whoſe Enuious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleepe,*
Sowe Tares *of* Treaſon, *which take roote too-deep.*
Watch, watch your Fold: Feed, feed your Lambes at-home:
Muzzle *theſe* Sheep-clad *bloodie* Wolues *of* ROME.
Therefore, O PEOPLE, *let vs Praiſe, and Praye*
Th' Allmightie-moſt (whoſe Mercie laſts for aye)
To giue vs grace to ever-keepe-in-minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
*To true-*Repent *vs of our haineus* Sinne
(Pride, Luſt, *and* Looſenes) *we haue wallowed in:*
To ſtand ſtill conſtant *in the* pure Profeſſion
Of true RELIGION (*with a due diſcretion*
To trye *the* Spirits, *and by peculiar choice*
To know our Shepheard's *from th'* Hyæna's *voice*):
And ever loyal to our PRINCE, *t'expoſe*
Goods, Lands, and Liues, againſt his hate-ful Foes,
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *bee found,*
Conuert them quickly, and the reſt Confound.
And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *and* PEOPLE *too,*
Praiſe all at once; and ſelfly, each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long-a-goe,*
His Sidrach Miſach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Fournace *of* POPE-Powder'd *Zeale*
Hath Sau'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PVBLIKE-weal.

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FINIS.